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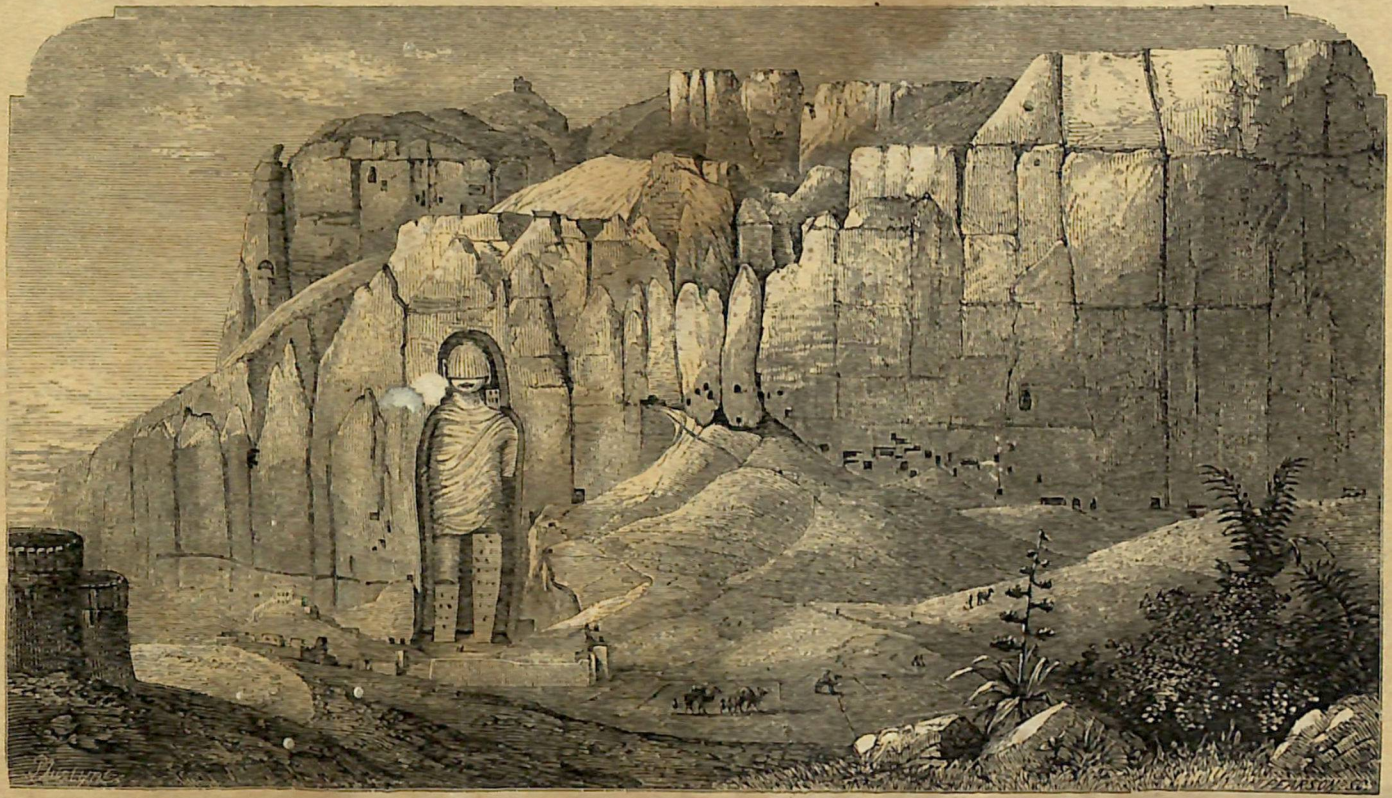


GREAT IDOL AT BAMEEAN.

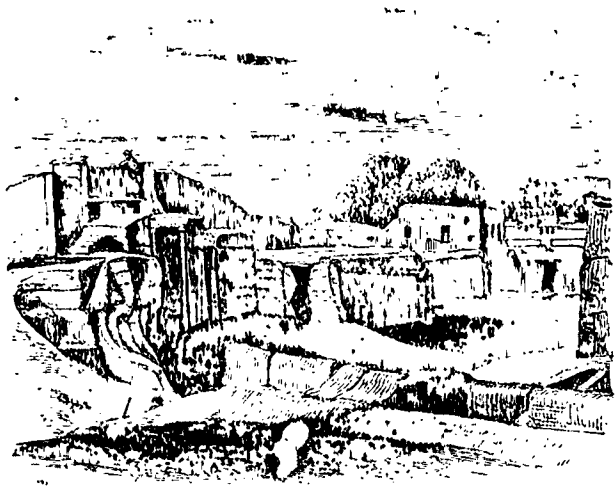
FROM

CADET TO COLONEL.

The Record of a Life of Active Service.

BY

MAJOR-GENERAL SIR THOMAS SEATON, K.C.B.



INTERIOR OF SOUTH GATE, JELLALABAD.

IN TWO VOLS.—VOL. II.

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CHAPTER I.

After the Siege—Great Sickness—Move out to Futteabad—Serious Illness—Doctor Bass—March to Cabool—Horrors at Jugdulluck—Sei Baba—Khoord Cabool—Lady Sale and other Prisoners Rescued—March Homewards—Destruction of Jellalabad—Military Execution—Arrival at Ferozepoor—Reception by the Governor-General—Dinner to H.M. 13th by 35th N.I.—Return Party—The Attar-dan given by 13th Prince Albert's L.I. to 35th L.I.

THE change from constant activity and regular daily work to entire repose, though very welcome at first, soon began to tell on the once active and healthy garrison. The summer advanced with rapid strides, and the heat was intense. The air, confined within the lofty walls of the town, could not circulate freely, and our hospitals began to fill with men in every stage of fever, diarrhœa, and dysentery. The soldiers, who, on Pollock's arrival, were pictures of health and strength, drooped and languished, moving about with listless gait, barely able to put one foot before the other. The town was kept clean; every sanitary precaution was taken, and nothing neglected that could contribute to the health of the garrison, but without avail, so rapidly were the soldiers laid low by sickness.

In a few weeks the garrison got into such a state that General Pollock ordered us to move into camp and march out to Futteabad. The distance—only nineteen miles—was divided into three marches of a little more than six miles each, and over these few miles the men crawled with difficulty. On the first march we lost four men of the 13th from apoplexy. I was myself seized with a low fever, which I could not shake off. I got worse from day to day, and became so reduced that I was obliged to be lifted in and out of bed. At last, the doctor told me "he could do nothing more for me." I seemed quite dried up; there was not a particle of moisture in my mouth, and I suffered much from thirst, which I could not alleviate by drinking, for water made the tongue smart as if the skin was off.

When the doctor told me he could do nothing more for me, I said—

"I suppose there can be no harm in trying to do something for myself?"

"Oh no, none whatever; do what you like."

This was not very reassuring; but that evening I prescribed for myself the labourer's comfort, "a little pint-bottle of beer," and had a better night's rest. In the morning I thought I was a little better, and that evening and the following I repeated the prescription, crawling in

the meantime out of my tent at dusk and trying a little exercise. On the fourth morning, the doctor, wondering that I was not dead, came in to see me, and was amazed to find me sitting up and taking a little breakfast. In answer to his inquiries, I told him Dr. Bass had prescribed for me; and, as he did not seem quite to comprehend me, I explained to him that the only medicine I had been taking had been bitter beer, the excellent qualities of which I had found fully borne out by my own experience. I make particular mention of this, because I feel sure that many a patient has sunk under a similar fever who might have been saved by the timely administration of a little stimulant.

On the 20th of August we received orders to prepare for an advance on Cabool. The whole force had been grumbling at our long halt in the burning valley, and inaction and disgust were killing scores, but this anxiously looked-for order put us all into the highest spirits. Instead of an inglorious halt, followed by an ignominious retreat to our own provinces, carrying with us the loss of our prestige and the depressing feeling of having been beaten, we were to advance on Cabool, meet Akber again, recover our position, and redeem the glory and fame of our arms. The welcome order inspired all our men with life, spirit, and energy, and soon cleared

our hospitals of scores who had drooped through inaction. I ordered an inspection parade for the evening, and, after it, got back to my tent, thoroughly tired, but very content, and from that evening my recovery was most rapid.

The first detachment of troops moved forward in the direction of Gundummuck on the 22nd of August, "the Garrison" (as Sale's brigade was called) remaining at Futteabad until the last moment to recruit its strength a little more. The weather was becoming most pleasantly cool; our men were recovering rapidly, and on the 2nd of September we moved to Neemlah, and on the 3rd to Gundummuck, where the force assembled. The army was now told off into two divisions—Sale commanding one, and General M'Caskill the other.

Whilst at Gundummuck we went to visit the last scene of the slaughter of the Cabool force—the little conical hill I have before mentioned. Some of the bodies were still recognisable, and we found and buried that of an officer of my regiment, who had been left behind at Cabool, to fill an appointment in the Shah's force. One of the most harrowing spectacles I ever beheld in my life was that of about sixty skeletons scattered on the hill, the officers plainly distinguishable by the long hair which still remained attached to their skulls.

The enemy caused us no annoyance until we reached Jugdulluck, and here on the heights over the pass, and on every hill commanding it, we found them posted in thousands, covered by breastworks, their standards planted, and every preparation made for a stout resistance. The 9th foot and 13th light infantry attacked the enemy's breastworks right and left, whilst the main column advanced on the pass. Our attacks were eminently successful, and the Affghans were routed at all points. Still they continued to harass us a good deal, hanging about in the numerous ravines and gullies. On one occasion they attacked our rear-guard, and carried off some camels with their loads, but our loss was comparatively trifling.

On entering the narrow part of the pass, where Brigadier Anquetil and so many of our retreating Cabool force were destroyed, we came upon the remains of the abattis the Affghans had made, and the skeletons of our dead. The pass was choked with them, and they had to be removed before our guns could pass. It was a terrible sight, and we felt it the more deeply from the thought that we could not sufficiently avenge such a disaster.

The old fort at Jugdulluck, as I have before described, was built on a mound. The walls were of earth, low and ruinous, and commanded from

the hills on two sides. Under these, our poor wearied people, on the retreat from Cabool, lay down, in hopes of being sheltered in some degree from the unceasing fire of the enemy. But alas! they found little protection in such a position, for they were killed in ranks, and in ranks we found them, the flesh still on their bodies, and every face perfectly recognisable to those by whom they were known. We found the body of an old friend, P. H., of the 5th cavalry, as fine a soldier and as perfect a gentleman as ever lived. We rendered to his remains the last mark of respect it was possible to show him, and buried them where we had found them.

From Jugdulluck to Kuttar Sung I commanded the rear-guard, and as I knew every inch of the ground perfectly, having fought over it in command of the rear-guard in our march to Jellalabad, I brought my men into camp without the loss of one. The enemy continued to hang about us for some time, keeping up an incessant fire, in hopes of making us abandon our exhausted camels. But before leaving the ground at Jugdulluck, I told off a party and sent it on a-head of the rear-guard under an officer, with orders to shoot any camel that could not rise. The Affghans, therefore, finding that there was much danger in following us, and no profit, left us at the end of the third mile, cursing us, no

doubt, for what they considered a very ungentlemanly proceeding.

The recollections excited by the sad spectacles we everywhere beheld in this part of our march, were truly harrowing. All along the road, in every ravine and nook, bodies and skeletons of the Cabool fugitives were found lying as they had been cut down, or had sunk from fatigue and perished in the intense cold. But a scene awaited us at Sei Baba, the horror of which I shall never forget. A mile beyond our camp was a small round tower, about thirty feet high, and about twenty feet diameter. The entrance to the one room in the tower was by a doorway ten feet above the ground, with earthen steps up to it. The whole of the room was filled with skeletons and decaying bodies, up to the very roof; and there was a mound of them outside, half way up the door, extending to a distance of twenty-six or twenty-seven feet from the wall, and completely covering the steps. It was a ghastly sight. These were the remains of the poor fugitives whom I mentioned as having been stripped naked by the Affghans, and left to perish in the bitter cold. They appear to have crept in here for shelter, the last comers treading under and suffocating those who had preceded them, and then throwing out their bodies, only to be themselves served in the same

way—trampled on, suffocated, and thrown out by those that followed.

War carries in its train one pre-eminently dreadful evil—it engenders and nurses the spirit of revenge, stirs up all the malignant passions that lie dormant in man's breast, and urges him to acts that are more suitable to a demon than to a being created in God's image. In the Christian soldier these passions are in some degree kept under by reverence for the Divine command, "Love your enemies," and by the principles of mercy and pity imbibed with his religion, of which indeed they are the very life-blood. But forced into activity by scenes such as we witnessed at the tower, these angry passions sweep down every barrier, and burst through every restraint; mercy and pity are thrown to the winds; and the soldier revels in the vengeance, which, at the first favourable opportunity, he wreaks on the enemy. After a moment's reflection, when the first burst of wrath has passed, mercy returns with irresistible force, vengeance is forgotten, and the wounded and disabled enemy is not only spared, but carefully tended. With savages, or the natives of semi-civilized countries, mercy is unknown, and revenge is one of their great virtues. An enemy is a thing to be destroyed without pity, and a wounded and disabled foe is put to

death at once, or mangled with the greatest cruelty. The Affghans never spared any, unless to make money by them, and a current saying among us was, "A wounded man is a dead man." The sepoys had heard of the cruelties perpetrated on their countrymen in the Cabool force by the Affghans, and the evidence of all they had suffered on that fearful march daily meeting their eyes, they took vengeance whenever they could on the living, and if not on the living, then on the dead. Whenever the sepoys came across a dead Affghan they would invariably (if not prevented) put a little dry grass on the breast and set it on fire, so as to scorch the body, Mahomedans believing that the souls of men whose bodies are burnt descend to hell. "Son of a burnt father" is a well-known common term of abuse amongst them.

The cruelties practised on the wounded, the insults and indignities which were heaped upon the dead, the fear that the bodies might be burnt by man or devoured by wild beasts, caused the Affghans to make the most strenuous and persevering efforts to carry off their dead and wounded. If any number of bodies remain on the field the day after an action, it is a sure sign that the defeat has been severe and complete.

I once had an opportunity of witnessing their method of carrying off their wounded. In the

middle of February, several rafts filled with men came down the Cabool river and tried to pass Jellalabad in the middle of the day. The moment they were observed, a round shot made them pull to the farther shore, where they landed. A shrapnel knocked over six or seven of them; one, a fine man, and well clad, who fell in an open piece of ground. On observing what had happened, one of the fugitives returned, and unrolling his large turban and waist-cloth, wrapped the two together round his loins as low as he could, so as to form a considerable projection level with the hips. He then sat down on the ground, and rolling the body on its side, placed himself so that his loins came against the stomach of the dead man, under whose thighs and shoulders he then passed his hands. Bringing his heels at the same time close to his hams, he gave a sudden heave forward, and raised the body from the ground on to his loins. Finally, he hitched it up so as to get it above the loin-cloth, and as the whole weight was immediately over his legs, and not on his back, as we should have it, he ran off with it easily.

In the Huft Kothul and on its summit the Affghans made their last stand, Akber commanding in person. Whilst the enemy, posted in thousands on the summit of the pass, attempted to arrest our progress, a large body of them attacked our rear-guard in the Teyzeen valley,

and another, advancing against us in flank, tried to cut in between the main column and rear-guard. Fortunately Colonel Richmond, commanding the rear-guard, was able to provide for the latter part of this well-imagined plan, which, if successful, would have annihilated our entire force. Akber was totally routed by Pollock, the dragoons pursuing him for a considerable distance, and inflicting heavy punishment upon his force, whilst the attacks on our rear and flank were successfully repulsed, but not without some, though by no means serious, loss.

The enemy were so cowed by these defeats that they did not attempt to oppose us in the Khoord Cabool pass. Accordingly, when we traversed it on the 14th September we had ample time and opportunity to examine this awful scene of slaughter. Near the entrance to the pass, and three-fourths of the way through, but particularly about the entrance, the remains of the poor victims of Elphinstone's imbecility and of Affghan treachery lay in frightful numbers, some on their backs at full length, having evidently met the happiest fate, instantaneous death; others with their limbs contracted and drawn up as if they had died in agony. Here and there, a little off the road, groups of skeletons and bodies were huddled together, near what had evidently been a fire, by which they had endea-

voured to postpone the awful fate which overtook them, and hundreds of others lying around —freezing to death! The greatest portion of these remains were mere skeletons, but there were many to which the flesh still clung, and whose features were recognisable. The clothing had been torn from nearly all, but a few of the bodies, which still retained some of it, had evidently escaped the plundering hands of the Affghans from having been covered by snow during the winter. In the breast of the clothes of one of these, an officer of my regiment saw a paper sticking out, which on examination proved to be a family remittance bill for a good sum—I forget the amount. The deceased was a sepoy of my regiment, who had been sent back to Cabool wounded, and the remittance was for his wife, now a widow, who some three months later received this last affecting token of her husband's love and care. All that we saw here convinced us of the perfect truth of the tale told by the sergeant-major of the 37th, who said that the sepoys were so numbed and frozen by the bitter cold that the great majority could not close their hands on their muskets, that numbers lost their fingers and toes by the frost, that many of them burnt the cane foundations of their caps and the butts of their muskets to get a little warmth, some of them suffering so much from the cold

that he saw them thrust their poor frost-bitten hands into the fire until they were charred. Whilst the slaughter by the Affghan knife and bullet was going on, and the frost and snow were killing the sepoys by hundreds, what must have been the state of mind of the General? If we may measure his feelings by those which this awful scene created in our minds, they must have been dreadful; but who can form any adequate idea of the anguish of a man on whom such responsibilities rested in such a calamitous position?

We reached Cabool without further opposition on the morning of the 15th September, encamped on our old ground at Seeah-Sung, and found the city almost entirely deserted. As soon as camp was pitched, and we were at leisure, a large party of us rode over to the late cantonment and to the commissariat fort. To this day it is painful to recall the feelings of anger and shame that arose in the minds of all present when the latter was pointed out. How needlessly, and with what unparalleled imbecility, the commissariat fort had been lost, with all its precious stores of food, upon which, quite as much as on their ammunition, the safety and the very existence of our troops depended!

The fortified cantonment at Cabool stood on the left of the straight road leading from the great lake to the city. It had been one of the royal

orchards, and was assigned by Shah Soojah as the place for our cantonment. The engineer officer was dissatisfied with the position, and was limited in the amount to be expended upon it, but the ground was a free gift, and not to be refused, so he was obliged to make the best of it. In shape it was a rectangle twice as long as it was broad, the long side towards the road; there were bastions at the four angles, and the gateway was in the centre of the wall, facing the road. The walls, which were lofty, were immediately cut down, a broad ditch was dug, and the whole converted into a field-work in the European style, with regular bastions at the angles, and a proper draw-bridge and works at the gateway. The commissariat stores were in a little fort one hundred and thirty yards from the cantonment, nearer to the city, and on the same side of the road. It was in the usual style—square, with round bastions at the angles, and the entrance-gate in the centre of the wall facing the road. On the other side of the road, opposite the cantonment gate, was a canal, then a pathway shaded by trees and bounded by a low wall, on the other side of which were fields some two feet lower than the pathway. A few yards below the cantonment, on the opposite side of the road, was a small fort, and beyond this again, but nearer to the city, was the royal orchard, the entrance to

which was flanked by two bastions. This was the garden to which the people of Cabool flocked on Fridays, when the apple-trees were in blossom. The gate of the commissariat fort was quite within musket-shot from the two flanking towers. From the fort and the low wall beyond the canal, the gate of the commissariat fort and the road were completely commanded, and any troops issuing from the cantonment by the gateway, and proceeding down the road to the commissariat fort, would have to run the gauntlet of the enemy posted behind the low wall before mentioned, and in the small fort next to the royal garden.

All the attempts made to relieve the guard in the fort failed—the men could not be incited to face the fire. But why expose them to it? some will ask. This is a question which merits some consideration.

At the angle of the cantonment next to the commissariat fort, was a collection of houses and huts, which had been the dwellings of the people employed about the garden, converted by us into a small bazaar. This bazaar projected from the cantonments towards the commissariat fort, and behind it, in the cantonment wall, was a door, which was of course completely screened from the road. Attached to the commissariat fort was a garden surrounded by a high earthen wall, which, springing from within a few feet of the

entrance gate on the west, ran parallel to the road, came within forty yards of the little bazaar, and then turning again, joined the commissariat fort wall to the north, embracing in its circuit the bastion nearest to the cantonment. Now when the General found that he could not reinforce the guard in the fort, on account of the heavy fire brought on them whilst going down the road, why did he not order a double sap to be run across from the little door at the corner of the bazaar above described to the garden wall? That wall could soon have been broken through, and once in the garden our troops would have been safe from the fire of the opposite fort, and they might have got into the commissariat fort by running the distance from the garden door to the gate, which was only a few feet, or they might have broken through the fort wall from the garden, and the fort might have been joined on to the cantonments by means that every engineer understands.

The fort was safely evacuated by the officer who held it (he would have been shot by Napoleon for deserting it). Strange that he could not have been reinforced in safety.

But the Cabool force was doomed. The indecision of the General and his want of firmness, affected all ranks. There was not one who did not see that he had no intellect to devise those

expedients to which an active mind can give birth in circumstances of difficulty, and that he was equally destitute of firmness and energy to carry out any plan suggested to him. The consequence was endless disputes between those who should have been his supporters—everyone giving his own advice, and the poor old General vacillating between them; so that nothing was done thoroughly and heartily, and despondency settled upon all.

Our troops, indeed, met with several successes in the capture of surrounding forts, but these spasmodic acts were never followed up by any systematic operations. If the General could have devised or accepted any regular plan of operation, and followed it out with manful energy and perseverance, he must have been successful, and our army would have been saved the humiliation of capitulating, and the awful sequel of leaving their unburied, dishonoured remains festering and bleaching in every pass and on every hill-side between Cabool and Jellalabad, would have been averted.

During the morning of the 17th several officers of the late Cabool force who had been prisoners with the Affghans came in all safe, and in the evening a grand procession was formed to proceed to the Bala Hissar, to rehoist solemnly the British standard. General Pollock, with that

unhappy knack he possessed of disgusting everyone about him, would not allow any officers but those of the general and divisional staff to form the procession. Not one of the officers of the old troops—those who had done so much at Jellalabad to maintain the honour of our standard—were allowed to witness the ceremony; and, consequently, our noble-hearted chief, Sale, would not go. We were deeply offended, and the whole army was disgusted.[1]

On the 18th news reached Sir R. Sale that Lady Sale and her widowed daughter were safe, and coming in from Bamaeen. This joyful information soon spread through the brigade, and every officer, soldier, and sepoy turned out and made the country ring with cheers. Sale was deeply moved, and in a few days had the happiness of meeting again those whom he had looked upon as dead to him.

Akber having assembled a force at Istaliff and proclaimed a religious war, General M'Caskill was sent out with a division, which soon dispersed the Affghan chief's force and destroyed Istaliff.

As a mark of our vengeance for the murder of our envoy, and for the treachery which had been displayed to our Cabool force, the great chouk or covered bazaar in Cabool, and the mosque

[1] The reason assigned was, that we might be tempted to excesses in the town, to revenge the fate of our comrades.

in which the head of our envoy had been hung, were destroyed, and the houses of the chiefs principally concerned in the rising were demolished.

Pollock, warned by the snow falling on the surrounding hills, commenced his return to Hindostan on the 12th of October. Our march homewards was a very happy one, and as soon as we got into the Punjaub very easy, only one circumstance occurring to interrupt its perfect enjoyment.

The army halted at Jellalabad for the purpose of destroying the fortifications, which were effectually blown up by Major Broadfoot; and as we had made a clean sweep of everything outside the town, and of a third of the houses inside, the inhabitants would scarcely recognise it on their return.

After the surrender of Ghuznee, a subadar[1] of the 27th, who was made prisoner with the regiment, joined the enemy, and on Nott's advance was seen fighting in their ranks against us. The traitor, however, ere long was captured, tried by a court-martial, and condemned to be shot; a sentence which was confirmed by the governor-general and ordered to be carried into effect.

General Pollock at first doubted if the sepoys would shoot the subadar, but Sale, ever watchful

[1] "Subadar," native captain.

over the interest and honour of those under his command, reassured him, and the firing party, instead of being composed, as the General had first ordered, half of Europeans and half of sepoys, was furnished entirely by the sepoys of my regiment. General Pollock's doubts at first made me a little uneasy, as I was but young in command, but on telling the men the duty they would have to perform, instead of exhibiting any hesitation, they at once exclaimed, "He is a traitor and an enemy. Shoot him?—of course we will!"

Of all the solemn scenes enacted in the world, I think a military execution is by far the most solemn, the most impressive, the most terrible. Look at an execution by the civil authorities in England; at the Old Bailey, for instance. There is a gaping, buzzing, roaring crowd, not one of the many thousands knowing the condemned or caring the least about him—eager only to see the sight, and anxious only that the man should "die game." The usual street cries are heard on all sides—"hot pies" or "shrimps;" or perhaps a stentorian voice is shouting out the prisoner's "last dying speech and confession." The condemned, meanwhile, is brought out of his cell, hastily pinioned, and hurried along a dark passage or two. A bell tolls; he is hustled, through a door hung with black, on to the scaffold, where he is received with a roar by the crowd, and in a

few seconds is dead. In all this there is nothing impressive—nothing to strike the spectators with awe: it is simply disgusting. Not a dozen people in the crowd think of the solemn fact, that in a few moments the culprit's soul will appear before its Judge. The *sight* is all they think of, all they care for; and as soon as it is over, away they go to their breakfasts or their work.

When, on the other hand, a military execution takes place, every regiment and detachment, every officer and man who can be spared from duty, is assembled at the appointed spot and drawn up on three sides of a square, the fourth side being reserved for the execution. The prisoner is marched from his cell under a guard, and when he turns the right flank of the troops, the last scene of his earthly career bursts on his view. There are his regiment and companions in arms, to hundreds of whom he is well known, and with whom he has gone through many a hard-fought day. Close to him are the band of his regiment, the firing party, the escort, and the coffin, all ready for the solemn procession. He is taken to his place behind the coffin, and the sentence of the court and the order for the execution are read aloud; then, after a momentary silence, there is a slight movement in the band, the coffin is raised from the ground,

arms are reversed by the escort, and at the word "march," with a deep boom of the drum, the sad procession starts to the solemn strains of the "Dead March," and the prisoner paces onwards, each step bringing him nearer to his doom and to eternity. As the procession marches along the front of the troops, he passes his own regiment and company. He looks up, sees the well-known faces of his companions in arms, and perhaps catches the pitying eye of his captain, of his own comrade, or of some loved friend. Deep as may be the internal feelings by which he is moved, yet as his comrades are looking on, with a desperate effort he controls his emotion, and passes on.

But the subadar had no friend or comrade to sympathize with him, and there were but few pitying eyes for the traitor who had turned and fought against us. He was a fine man, in full health and vigour, and it was terrible to think, traitor though he was, that in a few moments he would be a lifeless, dishonoured corpse.

As he passed me, I noticed that his face, though pale and shrunk, was tolerably calm. His eyes were cast down, and he seemed unable to raise them. Large beads of perspiration stood on his forehead, yet his step was firm and he never faltered, but marched on steadily towards the fatal spot. To see a fellow-creature led forth to

die, to know that in a few seconds his spirit will be in the presence of his Judge, is terrible to those who can reflect on it; but in a military execution this awful fact is most solemnly impressed on the minds of all who witness it. The slow funereal tread of the soldiers, the muffled drums, the soul-inspiring strains of the "Dead March" move the most callous heart to its inmost depths, and suggest the question, "Whither is that soul about to go?"

The calm and still afternoon, the spring-like and beautiful weather, the bright and clear sunshine, and the intensely blue sky, all made for peace and happiness only, contrasted painfully with the tragedy that was about to be enacted; and as the prisoner passed us, the feelings of all were so moved, that I could hear a gasp or two from the officers and men near me. Although there was not one who did not fully acknowledge the justice of the traitor's doom, not one who would have bent his finger to save him, yet the scene was intensely painful to all, and there were probably few among the deeply-impressed spectators who did not feel some pity for the unfortunate though guilty man upon whom all eyes were fixed.

When at last the condemned criminal reached the appointed place, the music of the band ceased, his eyes were bandaged, the escort withdrew, and he stood alone facing the firing party. The

silence and stillness at that moment were awful, not a soul drawing a breath, and I could have shouted out, "Be quick," the suspense was so unbearable. Meanwhile the men made ready, fired when the signal was given, and the subadar fell dead. It was a positive relief to all when the melancholy business was completed.

The troops then broke into open column and marched past the body; and when all had gone off to their respective camps, I was obliged to detach a party to guard the remains of the criminal until I could hire men from the nearest village to bury them, not one of his co-religionists in camp being willing to lay the traitor in his grave.

Our reception at Ferozepoor by Lord Ellenborough was a noble and ample return for all our toil and suffering—a reception such as no one could have devised but one who had naturally a soldier's heart and understood a soldier's feelings. His lordship had taken care that each officer and man of the "Illustrious Garrison" (as he had been pleased to term us) should have a medal in acknowledgment of his services, and they were sent out to us the day before we reached Ferozepoor. Not an English officer in India at this time had such a mark of distinction; we were the first to be so honoured, and were of course highly gratified by it. On the morn-

ing we marched in, the bridge of boats over the Sutledge was gaily ornamented with flags and streamers. His lordship met us at the bridge head, and was the first to welcome us as we placed our feet on the soil of our own provinces. The whole of the troops in camp were drawn up in line at open order, and received us as we passed with presented arms. Lord Ellenborough also ordered that at each station we marched through on our way to our destination the same military honours should be rendered to us, and we were received with similar marks of distinction at Kurnaul, at Delhi, and at Agra, to which station my regiment subsequently escorted his lordship. In the evening we were entertained at a sumptuous banquet, and the principal officers in camp were invited to meet us. We may forget everything else, but we shall never forget Lord Ellenborough's noble and ever ready kindness, or the many honours he caused to be shown us, and in which he led the way; my only regret is that to record them I have only rough words, instead of the eloquence of a Macaulay or the fluent language of a Napier.

I had hoped that on arriving at Ferozepoor I should have got leave of absence for a month to go and see my wife, from whom I had been separated so long, but I was detained by a disagreeable duty. With the exception of this disappointment, my

time passed pleasantly enough in camp. Our friends flocked round us; many people came to make our acquaintance; we were invited to dinners and parties of all sorts; and we were welcome everywhere.

The day after our arrival at Ferozepoor the native officers of the regiment came to me and said, "Sir, we shall soon be separated from our brothers, the 13th L.I., and the whole regiment wish to give them a dinner." On hearing their desire, and the plans by which they proposed to testify their regard for their brothers in arms, I quite approved, and expressed my willingness to further their purpose to the utmost of my power; for the good feeling that dictated their wish afforded me great gratification. I was aware of the kindly feeling and respect they entertained for their English comrades, but the extent of it was not known to me until the native officers added, "We will buy everything for our brothers but pigs' flesh."

Everyone in England now-a-days understands something of the prejudices of caste and of religion amongst the Hindoos. No one, it is generally understood, can eat with a man of no caste, or of lower caste than his own. They hold the cow sacred, and will neither kill it nor partake of its flesh, and, in common with the Mahomedans, they abhor swine's flesh, and look with contempt on those who eat it.

Everyone who understands so much of the prejudices of the natives, will appreciate the kindly and considerate feeling shown by the sepoys of the 35th to their English friends. They would provide the flesh of the cow, their sacred animal, but they would not provide that which, in their opinion, it would be insulting to offer.

There were great obstacles in the way of giving this entertainment. First, there was no tent large enough to hold a whole regiment at dinner, nor were there any chairs or tables to be procured; candlesticks also, and many other things equally necessary, were not to be obtained either for love or money. The difficulty, however, was arranged in this way. The whole of the large tents of the soldiers were struck and pitched together in a mass, three deep, and their extended tops were all laced together, the top of one, both sides and ends, being laced into the others next to it, and so on. The walls were then laced into the outer edge of the whole mass, thus forming an enormous room. In order to provide a substitute for the requisite number of tables, trenches were dug in the ground in pairs, and part of the excavated earth was thrown on to every other piece of ground between the trenches, and beaten down hard. Over these, pieces of white cloth were stretched from end to end and pegged down; while into upwards of 300 empty black bottles,

which had been procured, wax candles were stuck. An ample provision for light was thus made; and plates and dishes were hired from the merchants in Ferozepoor. The remainder of the excavated earth not required to form tables was carried to one end of the room, to form a raised plateau for the band of the 13th, and for such of their native hosts as wished to look on.

On the day when this important event came off, the native officers, with my permission, waited on Sir Robert Sale, and requested that our men might be allowed to take all the guards of the 13th, so that every man might be present at the entertainment. This was a request which, for obvious reasons, could only be partially complied with. The sepoys, however, to show their desire to honour their guests, went and procured every dooly (litter carried by four men) they could lay hands on, and manned them themselves, in order to carry off to hospital any soldier who might be "taken ill," as they termed it; their natural politeness preventing them from making use of the word "drunk."

When the eventful hour came, the soldiers, taking as much care to be neat and tidy as if the Queen herself, God bless her, was to be present, went in to dinner at dusk, to the sound of the famous "Oh the roast beef," and sat down to a most excellent dinner of roast beef, pies, mutton,

fowls, and plum-pudding. Each man was provided with a bottle of beer, which was the greatest treat of all, for they had not tasted it for years, and an extra ration of rum; and for dessert sacks of oranges, and almonds, and raisins were provided, and piled neatly on the tables.

Shortly after the dinner commenced, the senior native commissioned officer, Subadar Major, as he is called, with some other officers and a few sepoys, went on to the plateau to see that all was going on well. As soon as he was recognised, he was greeted with a thunder of applause, one of the sergeants getting up, and in a very neat speech proposing the health of the "Subadar Major and their brethren in arms the 35th, their kind hosts;" a toast which was drunk with three times three and one cheer more.

The routine of the evening's entertainment was as follows: first a little eating, then a toast, a drink, and a speech, followed by a tune from the band, or a song, which was generally very well sung too. This was the order of the programme, repeated over and over again with little or no alteration. The 35th regiment was toasted at least half-a-dozen times, and whenever any officer made his appearance, his health was proposed also, and drunk of course with all the honours.

In the meantime the echoing cheers, the sound of the band in full strength, the great flood of

light from the tent, and the laughter and clapping of hands at any good song or speech, roused the attention of the whole camp (we were pitched next to Lord Ellenborough's camp), and aide-de-camps and staff officers came running out to know what was "up." Great was their amazement when they were told what was going on, and heartily they enjoyed the fun.

Everything went off as well as possible. Through the good feeling of the soldiers, there was not the smallest disturbance; the doolies, to the credit of our English soldiers, were not required; everyone was pleased, and the dinner was a great success.

The 13th then gave our men a return party in the native style. The soldiers subscribed most liberally; there was a good sum of surplus money, which was sent down to Calcutta, in order that a piece of plate might be made and presented to the 35th, to be kept in perpetual remembrance of their friends the soldiers of the 13th, or Prince Albert's Light Infantry.

The piece of plate selected was an attar-dan or vessel to hold attar of roses, which is much used at all native parties. In a short time this valuable production of native art was finished, and on its arrival was duly presented. It is about twelve inches high, the upper part globular in form, and covered as thickly as possible with

a mass of fruit and flowers worked in dead and bright silver. The top of the globular part lifts off, and inside are the small vessels for containing the attar, each with its gilt top and a spoon for ladling it out. The globular portion stands on an ornamental pedestal rising out of a salver. At the side of the attar-dan is a shield supported by a soldier of the 13th and a sepoy of the 35th, and on the shield is an inscription in Persian and Hindee, containing the history of the piece of plate, which is now in my possession.

When this once famous 35th regiment of light infantry was disbanded, during the late mutiny, the attar-dan remained in the hands of the English officers of the regiment, and last year, 1863, when they were about to be dispersed, they voted that it should be given to me. As I had left the service four years previously, I look upon it (bearing in mind the old adage, "out of sight, out of mind") as one of the most flattering testimonials of regard that any man ever received.

For many years this most highly prized of our regimental trophies excited the greatest interest in India, from the romantic history of its origin, and from the testimony which it bore to the fact of the mutual respect and friendship of the soldier and the sepoy, which nothing could mar or disturb during the three years they were brigaded together in Affghanistan.

I record this incident of the attar-dan with satisfaction, because I wish to redeem the character of the native soldier from some of the obloquy thrown on it by the recent mutiny, which was the result of untoward circumstances, from which we are not entirely to judge the character of the men who filled the ranks of our native army. When the mind of man is wrought upon by anger, hatred, or fear, he is both unreasonable and unreasoning; therefore it is not to be wondered at that those who wrote during or immediately after the mutiny, with hatred still burning in their hearts, should make the sepoy's undoubtedly base conduct appear still more base, and that, though excellent in many respects as a soldier, and generally mild, humane, and temperate as a man, he should, from some of the deeds which in his frenzy he committed, be written down both coward and demon.

CHAPTER II.

Proceed to Simla—Rejoin Regiment and March to Agra—Appointed Major of Brigade—Duties—Lord E—— holds an Investiture of the Order of the Bath—Ludicrous Orders to Guards in the Fort—Trouble in eradicating them—Locusts—A Murder—Mr. Thomason, Lieut.-Governor N.W.P.—Bungalow burnt down—Return Home on Medical Certificate.

MY business at Ferozepoor finished, I proceeded on leave to Simla, to rejoin my wife, from whom I had been so long separated. What a lovely view from our little cottage! In front was a deep valley wooded with deodar, and bounded by a bold grassy hill. Beyond was the station of Subatoo—in the distance the Kussowlee range, and to its right the boundless plain through which the Sutledge rushes, shining like silver, and melting into the distant haze. What a contrast to the scenes I had recently gone through was life in this peaceful retreat—the sound of the wind softly sighing through the beautiful deodars—to the thunder of our guns, and the shouts and fury of battle!

At the expiration of my thirty days we joined the regiment at Kurnaul. We were to have gone to Meerut, but circumstances changed our

destination to Agra, whither we escorted Lord Ellenborough. Through his lordship's intervention, I received the appointment of Major of Brigade, an office which I held for nine years.

Lord Ellenborough took up his quarters in the palace, in the exquisite marble apartments on the walls of the fort overhanging the river, and adjoining the celebrated Dewan Khass, or Hall of Nobles; and very shortly afterwards, under instructions from the Sovereign of the order, he invested Generals Pollock and Nott with the insignia of the Grand Cross of the Order of the Bath. The ceremony, which was very imposing, was followed up in the evening by a sumptuous banquet, given by his lordship to all the officers and civil servants at Agra, in that noble room, the Dewan i Amm—"Common Hall of Audience." This spacious apartment was formerly an open hall on pillars, where the emperors used to sit to receive their people and dispense justice; it is now closed in by walls built between the outside pillars, and is converted into an armoury. On this occasion it was splendidly adorned with flags and trophies, which were illuminated by the light of the lamps and chandeliers which hung from its roof or adorned its walls. The celebrated Gates of Sumnauth were placed at the upper end, where they remain to this day. A great laugh was raised at the time about the "fuss," as they

were pleased to term it, that Lord Ellenborough made about these gates. I disagree with the laughers totally. If Mahmoud the Ghuznavee thought so highly of them, as a trophy, as to take them all the way to Ghuznee, and to have them erected at the entrance of his own tomb, Lord Ellenborough was equally right in regarding them as a great trophy, and making the use of them which he did. Whether the temple to which they formerly belonged is in existence, or has been submerged by the sea, is of no consequence at all. Mahmoud certainly took them from the temple to Ghuznee as a trophy, and we took them from his tomb to Hindostan as a trophy also; and their being thus brought back to that country is a fact of great significance to the Mahomedans, if they have the wisdom to see and receive it as such.

In respect to the proclamation issued on their arrival at Ferozepoor, those who laughed at it should remember this—it was not addressed to plain matter-of-fact people like "we English," but to people and nations who are accustomed to and delight in loud proclamations, fine, high-sounding words, and flowing, figurative sentences. These men have feelings as acute as our own, and are as sensible to the emotions of love and hate. We should have acted a much wiser part if, throughout our dealings with the natives of India,

whilst holding fast our love of truth and justice, and showing it in all our acts, we had governed them and guided ourselves a little more according to their notions, and not have ridden rough-shod over all their prejudices and feelings, with the abusive epithet "d—d nigger" so frequently on our lips and ever in our hearts; and it should have been our object to foster the better feelings with which many of them were prepared to regard us.

At the conclusion of the banquet Lord Ellenborough, in an eloquent speech, proposed the health first of the newly-made knights, and then of the new Companions of the Bath, naming them all. To hear myself named amongst the latter brought the blood to my face, from mingled emotions of pride and happiness, and, I think, something of shyness, too—not unnatural to one who had been hitherto unnoticed and unknown.

From the banquet we adjourned to the terrace in front of the Dewan Khass to witness a display of fireworks, prepared by order of our entertainer. The scene of this pleasing exhibition of the pyrotechnist's skill was on a sandbank in the river. Towards the conclusion there was a great blaze of light, which suddenly expired, leaving us all in utter and black obscurity. In my ignorance, I fancied that something must have gone wrong, when suddenly, out of the

darkness, faint blue lights began to appear, which soon fashioned themselves into the word "Jellalabad"—a compliment which was received by all who had been there with great applause. There were other devices and names, interesting enough, no doubt, to such of the spectators as were in any way associated with them; but I did not regard them with much attention, for I was running over in my mind all that was connected with that name, mustering the comrades we had lost, counting the few survivors of those stirring events in which I had taken part, and glancing rapidly over all we had gone through, terminating with the reflection that, amongst all the names worthy of a place on the rolls of Fame, Jellalabad would not be the last or least.

The Agra military district comprised the station and fort of Agra and the station of Muttra, and the troops in those days amounted to seven thousand men. The parade duties were pleasant enough, but the office work was very heavy, and particularly distasteful to me. I turned to it, however, with a will, and with a desire to do credit to myself. During nine out of twelve months I have been at work in my office from sunrise to sunset, and when the great heat of the climate is taken into consideration, some estimate may be formed of the labour I went through, and of the

wear and tear upon my constitution which it entailed.

At a station like Agra, the duties of a brigade-major are responsible and multifarious. I have had every sort of thing to do—from a correspondence with the Admiralty, to settling a quarrel about the price of a bundle of grass; from writing a report on the excise regulations in and about the cantonments, to sending a mad woman to a Government asylum. A brigade-major must be eyes and ears, and a right hand to the brigadier, and consequently he has many and great opportunities for good or evil. With a few words he may push a matter to extremity, and cause much unhappiness and misery, or he may with equal ease settle differences, appease an angry official, and make all things run smoothly and pleasantly. He is the universal referee and resort of all military men in the cantonments who are in any trouble or difficulty—all go to him for advice and assistance. He is expected to know everything, and to have all the general orders and regulations of the army at his fingers' ends. Many people even expect him to know not only what has taken place, but what, under certain circumstances, will and must take place.

Before I got the appointment it had been held by officers only during the time their regi-

'ments were at the station. When the tenant's regiment marched he marched with it, and another man was appointed. The consequence was that the office was in a pretty state of confusion when I entered upon its duties. The books and papers connected with the business were handed over to me in a way which gave no indication of their value or importance—a cart coming up to my door and shooting them out like so much rubbish.

The whole of the guards in the fort were furnished by the native regiments, and one of the most troublesome jobs I ever had was to eradicate the old formulæ of orders that had been handed over from guard to guard from time immemorial. In consequence of something that occurred to my mind regarding these orders, immediately on my taking office, I one day went down to the nearest gate of the fort, and asked the native officer commanding the guard what was the order of his post?

"No armed men without orders are to be admitted into the fort," he answered. "All arms are to be deposited with the sentry outside the gate; *and after sûnset no black dogs or black blankets are to be admitted into the fort.*"

The same order, in the same words, was repeated to me at the other gates. I never could trace the origin of this ludicrous order, or con-

jecture with any semblance of probability what could have given rise to it.

I next went to the Tripolia, which is an outwork of the fort joining the town, through which there is a road to the cantonments, as well as to the city. On asking for the orders, I received much the same answer as in the former cases, with the addition that no one but the Governor-General was to be allowed to drive through with four horses.

I immediately gave proper orders to all the guards, and made the officers commanding repeat them. In a few days the Rajah of Bhurtpoor, who came in to pay his respects to the Governor-General, was stopped by the sentries at the Tripolia gate, because he had four horses to his carriage; although, by re-issuing the orders to all concerned each Monday morning at guard-mounting, I thought I had prevented the possible repetition of an action so absurd. But no—the magistrate wanting to pass through to the town with his four in hand, was stopped; and on inquiry, I found that, like Jack in the box, all the old orders had come up again—*black dogs, black blankets, and all.* That there might be no such mistake for the future, I had the orders properly translated, written in English, Persian, and Hindostanee, and pasted on boards, and I myself delivered them over to the different guards,

with what I considered sufficient explanation, thinking that surely now all would go right. But no—a few days afterwards, the Rajah of Bhurtpoor was again stopped with his four horses; and as this was rather too much, by the brigadier's orders, I had the offender tried by a district court-martial, and reduced to the ranks—an act of severity which for the time extinguished these old and ludicrous orders, though I should not be surprised to hear that they had come to life again.

The first house I lived in at Agra was built on a mound, some forty feet above the level of the cantonments. One morning, whilst walking on the terrace in front of my house, I observed a long, low, curious-looking cloud on the horizon to the north-east, which seemed to me to undulate. I thought at first it was smoke, but my attention being called off by business, I forgot all about it. In half an hour's time, however, when sitting at my desk, a sudden darkness came on, and increased so much that I could not see to write. At the same time, I heard a sound which I could not account for, and my orderlies, who were just outside, and always very silent, beginning immediately after to talk, I called out—

"What is it?"

"Tiddee, sahib." (Locusts, sir.)

I went out to witness a spectacle which I had

never seen before. Above, around, as far as the eye could penetrate, the air was filled with millions on millions of locusts, thick as the flakes in a storm. The immensity of their number seemed to fill all space, and no sound could be heard save the rustling of their wings. We remembered that these were one of the plagues of Egypt—one of the armies of the Lord sent for the punishment of Pharaoh, and it is not to be wondered at that a degree of awe stole over our minds. Immense numbers of them settled on the large trees on my grounds, clinging on to one another in such swarms, like bees, that branches thick as a man's thigh were broken, and every vestige of foliage disappeared in a few minutes. When they had eaten up nearly every green thing, they again took their flight. In the language of Holy Writ, "Before them was a garden of Eden, behind them a desolate wilderness." Had the locusts arrived in the evening instead of in the morning, not a green thing in the whole cantonment would have escaped.

The most unpleasant duty that I had to perform whilst at Agra was that of making arrangements for the execution of a soldier condemned to death. It was a curious case. A soldier of the English regiment at Agra, having fallen desperately in love with the wife of his comrade, nursed his passion for a long time, until he became so

blinded by it that he determined, at every risk, to put the husband out of the way, and obtain possession of the object of his criminal passion. Accordingly, one night, during the hot winds, he persuaded his comrade to steal out of barracks and go with him to a grog-shop in the Bazaar. There, after making him drunk, he brought him back in a state of insensibility to the barracks, carefully and silently. Finding that all was quiet, and that no notice was taken of them by the sentries, he laid his companion down outside the barracks on a pile of tatties, the grass of which was soft, sweet-scented, and cool; in fact, damp from having been used during the day. On this comfortable bed the heated and drunken man soon fell fast asleep, which, when the soldier perceived, he got a common black-handled dinner-knife out of his havresack, and began to cut his intended victim's throat. His comrade, however, who was not so drunk as to be insensible to pain, started up with a cry, but instantly sank back again, the wound being only slight. The guilty traitor, alarmed by the exclamation, slunk off to the barracks; but finding that no alarm had been raised, and that all was perfectly quiet, after waiting a few minutes, he returned and made a more determined attempt, inflicting a serious gash in his comrade's throat. The fumes of the liquor having by this time begun to go off,

and the blood he had lost having relieved his brain, the wounded man uttered a loud shout at this fresh attempt, on hearing which the alarmed culprit fled to the barracks, and through into the farther verandah. Meanwhile the orderly sergeant and several men who had been disturbed by the first cry rushed out, and on finding the man bleeding from two gashes in the throat instantly made search for the culprit, who was found in the farther verandah, wiping the blood from his fingers and his knife. For this crime he was tried by a general court-martial and sentenced to be hanged—a sentence which was confirmed, and by the Governor-general ordered to be carried into execution.

It was now that my troubles began. We had no provost-sergeant, or anyone to perform the hateful office. The Government allows a certain sum to any soldier who will act as provost-sergeant, but it is generally difficult to find a man willing to undertake the office, and in this case it was several days before any one would come forward, which, however, to my great relief, one at length did.

No sooner, however, was this difficulty overcome than another arose—we had no scaffold or apparatus. I wrote to the civil officer in charge of the Agra Central Jail, and asked him to assist us by the loan of what we required. Unfortu-

lately he was not at home, and his deputy refused my request, nor could I persuade him, by any considerations, or arguments, or expostulations to accede to it.

To get up a make-shift was objectionable. A man had been recently hanged at a distant station; the rope broke with him three times, and he suffered terribly whilst being slowly strangled. The same might occur here. The bare thought was horrible; so I wrote direct to the Lieutenant-Governor, Mr. Thomason, expressing my hope that on the score of humanity he would order us to be supplied with all we required. As I anticipated, this request was attended to without loss of time, and in the course of two hours the jail people, with every requisite for the melancholy ceremony that was to take place, were with me. The necessary arrangements were soon made, and the condemned man was executed next morning, and died without a struggle.

That good and great man, Mr. Thomason, never allowed anything to stand in the way of humanity. He would suffer nothing to interfere with his zeal when it was in his power to forward a good cause, and he would even go out of his way to advance the interests and welfare of others. The following anecdote, affords a gratifying instance of his constant consideration for the comfort and welfare of his fellow-creatures.

Attached to the infantry barracks were two hospitals, one of them a fever hospital. This, which should have been the best and coolest of the two, was several degrees hotter than the other, so that a fever patient, in the time of the hot winds, rarely or very slowly recovered. This had been represented over and over again to the authorities. The building had been condemned as unfit by boards of officers, and plans and specifications of the required alterations had been sent to the Military Board in Calcutta. But true to the name which Lord Dalhousie, with his usual acumen, fixed upon it, the "Dilatory Board" still delayed its sanction to improvements which were so urgent, and in the meantime our poor soldiers were dying for want of that cooler atmosphere and superior ventilation which the required alterations would give, and which should have been provided for them years before.

One day, when Mr. Thomason was asking me about the health of the troops, I told him what I have just mentioned, upon which he immediately said, "If you, with the engineer officer and the doctor, will meet me the day after to-morrow at the hospital, and show me all the papers, and can satisfy my mind as to the correctness of your views, I will order the required alterations on my own responsibility."

On the appointed morning we met. In a

quarter of an hour the Lieut.-Governor was perfectly satisfied, and turning to Captain Sharpe, the executive engineer, he said, "You may commence the alterations at once, and draw on me for any money that is required; you shall receive the necessary authority to-day."

Three or four weeks later, the "Dilatory Board," to whom this was an awful rap over the knuckles, sent up orders for the commencement of the work that was already half finished. Many a poor fever-stricken soldier has since had good reason to bless the humane governor and good man, who, regardless of boards which it is almost impossible to stir up, by any consideration, to activity, even in the most urgent circumstances, had pitied their sufferings and stepped out of his way to relieve them.

In November, 1845, my newly-purchased house was burnt to the ground. This great misfortune happened in the following way. My wife and myself were going to dine at the Lieut.-Governor's, and as the evening was cold we had ordered a fire to be lighted for some friends who were staying the day with us. Whilst we were dressing, one of the gardeners, who had been alarmed by the sight of smoke issuing from the house, raised the cry of "Fire—the bungalow is on fire!" I immediately ran out, and saw flames darting out of the holes made in the side

of the chimney, the thatch round which also was burning. The chimney rose out of the centre of the thatch of a bow room, and the holes for the exit of the smoke were made in the side, the top being closed by a flat tile. Our chimneys in India are not swept, as there is no soot from wood, but birds build in them, and carry in an incredible quantity of sticks, hay, and straw, which it is necessary at regular intervals to clear out. When the occupier of a house wishes to clear his chimney, the tile on the top is lifted, and a brick, tied to a rope, is lowered down, which carries with it all the stuff that has gradually been collected.

The day before, I had ordered my servant to clean the chimney, and he went up on the roof and brought down an armful of rubbish, but he must have thrust a quantity farther down and neglected to clear it in the usual way; in consequence of which neglect, it must have caught from the roaring fire he made.

As soon as I saw the fire, I mounted on the thatch to try and put it out. A pot of water was handed up to me by means of a rope, but an over-zealous servant hastily snatched it out of my hands, and, in his inconsiderate eagerness, let it fall before we could get another. The fire, meanwhile, having burnt through the thatch, had obtained such a hold that all further efforts to arrest

it were useless. My wife, greatly agitated, called out, "What shall I do?" "Get out the baby," I said, "put her under the tree, then get out the bag of rupees and the plate-chest." We set to work at once to clear the house, and the neighbours coming rapidly to our assistance, everything was soon removed from the burning bungalow. The furniture was all put into one place, and a guard was set over it. Our valuables were entrusted to our neighbours for safety. As the night was perfectly calm, the flames shot up into the sky to a great height, and were seen for miles round. The thatch burning slowly, gave us time to clear everything out except our wines and stores, which, as we could not get at them, were unfortunately destroyed. If there had been the slightest breeze, the flat-roofed verandah that formed the front of the house would have been consumed, but it escaped, as well as a large portico, and a stack of grass which was piled close to the house, ready for repairs that were to have been commenced the next day.

During the night one of my servants, whose guilt was found out afterwards, broke open my office-desk, and stole the office money, some fifty pounds, which of course I had to make good. This was the only occasion on which I was robbed by a servant during the whole period of my service in India.

I was not employed during the Sutledge campaign, as my regiment was far from the scene of action, and all volunteering was prohibited. But I was deeply interested in the events of that expedition, as my brother, the late Colonel, but then Captain Douglas Seaton, was engaged in it with his regiment, the 1st European Bengal Fusiliers (now H.M.'s 101), which formed part of the army of the Sutledge. In the bloody and desperate battle of Feerozshah, his coolness and courage attracted the attention of his brigadier, McLaren, who was so pleased with his conduct in that affair that he asked him to be his brigade-major; but after filling the appointment for some days, he was, through some misunderstanding at head-quarters, superseded by another officer, and immediately rejoined his regiment. Subsequently, at the battle of Sobraon, Brigadier McLaren being killed early in the day, the commanding officer of the 1st Fusiliers, as next senior, took command of the brigade, and my brother succeeded to the regiment.

The brigade was to have made a false attack on the enemy's entrenchments to the right, an attack which was to have been converted into a real one if a favourable opportunity should occur. Through some misunderstanding orders were given for the commencement of operations by a real attack, and the regiment at the head of the

brigade, without ladders or other means, moved forward to storm the entrenchments, which were of the most formidable description, and in which no breach had been made. As the men advanced under a heavy fire of guns and musketry, they were swept down in scores. The Bengal Fusiliers having been twice repulsed, that noble old regiment was twice rallied by my brother, who although he had a horse shot under him, led it on a third time against the entrenchments. They edged off towards an opening on the right, and then making a sudden rush, succeeded in getting in. By this time our left attack also had succeeded, and in a few minutes the Scikhs were in full retreat.

In 1849 I was obliged to send my family to England for their health, and in 1851 I was myself so ill from continued attacks of ague contracted at Simla—whither I had gone to recruit my strength—that the doctors ordered me to England, and the Government granted me a sick furlough of three years.

The monotony of Indian life in a cantonment is so great, and produces so little to interest the general reader, that I have intentionally passed over that part of my career as quickly as possible, dwelling only on such events as might be supposed to furnish illustrations of the peculiarities of Indian military life.

CHAPTER III.

Furlough to England—Recover Health—Return to India—Arrive in Calcutta—Join my Regiment at Sealkote—Station—Marked Deterioration in the Bearing and Conduct of Sepoys and their Feeling towards the Officers—Anecdote—How the Change occurred—Commenced under Lord W. Bentinck, G.-G.—Remarks on Corporal Punishment—Little Authority allowed to Commanding Officers of Native Corps—Anecdote—School of Musketry at Sealkote—Mutinous Placard—Revolt of Native Army—Ordered to Umballa to command 60th N.I.—Rough Sketch of the Origin and Progress of the Revolt.

THREE years of furlough—how soon they pass away! What ages of happiness and enjoyment are crowded into them! But when gone, what a little span they seem! The sick officer in India, lying on his couch, too languid and weak to care for anything, is told by the doctor that he intends to send him home. "Oh, doctor, do you really?" he says; "but I'm too ill to travel: I shall never reach home."

"Yes, you will; I shall help to sell off your traps, and will do everything necessary for you. So keep your mind at rest and try to get well."

In a short time the invalid is off to Calcutta, and the moment he sees the ships, gets a smell of the tar, and hears the hearty "ye-o hoy" of the

sailors, his spirits rise, the fatigue of the journey is forgotten, and he begins to mend.

Perhaps some kind friend carries him off from the hotel to his own house, where he is served and cared for kindly, and even tenderly. Free from all care, and undisturbed by the noise, worry, and discomfort of an hotel, the friend's kindly face, cheery words, and ready help do more for his health than would a whole shopful of drugs or a complete regiment of doctors. So by the time he takes possession of his berth on board the steamer, he has accomplished the first stage on the high road to recovery.[1]

As the hour for embarkation approaches, there is a feverish anxiety to get on board, to realize, as soon as possible, the blessed fact that the long-banished invalid is bound for *home*. The moment the hawser is cast off and the vessel moves from the pier, the blood rushes with exultation through his veins, and he repeats with delight the magic word—home! As soon as Calcutta is shut out from view a feeble attempt is made by the invalid to arrange his berth, but he soon gives it up and crawls on deck again, his anxiety to watch the

[1] My kind relative and noble-hearted friend E. D. K., who treated me as I have here described, will, I hope, accept this hearty and grateful acknowledgment of his kindness to me, feebly expressed in words, I confess, but deeply acknowledged in my heart.

progress of the vessel is so great; and it is not until the blue line of the open sea greets his eye, that his heart is quieted, and he settles down for the voyage.

When the pilot leaves the ship, the passenger "round the Cape" has the dull monotony of a three or four months' voyage before him; with nothing but sea and sky around him day after day, he seems to be sailing to nowhere. True enough, the captain, or one of the officers, kindly tells him that they have made so much progress, that they are having a fine or a fair run, or that they are getting on pretty well considering; but this he must accept as a matter of faith. There is nothing to show him the progress made, nothing to relieve the every-day dulness, and the invalid soon sinks into apathy, from which serious consequences are often to be feared.

But overland, how different is the sensation! "Captain, when shall we reach Madras?" "Oh, at such a time." And true enough, at the time named, Madras rises to view. Then there are all sorts of strange things to be seen at Madras, to interest and amuse the invalid. The lovely island of Ceylon, too, is coasted; and when the harbour of Point de Galle is entered, the change of scene is as complete as if it had been effected in a theatre.

The transit from Ceylon to Aden is tedious,

but it only lasts a week. When that is over, and Aden is reached, the time flies rapidly; for land is in sight nearly every day, and frequently all day; and the progress of the steamer is as marked as that of a coach rolling along a high road. It is this constant change of scene, delighting the eye and employing and amusing the mind, that, besides the shortness of the voyage, gives the overland journey the great advantage over the Cape route; for amusement to the mind is medicine to the body. I make particular mention of all this because it is my conviction from personal experience of its superiority, and from the testimony of many of my friends, that no invalid who can by any possibility go overland should, for a moment, think of proceeding round the Cape.

How the heart bounds when the waters of Europe—the lovely blue Mediterranean—first greet the eye! And when the "Bay of Biscay, O" is crossed, and the entrance to the channel is reached, marked by the hundreds of vessels coming in from all quarters, how the eyes strain to catch the first glimpse of the white cliffs and blue hills of Old England; and when they become plainly visible, what deep emotion fills the soul! Mother, father, sister, brother, wife, child, home—there is heaven in the words. The bliss of landing, and of being clasped once more in the loved and loving arms, is a happiness

for which one may well endure a dozen years of exile.

With returning strength, time flies like magic. The days by which we first counted our home sojourn soon grow into weeks, weeks swell into months and years, and when the hour for our return to duty has arrived, the happy period which we have spent at home seems like a dream. The face of his loved parents, the soldier returning to India may hardly hope to see again. Will he be spared to behold once more sister, brother, wife, and child? The parting is indeed terrible; but, trusting in God's mercy, he resolutely turns from his home and gives himself up to his country, which he is engaged to serve.

Once on board, he meets old friends and comrades returning also to the East. Hearty greetings are exchanged, common friends and acquaintances are inquired about, interesting military topics are discussed, a new turn is given to his thoughts, and in a day or two, the first great pang having passed away, he can think of the loved ones from whom he is parted with less poignant sorrow, and can pursue his journey with cheerfulness and hope.

With health thoroughly established I landed in Calcutta on the 18th December, 1854, and after some days' delay to transact official and other necessary business, I started, joined my regiment at

Sealkote in the Punjab, on the 31st January, 1855, and immediately assumed the command. The site for the station of Sealkote was selected by the late Sir Charles Napier, who understood, as well as anyone in the world, the conditions upon which the healthiness of a locality depends, and who was determined that as far as he was concerned, English soldiers should be stationed in the healthiest spots that could be discovered.

The spot chosen is a fine open piece of ground between two nullahs. A gentle fall towards each nullah affords the means of perfect drainage at little expense. The country in the vicinity is open and well-cultivated; there are no swamps or ponds to windward to breed fever, no holes or pits in the cantonment where rubbish can accumulate to generate malaria, and predispose the troops to cholera; the air is pure and the water sweet and wholesome. From the further side of the nullah in front of the cantonment the ground seems to rise slightly for some miles, as if it were a long wave of land caused by the upheaval of the Cashmere Hills from the great flat plains of the Punjaub.

The station—the form of which is a long parallelogram—faces the north, and directly in front rise the Cashmere hills, their base distant about thirty miles. The barracks of the European infantry are on the right of the front, those of

the artillery on the left, and the lines of the native infantry are in the centre. On the right flank is the grand parade, on the left are the cavalry lines and parade, and the rear is occupied by the Sudder bazaar, the commissariat yard, the shops of the different Armenian and other merchants, and the yard of the executive engineer. The bungalows of the officers are immediately in rear of their respective regiments, and the centre of the station is left quite open and unincumbered with buildings, except the three places of worship—the Protestant church, the chapel, and the Roman Catholic church. These three buildings are half-a-mile from each other, and their appearance is striking and picturesque.

One great good results from keeping the centre of the station open and unincumbered with buildings or trees—the air circulates freely, and helps to keep off malaria and all its terrible consequences.

The station is not entirely bare of trees, each bungalow having its garden. Many of them are planted with orange trees and citrons. There are some groups of fine old trees here and there, and numbers of Bukain trees have been planted. These Bukains have a leaf something like that of the ash. Unlike the generality of Indian trees, they shed their leaves at the end of November, and remain bare till March, when

they put forth new leaves, followed immediately by long bunches of small, purple, and sweet-smelling flowers; and as the oranges and citrons flower at the same time, a very fair imitation of an English spring is afforded, and the whole air is laden with perfume.

The morning after my arrival at Sealkote I. went to parade to attend muster, and as soon as I had got on to the parade-ground, clear of all the buildings, I stood transfixed with astonishment and delight, and, quite forgetful of everything else except the scene before me, I remained for some minutes gazing at the grand and beautiful spectacle. There, covered with snow, mountain on mountain, peak on peak, stretching away right and left for 200 miles, were the glorious Cashmere mountains, the lofty Peer Punjal, directly in front, overtopping the whole —a very "monarch of mountains." As there was nothing to impede the view, not even a tree or a hillock, the immense ranges of the Cashmere hills were visible from base to summit. The atmosphere was so clear, and pure, and free from dust (that plague of most stations in India) that they seemed to be quite close, and every gorge and ravine was distinctly visible. The craggy peaks and jagged outlines of the highest mountains, glorious in their garb of snow, cutting sharp and clear against the deep blue, cloud-

less sky, were like the pinnacles of an iceberg; while forests of trees, peeping through the snow, fringed and marked the outlines of the middle ranges.

The lower hills, which were free from snow, were tinged blue by the distance, and by a thin, transparent haze, the effect of which was heightened by the contrast of the scarlet coats of the long line of soldiers drawn up a hundred yards in front of me. Still lower hills, covered with forests and thick jungle, seemed to melt into each other, except where a higher mountain or wider valley was shown by a deepening of the haze. Here and there, along the sides and on the edges of these hills, were erected forts and castles, looking like large white spots. As the eye wandered along towards the right, scanning fort after fort, it was at length arrested by the walls and bastions of Jumnoo, the capital of the (then) Rajah Goolab Sing, the temples, towers, and large buildings of which were distinctly visible.

Through an opening in the hills above Jumnoo was seen a solitary, conical snowy peak, the summit of some mountain, whose name I forget, far away on the borders of China. The height of this mountain must be enormous, for the rays of the setting sun lingered on its snows some seconds after he had sunk below the horizon of the nearer Cashmere hills. The foreground was

filled up by fields of corn, small walled towns, and forts. Groves and forests of trees, occasional strings of camels, cattle working in the fields, and men engaged in their daily labours, diversified the scene. The whole picture was so exquisitely lovely that I could not withdraw my gaze, or recall my thoughts to the business of the day. Presently, however, the adjutant rode up to tell me that the mustering-officer was at hand, and I had therefore no alternative but to dismiss the romantic, and turn to the not uncomfortable reality of earning my month's pay.

As I had not seen the regiment for ten years, I was very glad to observe that the ranks were filled with fine, tall, well-made, handsome-looking men, that the companies were well sized, and that all the soldiers were well clothed, and the perfection of neatness, showing great attention and *esprit de corps* on the part of the officers. I soon settled down to my daily work, and with pleasure, for fully half the men were my old friends. I had been through the Cabool campaign with them, and had shared with them the privations and perils of Jellalabad. Four-fifths of the soldiers now composing the regiment had been recruited into it in my time, and I believe that most of them, if not all, had some regard for me.

Of the officers I need say but little: the

old ones were my friends, the younger I hoped would be so; they were all thoroughly English gentlemen, and pulled well together; there were no bickerings or quarrels amongst them, and they had done their duty by the regiment, as its appearance and state of efficiency amply proved. But alas, bright as was the sky, clouds soon began to obscure it!

My first week with the regiment, my first tour of duty as field-officer of the week, shewed me very plainly a marked deterioration in the bearing and conduct of the sepoys towards their European officers. Such changes in the appearance, character, and habits of men are mostly gradual, and, like old age, steal on little by little, and imperceptibly to the daily observer, but to any one returning after an absence of years, the accumulated change is most palpable and striking. My own officers did not perceive the difference in the bearing of the sepoys, having been in daily contact with them; I perceived it at once. The men of the regiment were perfectly respectful to myself. I was the colonel, and it would have been dangerous to be otherwise. Moreover, I was the oldest officer in the regiment, and well known to all in it, so that the old ties and feelings could not so easily be broken between us; but I could not help observing that there was not, as there should have been, the cordial respect of

former times towards the officers. There was an independent, swaggering, free-and-easy kind of air about the sepoys generally, and I observed (more particularly in other regiments at the station) that the men were quite careless of shewing respect to any officer but those of their own regiments. Riding in uniform past the guards of other regiments, I constantly observed that the sepoys would stand with their arms folded, their legs straddled, their noses raised in the air, and that they would salute with mock respect, or purposely with their left hand.[1] I never passed over such acts of disrespect, and in the course of a few weeks, as I became known, their conduct altered towards myself.

But the great and increasing insolence and independence of the native soldiers was strikingly illustrated even in my own regiment. A man of the name of Toofānee had a quarrel with a comrade, and lodged a complaint against him before the captain of his company. The captain gave his decision, but Toofānee, not satisfied, appealed to me. I desired that the man should be brought before me after morning parade. Accordingly, on dismissing the regiment, I proceeded to the mess-house to hear the case—the officers, European and native, following. Whilst

[1] To salute with the left hand when the right is at liberty is considered by natives of India as an affront.

I was standing talking to the adjutant on some business, Toofānee was brought up by the orderly havildar (sergeant) of his company, and without waiting to be addressed, or until I had done speaking to the adjutant, he saluted in an insolent manner and called out, "I shall get no justice here; I shall bring my captain before the supreme court in Calcutta." The native officers who had just come up, and heard every word, were highly indignant at such a display of insubordination.

Toofānee was instantly ordered into confinement, and next day was tried by a court-martial, by which he was condemned to be flogged—a sentence which, to his evident amazement, was duly carried out on the following day. It had a great and salutary effect, one and all asserting that he was served quite right. But all this showed plainly that the discipline of the native army had wofully degenerated, and that the tie between the native soldier and his European officer was not of that intimate and binding nature which it had once been. And it was not to be wondered at. Every governor-general and commander-in-chief, from that most mischievous double functionary, Lord William Bentinck,[1] had done something tending

[1] Lord W. Bentinck was both Governor-General and Commander-in-chief.

to the ruin of the native army. Lord William Bentinck gave it the first and most serious push down the incline. From greed of gain for his employers, and with an eye to a good retiring pension to himself, he carried out that most mischievous, hateful, and paltry measure, the celebrated half-batta retrenchment.[1] It was mischievous, because it first gave the sepoys an overweening idea of their own importance. "The Government dare not touch our pay," they said; and they held up their heads more proudly and twirled their moustaches with more than ordinary insolence. It was paltry, because the saving was only a few thousand pounds per annum, and was screwed out of the pockets of needy men who had left home, country, and friends to spend a lifetime in the Indian service. It was hateful, principally because it made the men look down on their officers. It was even worse than I have represented it—it was a direct breach of faith.

From greed of public applause in general, and of that of Exeter Hall in particular, Lord William Bentinck abolished corporal punishment in the native army. This was the second push down the incline. When he first entertained the idea, Lord William caused a circular letter to be addressed to every commanding officer of any note

[1] "Batta" is an allowance made to each officer, and is a large portion of his emoluments.

in the service, asking his opinion on the subject. The proposed abolition was universally condemned. The native officers of regiments—who had all risen from the ranks and had all been sepoys—were vehemently against it. When the letter reached my commanding officer, he assembled all the most intelligent of the native officers and asked their opinion on the subject. They expressed themselves very freely and strongly on the occasion, saying—"We hope the hazoor (a term of respect) will not abolish flogging; we don't care about it, only the 'badmashes'[1] are flogged, if any deserve it—flog them, and turn them out, you will get plenty of good men. If you abolish flogging, the army will no longer fear, and there will quickly be a mutiny." The words, "fouj be'durr ho jaeega" (the army will no longer fear, or stand in awe), were deeply impressed on my mind.

There are two things the natives of India revere as much as they do their deities: money and power. Lord William Bentinck mulcted their officers in both. Was it to be wondered at if the respect of the sepoys from that time gradually declined? The native officers said truly that flogging did not concern them, but only the badmashes, whom alone it was desirable thus to punish.

[1] A very comprehensive term of abuse, signifying generally "rascal," a man of evil life.

"Drink" is either directly or collaterally the cause of ninety-nine crimes in the hundred in the British army. As the Bengal sepoy does not drink, he avoids those ninety-nine crimes. It is very rare to hear of a case of drunkenness in a sepoy, who is naturally sober, temperate, and respectful to his superiors when ruled as he ought to be. The great body of the sepoys come from Oude, and consist mostly of the sons of landholders, men of high caste; many are themselves sharers in land, and come from a better grade in society than that which usually furnishes recruits for the British army. They are very rarely driven to enlist by drunkenness, or dissoluteness, or crime, but enter the service by their own choice. There is naturally a great deal of the gentleman about the sepoy. In Oude, it is the common practice, in families where there are four or more sons, to send one or two into the army, and to keep the rest at home to cultivate the hereditary acres and discharge the duties of head of the family. It may easily be imagined, then, that such men were not likely to be deterred from entering the army by the knowledge that flogging was the punishment for crimes they were not likely to commit; and the proof of this statement lies in the fact that multitudes flocked to our standard in the days when I first entered the service. At a period when, by sentence of a court-martial,

eight hundred lashes (as I have seen) could be inflicted upon a refractory sepoy, there never was the slightest difficulty in procuring recruits to any amount. In those days, too, an officer commanding a company could take a man out of the ranks, and order him two or three cuts with a cane for talking or inattention. The sepoy felt in no way degraded; the captain was his "ma bap" (father and mother), as he expressed it—there was no disgrace in it—and their comrades merely chaffed them about it.

Corporal punishment was then rarely applied, because rarely needed, but it was a powerful aid to commanding officers in the maintenance of discipline. When it was known what the consequence of disobedience might be, orders were obeyed with alacrity and cheerfulness, and there was not that amount of talking and inattention in the ranks so painfully common in latter days, when habit had made the sepoy still more disregardful of his officer.

Philanthropy is a very fine and noble thing in its proper place, but when it comes to talk of governing bodies of armed men without the power of inflicting corporal punishment where deserved, it becomes mere maudlin, sickly sentimentality. Take away the lash, and in a campaign your army will soon become a disorderly rabble. I have commanded both English and

native troops, and know it well. Let people look round them any day, and see how the present so-called philanthropic system works. A man commits some crime, and he is sent to prison, where he meets with criminals of all kinds, by contact with whom he can only sink deeper into guilt. When he comes out of jail he is a marked man, under the supervision of the police. Who will employ a "jail-bird?" He is thus starved into crime, and, in spite of himself, is thrown into the arms of those whose acquaintance he had made in jail—the casual culprit thus becoming a confirmed criminal. Truly the tender mercies of Exeter Hall are cruel. If the casual culprit were punished by a flogging, he would escape the jail, the acquaintances there formed, the odium of the name of "jail-bird," and would have a good lesson without any hindrance to becoming an honest man. The lash is, indeed, hateful, but a jail and its teachings are more hateful still.

Lord Dalhousie, governor-general, and Lord Gough, commander-in-chief, men of natures as noble and merciful as could be found, recognised the absolute necessity of re-establishing corporal punishment in the native army, and carried it into effect. It would have been well if at the same time they had restored to commanding officers the full powers they enjoyed in 1825,

and had even extended them in some respects. In these latter days, all useful power to control, punish, or reward has been taken away. Each successive commander-in-chief curtailed the power of a commanding officer until it was reduced to a mere shadow, and as for captains commanding companies, they were mere nonentities, and were treated by the sepoys accordingly. A commanding officer could not recommend for promotion to the commissioned grade any havildar out of his turn, whatever might be the man's merit; neither could he pass over, unless for positive bad conduct, any havildar who was senior of his grade. He might be dirty, slovenly, litigious, the greatest dolt alive, no matter, he was sure to be promoted, provided there was no more serious charge against him, and he was senior of his rank! Then, by order of Sir William Gomm, any man to whom punishment had been awarded by his commanding officer, might appeal against it to a court-martial—a measure which put the finishing stroke to all semblance of power in regimental officers.

The fact is, that besides what was otherwise withdrawn whenever a commanding officer abused or stretched his power, the authorities, instead of punishing the offender by reprimand or removal, took away the power from all, so that in time commanding officers found themselves like Gulli-

ver, so tied down by innumerable little strings, that they could move neither hand nor foot. The weapon that kept the wild beast in awe was taken out of their hands; the beast rose up against them, and they were weaponless, prostrate, and helpless.

Lord W. Bentinck, having set the example of curtailing the power of the officer over the sepoy, and having met with the applause of the Exeter Hall class, his injudicious example was speedily followed, and the native army was treated somewhat after the manner in which schoolboys serve a watch. Every friend of the fortunate, or rather unfortunate possessor, finds fault with its going, thinks he can improve it, and proposes his little remedy.

"I say, old fellow, no wonder your watch goes so slow, the screws are jammed down too tight; just you let me loosen them a bit, and then it will go like a 'good un.'"

Another says, "Tell you what, old chap, the wheels want oiling." The wheels are oiled, and the watch stops.

A third watch doctor suggests that the escapement screw is so tight that "the little thing that wiggles backwards and forwards" can't move properly; the screw is loosened, the scapement lifted, when phiz—whiz—iz—iz goes the watch, it runs down, and the doctors stand aghast.

Our mode of ruling our English soldiers may be well enough as applied to them—though I doubt it—but applied to the native soldiers of India, whose habits, feelings, and instincts are so diametrically opposed to ours, it is a lamentable error in judgment. It was from motives of humanity and kindly feeling towards the sepoy, that the power of commanding officers was curtailed, and the punishment of crime was reduced to almost nothing; but the Government authorities never reflected on the change this might operate in the feelings and conduct of the sepoy towards his officer. By first mulcting the pay of the officer, he was lowered in the eyes of the sepoy, and then, by the restrictions laid on his power, he was reduced to the condition of King Log. Government ignored the fact that in the composition of respect a very necessary ingredient is a certain amount of awe.

The following circumstance happened to myself. A sepoy of my regiment, convicted of disreputable conduct, had his good-conduct pay stopped for a twelvemonth. This period expired shortly after I assumed command. As the man continued his evil practices, I sent up his papers to head quarters, recommending that his good-conduct pay should be stopped for a further period of twelve months. The paper contained an exact copy of the record against him, and in the ap-

propriate column was this remark—"Furlough and all indulgence to this sepoy to be stopped for a period of twelve months." I made my own remarks separately.

By return of post, back came the papers from the Adjutant-General's office, calling upon me to state "by what authority I had stopped the sepoy's furlough." I replied that the remark was my predecessor's, and that I had nothing to do with it. I certainly should have stopped the sepoy's furlough, nevertheless.

Now, if a commanding officer cannot stop an indulgence to a delinquent sepoy, what shadow of power or authority does he possess? None whatever; for can anyone for a moment imagine that the sepoy will stand in awe of the commanding officer whom he can safely defy?

The year 1855 passed quietly enough, in the usual routine of cantonment life. In May, 1856, I took the regulated sixty days' leave, and visited the Hill Station of Dugshall, to visit my brother who was stationed there, and recruit myself in the cool breezes of the mountains. During this visit I had the good fortune to make the acquaintance of that true and gallant soldier, Major (then Captain) W. J. R. Hodson. I was much struck with his appearance; his broad, handsome, manly brow, his clear, bright, and keen eye, his light, active, wiry frame, his pleasing smile, his frank and

cordial manner, little dreaming under what terrible circumstances our acquaintance would ripen into friendship.

In the end of 1856 and beginning of 1857, a school of musketry was established at Sealkote, and all went on well for several months, when one day a treasonable placard was found posted on the walls of the building used for the school. This was torn down by the sepoys, and shown to the authorities. It was the precursor of the terrible storm which was about to burst on the station and was already raging elsewhere. We heard of the greased cartridge business, the disbanding of the 19th N.I., the hanging of sepoy Mongul Pandy and the Jemadar [1] of the 34th N.I. at Barrackpoor, the bad conduct, and subsequent disbanding of the whole regiment, but all seemed to have subsided, and everyone hoped that the Government would take such precautions and adopt such stringent measures as would prevent any further outbreak.

I watched my own regiment narrowly, but could detect nothing suspicious. I spoke to the native officers about the greased cartridges, told them that no one could be made a Christian either by fraud or by force, that a man can only become one by belief in the authenticity of the mission, doctrines, and atonement of the Founder

[1] "Jemadar," native ensign.

of that faith, and that the mere fact of his losing his caste would not be sufficient to make him one. I reminded them that our Government had never made or attempted to make any converts by force, had never shown treacherous violence towards anyone, and that they should not suspect it now. They all seemed satisfied, and everything in the regiment went on as usual.

In April, 1857, I had a sharp return of an old complaint, which would not give way to the remedies employed. I knew that change of air would relieve me instantly, and as all appeared quite quiet at Sealkote, the detachments from different regiments at the school of musketry giving no trouble, and my own regiment seeming perfectly content, I determined to take the sixty days' leave allowed by Government, and run up to Simla for the change I required. The Commander-in-chief was there, so, in case of any disturbance, I should be sure to hear of it, and could soon run down and rejoin my regiment.

After I had got leave, and all my preparations were made, I suddenly felt a most unaccountable disinclination to start—aversion I may call it—and though I have not a particle of superstition in me, I was once or twice as nearly yielding to the feeling as possible and renouncing my intended trip. It was a peculiar mental disinclination to carry out what I had deliberately planned,

such as I had never before experienced, and might have been a presentiment of coming evil; but believing it to be in some way connected with my ailment, I set off, and on the 8th of May reached Simla, where I was soon greatly benefited by the change of air.

On the 11th news reached Simla of the revolt of the troops at Meerut on the day before, and all officers of the Meerut division who were on leave were directed to return to their stations at once. In the afternoon the Adjutant-General, Colonel Chester, sent for me and told me that it was the Commander-in-chief's desire that I should proceed to Umballa to take command of the 60th N.I., which "had shown strong symptoms of disaffection," as it was mildly termed. I said I should be ready to start in two hours, but I was desired to wait until it could be ascertained whether the regiment existed or not, for the general commanding at Umballa might have exterminated it, or it might have gone off to Delhi to join the mutineers. I got my orders on the 13th, started immediately, reached Umballa on the morning of the 15th, and put up at the Travellers' Bungalow. After breakfast, while standing in the verandah, talking to the person who came with a hired buggy for me, a gentleman, who was walking there, suddenly called out, "Look out, sir; I saw that sepoy loading

his musket." On looking round, I saw a sepoy of some regiment outside the grounds of the bungalow with his musket at the "order." Keeping my eye on the fellow, I questioned the gentleman, who positively affirmed that he had seen the man load his musket. I got my glass, and on looking at the sepoy found that he was one of the 60th N.I., the very "babes" I had come to command. Without a moment's delay I put on my sword, jumped into the buggy, and drove off to the quarters of the adjutant, the gallant and lamented Lieutenant Shebbeare.

I immediately told him my errand, and we went at once to the commanding officer, to whom I produced my credentials, and then assumed the command. In five minutes I was on my way to the men's lines with the adjutant, and as we went along I explained to Lieutenant Shebbeare the incident that had occurred at the Travellers' Bungalow.

The relieved guards were immediately paraded, and I inspected each musket separately. Of course not one was found loaded, nor was I particularly anxious at that moment to make the discovery. Had any preconcerted plan for a rising existed, we should have found many muskets loaded, or the men would have committed some act that would have betrayed their purpose. The

state of the regiment was well known. There was a large force of Europeans in the cantonment. The native regiments were therefore powerless, if, as we hoped, proper measures were taken with them.

I told the men my reason for inspecting their arms. I also said that I was glad to find that the sepoy had been calumniated; and that I hoped to learn that much of what I had heard of them was misrepresentation also.

As I could not find any house near enough to the regiment, Lieutenant Shebbeare kindly placed a couple of rooms in his bungalow at my disposal. Living under the same roof with the adjutant was most convenient, for it enabled me to acquire in a very short time all the information that was necessary regarding the regiment, to which, of course, I was a perfect stranger.

Perhaps it will not be out of place here to give a rough sketch of the revolt of the Bengal army. I cannot enter into a full discussion of the causes of the mutiny—the subject would require a book to itself; I will, therefore, merely state some of the circumstances to which it has been more immediately attributed. One of these was the annexation of Oude, which caused a change for the worse in the condition of the sepoy and his family. There is, I believe, no foundation for this. Others attribute the un-

happy mutiny to Russian intrigue—a statement which is quite without foundation. Others, again, say it was caused by the intrigues of Persia—an assertion which, I believe, is equally without support, though some colour was given to it by the proclamation that was found in the tent of the Persian Shah Zada, after the battle at Mohamrah, addressed to the people of Hindostan, calling upon all, old and young, sepoy and ryot, to unite and take vengeance on the British; but there is no proof that Mahomedan conspiracy originated the mutiny. The real cause, I believe, was this. The sepoy, by the injudicious acts of successive governors-general and commanders-in-chief, had been taught to think too highly of himself—to believe that he was the chief pillar of the State—the mainstay of our power in India. The bonds of discipline were too much relaxed, and finding that the Government had taken all power into their own hands, the sepoy cared nothing for his officer, upon whom his welfare no longer depended, and became from various causes discontented, and then disaffected. This feeling was fostered by the ex-King of Oude and his minister, the subtle and crafty Ali Nukee Khan. The sepoys, highly credulous, like all natives of India, and ready to believe the most monstrous tales, had their attention drawn to the various ways in which we had

interfered with their religious practices; the stoppage of infanticide; the prohibition of suttee; the prevention of self-immolation under the car of Juggernaut. Their attention was pointed also to the proselytizing efforts of our missionaries, and to the gradual spread of civilization, and the sepoys became alarmed. The Brahmins, of whom there were great numbers in our ranks, found their influence decreasing from year to year, and their alarm and discontent worked on the minds of the rest. Then Lord Dalhousie made every sepoy pay postage for his letters, which had hitherto gone free under his commanding officer's signature. The roads and ferries were no longer free to him as before, but, unless on duty, he had to pay toll like other people. These taxes were not only particularly galling to the pride of all, but irritating and burthensome to the bulk of the men, whose pay was only fourteen shillings a month, out of which they had to feed and clothe themselves.

In 1852, when the 38th Native Infantry refused to go to Burmah, Lord Dalhousie left them unpunished, and showed the native soldiers very clearly what power was in their hands, and how safely they might defy the Government.

With all this material for revolt ready laid, there wanted but the spark to light the flame. This was supplied by the unpardonable careless-

ness of an official in Calcutta. The Government had decided on introducing the Enfield rifle into the Indian army. The cartridge for this rifle requires a lubricating substance, which in England is made from the fat of the cow and pig's lard, and by the official before mentioned it was ordered that the lubricating substance for use in India by the native troops should be similar—that (to speak plainly) the Hindoo sepoy should handle cartridges besmeared with the fat of the cow, an animal which he regarded with superior veneration.

This became known to one of the guards in the arsenal in Fort William, who ran and told his comrades. The men were horrified; the fact was repeated with every addition that the brains of bigoted men could invent, and as the Government delayed to take any measures to quiet the minds of the sepoys, it is no wonder that they came thoroughly to believe the statements which had been allowed to circulate among them, the effects of which were apparent in the course of a few days.

On the 24th of January, 1857, the telegraph office at Barrackpoor was burnt down, the first act of insubordination; that day month, a small guard of the 34th N.I. arrived at Berhampoor, and communicated to the 19th N.I. stationed there the facts and fictions connected with the affair of the greased cartridge. On the 25th of February,

Colonel Mitchell commanding, ordered a parade for exercise next day with blank cartridge, the cartridges that had been received over from the regiment they had relieved. The men refused to receive them. On the remonstrances and threats of the colonel they took them, but during the night, the sepoys, who had continued brooding on their supposed wrongs until they had roused themselves to frenzy, rose and seized their arms, shouting defiance. Colonel Mitchell marched against them with the native artillery and cavalry; but as these could not be depended on, he compromised matters with the mutineers, who said they would lay down their arms if he would withdraw the artillery.

The news of this outbreak reached Calcutta on the 4th of March; on the 6th a steamer was sent round to Rangoon to bring up H.M.'s 84th regiment. At this time there was great excitement in the 2nd and 34th N.I. at Barrackpoor, and nightly meetings of the sepoys took place, at which the conduct of the 19th N.I. was highly applauded. On the 20th, H.M.'s 34th arrived from Rangoon, and was sent on to Chinsurah, a few miles above Barrackpoor. On the 29th it was reported that some of the men of the 34th N. I. were in a very excited state, and that one of them, Mungul Pandy, was going through the lines with a loaded musket, calling upon the sepoys

to rise. Lieut. Baugh, the adjutant, galloped off to the parade, when Mungul Pandy took deliberate aim and fired at him, wounded his horse in the flank; and brought him down. The Lieutenant, however, jumped up, fired with a pistol at Mungul Pandy, but missed him, and the sepoy, drawing a sword he had, cut Lieutenant Baugh down. The sergeant-major ran out to assist that officer, and tried to seize Mungul Pandy, calling at the same time upon the quarter guard, which were close at hand, to help. The native officer commanding, however, forbade the men to stir, and the sergeant was also cut down. The men of the quarter guard, with the native officer, now advanced, and began to beat the officers about the head with the butts of their muskets, instead of assisting them; but Lieut. Baugh's Mahomedan orderly, who at this moment came up, seized Mungul Pandy just as he had reloaded his musket, and General Hearsy and other officers, who had been roused by the firing, coming at the same time on parade, Lieut. Baugh and the sergeant were rescued by their exertions. Mungul Pandy was secured and lodged in the quarter guard of the 70th N.I., but the Jemadar of the 34th and his guard were not confined for some days afterwards.

General Hearsy rewarded the fidelity of Shaikh Pultoo, Lieutenant Baugh's orderly, by promoting him on the spot to the grade of

hàvildar, and for this he was reprimanded by Colonel Birch, the military secretary to Government.

On the morning of the 30th, H. M.'s 84th, a wing of the 53rd, and two European batteries from Dum Dum, marched into Barrackpoor; and on the same morning the 19th N. I., ordered down from Berhampoor, marched into Baraset, ten miles from Barrackpoor, and found a deputation from the 34th awaiting them with a proposition to rise at night, murder their officers, and march into Barrackpoor, join the troops there, surprise the Europeans, seize the guns, and then march on and sack Calcutta. The proposition, however, was rejected.

Next morning, the 19th N.I. marched into Barrackpoor, and was disbanded. They were paid up, marched across the river without arms, and dismissed. With rage in their hearts they proceeded towards their homes, spreading disaffection and proclaiming treason everywhere.

Mungul Pandy was tried, convicted, and hanged in front of the troops on the 8th of April, but the Jemadar, by some bungling, was not hanged until the 21st of April. The authorities in Calcutta, flattering themselves that they had crushed the mutiny, were about to send the 84th back to Rangoon. Transports were hired and all was ready, when, on the 4th of May, the telegraph brought to the Government the intelligence of the

mutiny of the 7th irregular cavalry at Lucknow, and its suppression by Sir H. Lawrence. The order for the return to Rangoon was at once rescinded. On receipt of the above intelligence, Lord Canning thought it advisable to strike a blow at Barrackpoor before the mutiny at Lucknow should become known. Accordingly, the officer commanding at Barrackpoor was ordered to parade the troops, and to pay up and discharge the whole of the 34th who had been present in the lines on the 29th of March, when the outrage on Lieutenant Baugh and the sergeant-major was committed. This was accordingly done, and the 34th also proceeded towards their homes, and like the 19th spread treason and disaffection in every direction.

All this, though serious enough, was not, as many flattered themselves, the storm itself that had burst and passed on; it was but the precursor—the rumbling of the thunder before the hurricane that was soon to sweep in fury over the land.

At Meerut, reports had been spread amongst the troops that "the Government had plotted to take away their caste, by mixing the ground bones of bullocks with the flour sold in the market," in order that the Hindoo, in using it for food, might lose his caste, and thus find himself compelled to embrace Christianity.

The ill-timed leniency—it can be called nothing

else—shown to the 19th and 34th regiments N.I. convinced the Meerut troops that they had nothing to fear, and during the latter end of April the men showed their disaffection by burning the bungalows of their officers. A report having got abroad that the sepoys would refuse to receive any cartridges served out to them, it was deemed advisable to put it to the test, General Hewitt thinking that the large body of Europeans in the station would be sufficient to prevent any outbreak. Accordingly, on the 5th of May a parade of the 3rd light cavalry was ordered for the next day, and in the evening the cartridges were served out—the old kind, that had always been in use. Eighty-five men refused to receive them. They were offered a second time, and again refused. After this but one course remained; the men were brought to trial, and condemned by the native officers composing the court to imprisonment for terms varying from six to ten years.

A general parade was ordered, and on the morning of the 9th, in presence of all the troops assembled on the parade-ground of H.M. 60th rifles, the mutineers were stripped of their uniforms, shackles were put on their legs, and they were marched off to jail. The native soldiers returned to their lines furious with rage, and, during the night, they concerted a plan for surprising the European troops

when their officers were at church next evening, releasing their imprisoned comrades, firing the bungalows, slaughtering every European man, woman, and child, and marching off to Delhi.

The plan originated with the 3rd light cavalry, and the 20th N.I. joined it, but the 11th N.I. would not consent to sacrifice their officers. It was well imagined, but the impatience of the sepoys marred it all. They could not wait, and before the appointed time a large portion of the 3rd cavalry turned out, mounted their horses, galloped off to the jail, and liberated not only their comrades, but all the prisoners confined there, some fifteen hundred of the greatest ruffians in India. In the meantime the 20th N.I. also turned out, and with the remainder of the 3rd light cavalry proceeded to the parade of the 11th, where they found Colonel Finnis speaking to his men, endeavouring to keep them quiet. They at once fired at and killed him. That decided the matter. The 11th allowed their officers to escape, but the greater part of them joined the 20th N.I. Instantly all the bungalows and buildings near the lines were set on fire, and scenes of horror occurred that I have no intention to describe. The smoke of the burning bungalows, the yells of the sepoys and the badmashes from the bazaars and the jail, and the volleys of musketry fired, announced to India that the native army had revolted.

The turn-out of the European troops was delayed most unaccountably, and ere dusk the great bulk of the mutineers had got off to Delhi unpursued.

Between seven and eight next morning the mutineers reached Delhi and were admitted into the city, where they were joined by the whole brigade. A massacre of all the European residents then took place, the wretched king and his vile sons sanctioning and sharing in the slaughter. The magazine—one of our great magazines—bravely defended for five hours by Lieutenant Willoughby of the artillery, Lieutenant Forrest, and the magazine-sergeants, was then blown up by Lieutenant Willoughby, who escaped only to die of the injuries he received. The troops in the cantonment had joined the mutineers. The brigadier and those under him, after vainly trying to rally some men around him and make a stand at the round tower on the ridge above the cantonment, in hopes of hailing the appearance of troops from Meerut in pursuit, finding these hopes deceived, and all attempts at resistance useless, retired towards Kurnaul.

Immediately the news of the revolt of the sepoys at Meerut reached the Commander-in-chief he ordered all the European troops within reach to assemble at Umballa, preparatory to marching on Delhi.

CHAPTER IV.

Umballa—Council of War—60th N.I. to be disarmed—Commander-in-chief changes his Mind—60th N.I. sent to Rohtuck—Incident on the March—Regiment agrees to murder Officers and go off to Delhi—I am informed of and defeat the Plan—Quiet for some Days—Regiment breaks into Mutiny—Escape—Reach Camp at Delhi.

I NOW return to my own narrative. The Commander-in-chief arrived at Umballa on the 15th, for the purpose of leading against Delhi the force that he was assembling in all haste. The next day (the 16th) a council of war was held, to take into consideration the question of disarming the two native regiments at the station, the 5th and 60th N.I. I was much astonished that there should be the smallest doubt on the subject; but it appeared that, when the regiment had shown strong symptoms of disaffection, by standing to its arms on the 10th, as part of some preconcerted plan, and had been quieted by Sir H. Barnard, some sort of promise had been made or implied, that they should not be disarmed.

No English officer likes to retire from a promise once given or implied; hence the honourable scruple to adopt what had now become a neces-

sary measure of self-preservation. I strongly advocated the disarming, and was so far successful that I left the council table with the order in my pocket to disarm the regiment at four o'clock that afternoon.

A few minutes before that time I told this to the adjutant as we were going to the parade ordered; but on arriving on the ground, I found the Persian interpreter to the Commander-in-chief, accompanied by the military secretary and aide-de-camp, there before me. The Chief, it appeared, had changed his mind, and the Persian interpreter addressed the regiment, assuring them that they should go with the force to Delhi, and have an opportunity of showing their faithfulness and retrieving their character. I was indignant and disgusted, for I knew very well what would come of it, and had foretold it at the council table; but as I was bound to make the best of it I addressed the men, who one and all swore fidelity to their colours and the Sircar (Government). It was, in the main, a useless ceremony, but it quieted the minds of the officers, sobered the sepoys a little, and kept them quiet for a short time. The two native regiments were close together on the extreme left of the cantonment, the officers' bungalows just behind the lines, and had the men broken out into open revolt, as at Meerut, we might have been murdered, one and all, long before help

could have reached us. The sepoys, indeed, were in such a state that a trifle might have roused the demon within them. Under the circumstances, it was politic to seem to trust them.

After parade, I addressed the native officers, when they came up to pay their respects. I had met the regiment at Meerut in 1827 and 1828, and in the wrestling-school had made the acquaintance of the man who was now the subadar-major. A little talk with him and a few inquiries pleased the old fellow, who was a hale, hearty, and intelligent man, and he seemed to bear me good-will from that moment.

On the 21st of May orders were issued for the march, next morning, of a part of the force towards Delhi, and the 60th was to follow in the afternoon. The officer commanding H.M. 75th called on me to say that he had been ordered to march one hour after the 60th, and he requested to know at what hour I should march. He was to follow each day at the same interval of time, to force the 60th along, should the men refuse to go on. All this was very disagreeable, but what could be expected?

We reached Kurnaul on the 24th. Next day Colonel Chester, the Adjutant-General, sent for me and gave me orders from the Commander-in-chief to march with the 60th to Rohtuck, to intercept the Hurrianah light infantry, who, with the 4th

irregular cavalry, had mutinied at Hansi and Hissar, massacred their officers, and committed all manner of atrocities.

What had now come to pass I had foretold at the council of war. The European soldiers, who had heard of the mutiny, and of the atrocities perpetrated at Meerut, and had witnessed the conduct of the 60th at Umballa, were now so suspicious of them that they loudly declared they would not have that regiment in camp. The Commander-in-chief saw his mistake when too late, and the only plan he and his staff could think of was to send the 60th to Rohtuck, consigning me and my officers, as every one believed, to certain death. On the 10th of May, the day on which the native troops at Meerut revolted, the 60th and 5th N.I. at Umballa, and some of their detached guards, had turned out and stood to their arms without orders, showing in a most unmistakable manner that they acted in concert with and under the guidance of others at a distance. It was believed to have been their intention to fall on the European troops when assembled for divine worship in the new church near the lines; but the soldiers being ordered to the old church bungalow in the middle of the European lines, their plan was disconcerted. Yet the regiment, which had not only mutinied, but had long been looked on as composed of a

turbulent, ill-conducted set of men, was deliberately sent to within a short distance of the very centre and focus of rebellion—to a place the most convenient in the world for their purpose, and far from the control of English troops, on the pretence of intercepting two regiments that had just mutinied, and had massacred not only the English officers, but their wives and children, with atrocities equal to those committed at Meerut.

Rohtuck is just forty-five miles from Delhi; there is a fine metalled road the whole way connecting the two places, and there was nothing on earth to prevent the men murdering us all, and joining the mutineers with their arms, camp-equipage, and a full complement of service ammunition.

I had known Colonel Chester for years, but so thoroughly was he ashamed of the order, that when he communicated it he did not lift his eyes from the paper before him. It was a cruel, "half-hearted measure," loudly condemned by every one in the force in stronger language than I should like to commit to paper, for not a soul ever expected to see me or my officers again.

However, orders must be obeyed; no officer can flinch from them, even if he knows he is going to certain death So I put a good face on the matter, spoke kindly to the men and cheerily to the officers, who, I must do them the justice

to say, behaved manfully throughout this terrible trial.

On the morning of the 27th we marched towards Paneeput, where we turned off in the direction of Rohtuck. On this first march the sepoys showed unmistakable symptoms of a determination towards mutiny. The road being a mere track, we lost our way, and had to retrace it for some distance to re-cross the canal. The sun was high, the heat intense, and as the men's thirst was great, as soon as I had crossed the canal, I halted to let them drink. There was a fine grove of young mango-trees in full bearing close at hand. The sepoys made a rush at, and began to pillage it. The officers tried to stop them without success. The Grenadier company was very conspicuous in its insubordination, some of the men being very daring. One young sepoy was very insolent to his captain, giving some rough answers to his reiterated orders to go and fall in. A serious struggle was evidently impending, for the captain unfortunately collared the sepoy to force him back. The latter resisted, and the men, as the Yankees say, were beginning to look ugly. Instant interference was necessary, as there is no knowing what might not have been the consequence. So, leaving what I was about, I stepped slowly up to the man, and looking him steadily and sternly in the face, said, "Do

you know what you are about? Go and fall in instantly; you are all mad." Without a word of reply the sepoy put up his hands in a deprecatory manner, and fell into the ranks at once. There was no further trouble with any of them. Bad as the state of the regiment undoubtedly was, the rightful order, and the calm, determined tone, had their full weight, for the men, corrupted as they were by those whose object it was to plunge them into mutiny, had not yet arrived at that point where they could quite throw off the habit of obedience to their colonel, or the discipline to which they had been habituated.

When we reached the halting-place, and the regiment was dismissed, I called for the native officer of the Grenadier company, and desired him to bring the sepoy before me. The man came up—a fine, handsome young fellow, looking very discomposed. I addressed him in a serious tone.

"What had become of your senses," I said, "this morning, when you spoke disrespectfully to your captain and resisted him?"

"Sahib," he answered, very respectfully, "I committed a great fault; I have repented, and will never do so again—forgive me."

"You ought not to have committed it. The Commander-in-chief has been very good to this regiment. Instead of punishing you all for your

misconduct and mutiny at Umballa, he freely pardoned you. He took me from my own regiment, and sent me to this, that I might be kind to you, and warn you against further error. Is this the return you make?"

"Colonel Sahib, I will never again commit such a fault. I have repented—forgive me."

"Very well; your subadar says you have repented, and your captain says you are generally a well-behaved man, so I forgive you."

The sepoy expected to be met by a burst of anger, and to be put in confinement and tried; but being treated with calmness and kindly feeling, he was quite taken aback and subdued. I could see, too, that the native officer felt it, as he showed by his respectful demeanour. Of course, in other times, the man would have been at once put in confinement, tried by a court-martial, and punished. Unfortunately, we were now entirely in their hands, and at their mercy; and it is always a false move to threaten what there is not the power to perform. As it was, a serious danger was averted; for the men, particularly the grenadiers, were in such a state that a very small matter would have caused an outbreak; but by the course I adopted I fortunately gained credit with the sepoys for moderation, kindness, and consideration.

On the next march some of our camp-followers

were murdered by the people of the country. Probably they had been trying their hands at plunder. The heat was now terrible. The country, a succession of undulating sandy ridges and mounds, was covered with a low prickly bush, and except along the banks of the canal, where there were a few fields still green, there was not the slightest appearance of verdure. As we approached Rohtuck, which is not far from the Bickaneer territory, the country assumed a very desolate appearance, but immediately about the town there was more cultivation. The crops being off the ground, the power of the sun had completely dried the soil; and the hot wind as we marched along blew with fury.

Our only plan to keep ourselves cool in camp was to pile up loosely in the doorways of our tents, on the windward side, the little prickly bushes before mentioned. When these were well sprinkled with water, the wind rushing through them was cooled by evaporation, and the atmosphere of the tent was rendered bearable. The villages in this part of the country are evidences that a state of society formerly existed similar to that of our border counties in the moss-trooping days. Every village we passed was surrounded by a broad, deep ditch, on the inner verge of which was a strong earthen wall. Within this *enceinte* were the habitations, and an open space

large enough to contain the whole of the cattle of the community. On an alarm of marauders, the cattle would be driven in, and the villagers, producing their long matchlocks, would man the wall, and prepare to defend their property. I looked at some of these villages, and saw that, excepting in those with a preponderance of thatched huts, they would be ugly places to attack, if garrisoned by determined fellows.

The day we reached Rohtuck I made a long march of eighteen miles, being anxious to get there to meet the Hurrianah light infantry. I intended to address the 60th, point to the men as cowards who had debased their name and sex by the murder of helpless women and children, and then try to bring them into collision before any communication could pass between them. It was our only hope of saving the regiment; and if, whilst I was addressing the men, or we were preparing to attack the mutineers, the 60th should show signs of turning against us, being armed and mounted, and our horses at hand, we should stand a better chance of escape than if the regiment were to break into revolt at night, or attack us unarmed and unprepared. I marched at 11 P.M., at which hour there was a hot, parching wind blowing strongly in our faces, bringing from the great Bickaneer Desert clouds of light sand and dust that filled our eyes

and choked our nostrils. Let my readers fancy a strong March wind with the heat of the fiercest day in July they can remember, and they will have a faint resemblance of that through which we painfully toiled. The march was most painful to all of us; we had not slept at all during the day, nor much the preceding night, and as the wind abated a little towards one o'clock, sleep tried to steal over our eyes. I was obliged to dismount from my horse and walk, to keep my eyes open; but as I moved along I fell asleep, and was wakened by a stumble that nearly brought me to the ground, an incident which happened several times.

At two in the morning I halted at a considerable walled village, where a circumstance occurred which, at the time, appeared so trivial and unimportant, that I took no notice of it, but which was in reality, as I subsequently discovered, of vital importance.

I have often asserted my opinion, which I repeat and maintain, that the hidden dangers from which God's mercy shields us, or through which His wisdom guides us in safety, are as great and even greater than those open, palpable dangers against which we manfully fight, or through which we successfully struggle; and I think the following fact goes far to prove my assertion :—

Outside the village was a large well, shaded by a few trees, round which the men eagerly clustered to draw water and satisfy their craving thirst. As soon as all needful precautions were taken, I got some refreshment myself, and then lay down by the road side on my horse-cloth, my officers around me. When the allotted hour had expired, I desired the adjutant to have the usual call sounded for the men to fall in. The officers at once repaired to their several posts, but the soldiers came slowly, and with apparent reluctance, many of them still lingering round the well and talking loudly to each other. I had the call repeated, and then went to the well myself to hurry the men off. I was not at all surprised at their delay, for, as there was but this one well for the whole regiment, and as the men wore their woollen coats and had a good weight to carry, the heat and dust must have made them awfully thirsty, and many would draw water twice, or even three times.

When I came near enough to be heard, I called out—"Now, men, don't delay; fall in quickly, and let us get this march over in the cool of the morning." These words were followed by perfect silence, while one of the men came up, and saluting with his musket at the old "Recover," said, in an abrupt and rather rough way—

"My lotah[1] has fallen into the well: I want leave to stay behind to get it out."

I had reason to suspect this was a mere excuse to remain behind for some purpose; but, instead of refusing leave, something prompted me to say quietly (all paying great attention)—

"What is the value of your lotah?"

"A rupee and a half, sahib."

"Did you hear yesterday that the people of this country had killed some of our camp followers?"

"Yes, Colonel Sahib."

"Well, don't be so foolish as to stay behind and risk your life for this trifle. Come on into camp, and I will give you a new one. A lotah is nothing to me, but a sepoy's life is a great deal."

The man's demeanour changed. After making due acknowledgments, he snapped his fingers to the other sepoys, and called out, cheerily, "Come along, brothers, you hear what the Colonel Sahib says—fall in quickly."

In five minutes we were off. My reflections at the moment were that a few kind words and

[1] A "lotah" is a brass pot, round, and with a wide mouth; it usually holds about a quart, but they are made of all sizes. It is the common drinking-vessel of the Hindoos, and each sepoy is obliged to have one strapped on his knapsack, with a cord inside to enable him to draw water on the line of march.

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a little sympathy will have their effect on even these disaffected men; and I thought no more of the matter. But, to finish my story, I must anticipate. After the regiment mutinied, and we had escaped and reached our camp at Delhi, a servant of mine, a Seikh, escaped also, and joined me. On talking over the mutiny with him, after he had informed me how he had been treated, how he had escaped, and all that had happened, he said—

"I heard something about you, sahib, from a sepoy who helped me to escape."

"Indeed! what was it?"

"Do you know, sir, what the men were about, at the well by the village? When the regiment halted, the morning we marched into Rohtuck, there was a great deal of talking."

"Oh yes, I remember; a sepoy's lotah had fallen into the well, and he wanted to stay and get it out."

"No, sir, that was all 'buhana' (pretence); the men were all of the Grenadier company, and at the moment you came up they were debating whether they should shoot you and the officers, and take the regiment off to Delhi, and if you had been angry with the sepoy who spoke to you, and answered him roughly, he would have shot you instantly—his musket was loaded."

To return to my narrative. We reached Rohtuck at sunrise, and found that the Hur-

rianah light infantry had passed through the day before, marching rapidly on Delhi. They had not only abandoned some carts of baggage, but had also left behind some women—circumstances which showed they were in desperate haste. Several dead bodies were lying extended on the road, apparently sepoys; but I could gain no reliable information regarding them, excepting that they were not natives of Rohtuck. The people of the town said that there had been a quarrel amongst the men, some of whom were unwilling to go to Delhi, and that these had been shot; others said there had been a dispute about the division of plunder, which was not at all unlikely.

I pitched camp in the grounds of the Government offices, which were in every respect suited to our purpose, being just large enough to hold the camp. A ditch and wall round three sides would serve to keep off thieves; a fine metalled road, to the right and left, joined a few hundred yards off, leading direct to Delhi; trees were growing all about, and wells of water were at hand. Moreover, close by, was the unfinished jail, a small square fort, with bastions at the angles. The jail buildings had mostly escaped the efforts of the incendiaries, and these I turned into hospitals. All the medical stores had been destroyed, and the instruments carried off. The

public buildings, the judges' court and offices, the collector's treasury and offices, had been burnt down, and, indeed, were still burning when we arrived. The rebels had torn up all the public records, papers, and documents of the judges' court, all the voluminous revenue accounts, and every paper they could lay hands on in the collector's office—vast rolls and piles of them—and after breaking up the chests and racks on which they had been kept, and piling all up in the centre of each building, they had made huge bonfires of the whole, and then, dividing the treasure, had gone off to Delhi.

The public offices in India are everywhere built in the same style, with flat terraced roofs, to form which large square tiles, two inches thick, are laid on joists supported by strong beams, and over the tiles several inches of coarse mortar are spread and well rammed down, an inch or more of fine lime mortar, all well beaten down, being also laid over this. When the workmanship is properly done, this forms a very strong and lasting roof. The roofs of the offices had mostly fallen in, but in one or two of the smaller rooms, although the beams had been burnt away, the terracing remained suspended, held up by its strong tenacious character. All over the grounds about the bungalows of the civil officers were scattered fragments of public documents, remains of books,

bits of crockery, pieces of furniture, remnants of clothes, and those thousand-and-one evidences of the recent presence of that disorder and rapine which ever follow in the train of rebellion.

Rohtuck, which is on the "salt line," is a line of posts established within our own frontier for several hundred miles, for the purpose of levying a duty on the salt which comes in large quantities from Bickaveer; and that article being one of the great sources of revenue, I need hardly say that this line of revenue-posts is very jealously guarded.

These posts (choukees) are at every two or three miles, and there are, I believe, five men in each, all armed. All along the line these fellows had revolted and gone off to Delhi with the Hurrianah light infantry, after doing all the mischief they could, not forgetting to maltreat the Government native officials.

For three days after my arrival at Rohtuck nothing occurred of any moment. I had daily evidence of the disaffection of the men of the regiment, but I seized every opportunity of ingratiating myself with them individually, conversing cheerfully with them whenever I passed through the lines. I visited the hospital daily, sometimes twice in the day, seeing and speaking to every patient. The men—even the grenadiers, the mutinous heart of the regi-

ment—were one and all very civil and respectful, and perfectly ready, up to a certain point, to do anything I wished; but I could see that something was smouldering in their hearts, and only wanted the breeze to fan it into a flame.

On the 4th of June I was in the mess-tent writing to the adjutant-general, to whom I was reporting the hopeless state of the regiment, which I said it would be impossible to keep together unless I could get information that Delhi was taken, or that we had been successful in some engagement against the rebels, when the adjutant came in and said—

"Colonel, I wish particularly to speak to you."

It was close upon 5 P.M.; and as several officers were in the tent, I went outside with the adjutant.

"Well, Shebbeare, what is it?"

"Why, Colonel, I have just heard from two of our drummers, who have their information from particular friends amongst the men, that the regiment is to mutiny to-night, murder the officers, and be off to Delhi." (I quote his words exactly.)

Although I had it constantly in mind that this catastrophe would surely overtake us, it was startling enough to hear it was so close at hand. And now that the great difficulty stared me in the face, how, with this small body of officers, in the midst of a wild country, and surrounded by an inimical

population, was I to meet and grapple with reckless and determined mutineers? It was not to be put off or evaded, had we wished it ever so much. But as this was not the time to flinch or to show indecision, making up my mind, I said—

"Well, Shebbeare, let me see the men. I'll make a few inquiries first. I will go to the hospital; do you lounge out that way, and let the drummers go round." As I been accustomed to visit the hospital about this hour, my going there would excite no suspicion.

In a few minutes I had obtained the information I desired, and found it to be too true that an outbreak was planned for that night. Meanwhile, as the adjutant was looking anxiously at me, I addressed him with these words—

"Now, Shebbeare, will you stand by me?"

"Yes, Colonel," replied the gallant fellow, "that I will."

"Very well; now I'll tell you what I propose to do. In half an hour the men will all assemble in front of their tents for evening roll-call. I will go on parade; and, as there is nothing like facing a difficulty, I'll tax them with their intended outbreak, and we will see what they will do. Tell the officers to look out."

[1] The drummers in native regiments are mostly Eurasians, the children of European fathers by native women, and they are Christians.

My idea was, that the men, finding we knew all about their plans, would be so surprised and disconcerted, that if they did not on the instant seize their arms and carry their intentions into effect, which I did not think their surprise would permit them to do, especially as they were unprepared, they would put off the execution of their purpose, and we should thus probably gain a day or two of delay, by which time news might reach us either that Delhi was taken, or that our troops had met with the mutineers and defeated them in some action. In that case, probably, the timid majority would gain courage, and the mutinous might be kept down, and perhaps given up. At all events, if the adjutant and myself were attacked, the other officers would have a fair chance of escape.

Accordingly, at sunset I went on parade, assembled the native commissioned and non-commissioned officers in front, at some distance from their respective companies, and taxed them with their intended treachery. As I had expected, the sepoys were utterly confounded when they became aware that their atrocious plot was discovered, and that we had been able to anticipate them. In their confusion, they flatly denied the intended treachery, and swore by all their gods, and by all they held sacred, that they would be "faithful to their salt," and

that no harm should happen to us. The native officers then begged permission to appoint a guard of their own selection to keep watch in the camp at night, as there "might be some badmashes in the regiment who had entertained the idea of treachery, and it would be as well to guard against it." I acquiesced in this proposal, though it was a dangerous experiment; but as we were entirely in their hands I thought the best thing we could do was to show, however uneasy we really might be, that we had no fear of them. We felt, indeed, that our only chance of safety was to take things coolly, still seeming to trust the men, and to humour them as much as possible, keeping at the same time a sharp look-out.

It was my duty to keep the regiment together as long as possible at any and every risk. The Commander-in-chief was marching on Delhi with a small force hurriedly got together. Supplies and all things necessary for a campaign were but slowly coming in. The only communication between our forces and the Punjab and the magazines at Ferozepoor and Philour, from whence alone reinforcements in men, guns, and ammunition could reach it, was by the trunk road running through Kurnaul and Umballa. The road was weakly guarded by the troops of the Jheend Rajah, and to have placed at this critical moment a regiment of mutineers in his rear, where we

had many reasons to fear they would speedily be joined by the 5th N.I. from Umballa, and by all the disaffected in the country, would simply have been destruction, for they could have seized the road, and fortified some position on it, have cut off supplies from our camp, have raised the country, and acted in the Chief's rear in concert with the mutineers from Delhi in his front; or, what was more likely still, they would have rushed off and thrown themselves into Delhi, where, if our Chief, as was firmly expected, should attempt to take the city by a coup-de-main the very day of his arrival before the place, this regiment would be a formidable reinforcement to the already overwhelming numbers of the mutineers. It was therefore plainly and imperatively my duty to run any risk in order to delay the impending outbreak, and every hour's delay was valuable.

Whilst taxing the native officers with their intended treachery, the men of the different companies were looking on—they were too far off to hear, but they seemed to take their cue from the native officers, who were quiet and very respectful. The European officers, who were also looking on, to my great relief wisely kept at a distance; so that, had anything happened to Shebbeare and myself, they would have had time to escape.

Leaving the circle of native officers, I went and addressed each company in succession, and

met with the same protestations and vows of fidelity from all, which I took at their proper value—a delay of two or three days, as circumstances might turn out.

As I came from parade after this trying scene, the officers inquired anxiously—

"What is it, colonel—is it all right?"

"Oh, yes," I replied, as cheerfully as I could; "I think our throats are safe for to-night, and you may turn in without fear."

But, though I endeavoured to keep a calm exterior, my mind was anything but at ease, for until I had seen the guard that was to be selected by the native officers, and questioned the adjutant about the men composing it, I could not tell whether they were intended to be our protectors or our executioners! When I saw that the guard and the adjutant had looked through the ranks, I felt more at ease for the night, but my anxiety continued no less for what the coming day might bring forth. The next and the following days, however, passed quietly enough, but in hourly anxious expectation on our part of news from the force. The regiment meanwhile was so quiet, that I began to hope that the anticipated outbreak would still be delayed for a few days longer, by which time we should surely hear that Delhi had been taken, when all fear of a mutiny would be at an end.

The catastrophe, however, was not long delayed. On the 8th, a curious circumstance occurred. As I was going in the evening to visit the hospital as usual, I went along the front of the tents, and when I was about to cross the deep ditch just beyond the flanks of the Grenadier company, the young sepoy I before mentioned as having misbehaved towards his captain, came out of the tent of his company, and gave me a hand to help me down. As he was stooping, he whispered to me in a low but distinct voice, "Colonel Sahib, when your highness's people shall have regained the empire, I will make my petition to your highness."

This was all he said, but I could not help pondering on these remarkable words, both as I went to and returned from the hospital. Was this a warning to me of the coming outbreak of the regiment; was it an intimation that in the outbreak my life would be spared; was it an acknowledgment of the hopelessness of ultimate success? That mutiny was imminent, ready to burst out the moment the spark should be applied, was now beyond a doubt—the sepoy's warning only confirmed what had long been apparent; but what was to be the spark, whence would it come, could anything be done to delay the catastrophe? Resistance, it was evident, was quite out of the question, and so were all coercive measures, as I had only twelve English officers with me and one English sergeant; and to attempt

a show of opposition with these would be folly. It is true a majority of the sepoys and native officers might be well enough disposed, and totally against the mutiny, but they were evidently quite overawed by a bolder and more energetic minority. I could not depend on a man of them to stand by me, and not one came forward with the smallest show of assistance or information as to what was going on in the regiment.

My position, ever since we marched for Rohtuck, had been terrible, for I had been tormented by the ever-recurring thought that not only the lives of my officers, but perhaps the safety of our brave little army, marching to meet the rebels at Delhi, might be dependent on myself, and that any inadvertence on my part, any impatience or slight error in judgment, would hurry on the outbreak, which it might be of vital importance to avoid or delay as long as possible. If I failed to do the best that was possible under the circumstances, it would be poor consolation to say, all this would have been avoided if the General had adhered to his determination, based on the advice of the council of war, to disarm this regiment. I had no other course to pursue than to do my duty as firmly, as honestly, and as wisely as I could, and trust to God's mercy and goodness for a favourable result.

I received orders whilst at Rohtuck to send notice to the troopers on leave in the district, from the regiments of irregular cavalry, to rejoin their regiments at once. A few came and reported themselves, and set off to join their regiments. The majority either made excuses or positively refused to go. The people of the country turned against us, refused to send in supplies, and stopped our dak runners (postmen), so that to get letters sent through the country to the Commander-in-chief's camp was most difficult; nor should we have succeeded but for the energetic assistance of Mr. Lock, the collector and magistrate of the district, who was in my camp. We received one or two mail-bags, but no news of any success against the rebels; indeed, we could not expect it; for we had heard that the force could not reach Delhi until the 7th or 8th at the earliest. We never supposed that there would be an encounter at Ghazee-ood-Deen Nuggur between the Meerut troops and the rebels. Why the "authorities" omitted sending me intelligence of the victories of the 30th and 31st May, I cannot understand. Our critical position was well known, and they might have supposed that the news of these victories would help to keep the 60th quiet for some days longer, if laid before them in a proper light; but having sent us off to Rohtuck, those in power left

us to our fate, and they seemed indifferent to what that fate might be.

The night of the 9th passed off quietly enough. I was up and about several times, but all was perfectly still. In the morning I could detect nothing suspicious in camp, or in the countenances or bearing of the men; they were civil and respectful to me personally, as, indeed, they had been throughout, and everything was going on as usual in the lines. Some were parading for guard, some going to bathe, and others beginning to prepare their food for the day.

Five of the young officers of the regiment made arrangements for going out shooting in the afternoon, and as all seemed quiet, I had no objection. The forenoon passed, and, after luncheon, I sat down to write some letters.

At 4 P.M., when I was in the usual camp hot-weather déshabille shirt, loose white cotton drawers, shoes, and stockings, all at once I was startled by a loud explosion, like that of a musket bursting. My first idea was that some accident had happened to one of the young officers who had proposed going out shooting; so, with my pen in my hand, I ran out to see what was the matter, or if anyone was hurt. I could neither see nor hear anything extraordinary; no crowd was assembled anywhere; there were no officers about; not a sound was

to be heard; the men were mostly lying down, sleeping after their day's meal; and a few were still cooking or eating. I then went through the centre of the camp towards the front, looking earnestly about to discover the cause of the explosion. I could just see the arm-racks in front of the two centre companies, when the havildar-major (native sergeant-major), and several of the sepoys, came rushing up to me. The former, catching me in his arms, said, hurriedly, and with a very agitated voice—

"Colonel Sahib, don't go to the front."

"Why not?" I asked.

"The grenadiers are accoutring themselves."

"Accoutring themselves!" I said. "By whose order?"

"Biggur-geea our kya." (They have mutinied; what more can be said?)

The hour for which I trembled had come at last! I instantly called out for the native officers, especially for one Gungah Persaud, who had been profuse in his vows and protestations, but not one was forthcoming. I then saw at once that the game was up. The grenadiers, warned by their late failure, had conducted matters so secretly that no intimation of their design had been allowed to ooze out. They had chosen the hour when they knew that most of the sepoys, drowsy after their mid-day meal, would

be asleep in their tents, and they had quietly and silently got together and accoutred themselves in their tent, so that no one might see them. They knew that if muskets were once discharged in mutiny, fear of the consequences would draw nine-tenths of the men into the vortex.

I tried again to collect one or two of the native officers, but in vain. Not one of them answered my appeal. The havildar-major and the sepoys continued to entreat me to be off whilst there was time; so I turned and went towards my tent, and sitting down on the steps of a bungalow close by, I put on a pair of corduroy trousers my servant had brought me. In the meantime our grooms were saddling our horses; some of the officers had already ridden off, and others were preparing to follow, when the sergeant-major rushed past me. A dozen musket-shots were fired at him from the right of the tents, and immediately the whole body of the grenadiers burst out of their tent, firing their muskets as they ran towards us and shouting with all their might, to rouse the regiment and hurry it into mutiny. In an instant all was confusion. The sleeping men, roused by the unusual noise, started up and stared stupidly about them. Some of them ran into their tents, many to their arms, but not one of the native officers could I see; they all kept out of the way, whether from

shame or cowardice I cannot say. The hubbub increased every moment. The shouts of the officers for their grooms and servants, the cries of terror from the camp-followers—some of whom were wounded—the galloping of horses, the rush of the people to get out of the way, the fierce shouts of the mutineers, the sharp and frequent reports of the muskets, and the whiz of the balls, may be better imagined than I can describe them.

The sergeant-major was wounded, but Dr. Keates took the man up into his dog-cart and drove off at a gallop, in the midst of a shower of bullets and imprecations, for the sergeant was thoroughly hated. In the meantime I rushed into my tent, snatched up my watch and keys, thrust them hurriedly into the breast of my shirt, jumped on my horse, and rode off. I had not time to take my sword, for the mutineers were within ten paces of me. The delay of a second more, and I might have been bayoneted. Fortunately, the nearest mutineers had discharged their muskets, and, though many were reloading, I managed to escape. I had got a few seconds' start, and in a mêlée like this a second makes all the difference between life and eternity.

I was immediately joined by Lieutenant Shebbeare, and we rode off together. Just outside camp we overtook Major R. Drought, who was

walking, as he had been unable to get on his horse. Shebbeare instantly exclaimed, "Colonel, the poor old fellow will be murdered. I'll put him on my horse and run for it."

It was a noble and heroic act, and deserves to be recorded.

The major was mounted in all haste and started off, for the musket-balls were now flying pretty sharply about our ears, and the servants and camp-followers were calling out to me to ride for my life.

"Now, Shebbeare," I said, "we will ride and tie."

"No, Colonel, I will not; I am young and strong, and I can run."

"Very well, then, we will keep together."

So making him get on the lee side of my horse, he laid hold of the stirrup, and off I went at a round canter. We went on thus for some four hundred yards, when Shebbeare got blown, for he was of a stout habit of body, and unaccustomed to running. So we pulled up and walked quietly along, the mutineers making no attempt to follow us, and their shots now flying wide.

At about eight hundred yards from camp, the road made a slight bend to the left, and the elbow shut out the view of the camp. Here we found the officers assembled, waiting for any who might escape, and hoping that some of the better-disposed sepoys might join them. But the muti-

neers had provided against this, and had planted a line of sentries along the rear of the camp, to prevent even our servants from accompanying us. One man alone got away, I think his name was Laik Sing; and subsequently half a dozen joined us in camp at Delhi.

The only wounded person was the sergeant-major; the officers were all unhurt. But where, all this time, were our five young comrades who had gone out shooting? What should be done about them? We could not allow them to return to camp, to be murdered, without an attempt to save them; so we moved off the road on to the plain, in sight of the camp, to a spot where we could see through an opening between the camp and the jungle where they had gone to shoot. Thus, when they returned, we should be sure to see them, and one of us would immediately gallop forward, give them timely warning, and bring them off.

For two hours we kept an anxious eye towards the jungle and the camp, looking frequently also up and down the road, for it was impossible to forget that we were in a position of great peril. The mutineers might at any moment mount our spare horses and ride out to attack us, or they might cut off our young comrades, if they should meet them before we had been able to warn them of the danger to which they were exposed. But they appeared fully occupied in

camp, for at intervals sounds of great uproar reached us, with the occasional report of a musket, as if some obnoxious person had been shot down. Presently, too, we saw clouds of smoke ascending. I was glad to see this, for I could tell that they were burning our tents, and immediately after there was a great explosion of ammunition. This explosion, whether the result of accident or design, would at once prevent them from operating immediately in rear of our army, and there seemed to me then to be only two courses left for them—either to return to Umballa and join the 5th N. I., which I thought not very likely, or to march to Delhi; and I argued, that by destroying the tents and ammunition, their object was to advance rapidly on Delhi by a circuitous road, so as to avoid all chance of a collision with our troops. In this case they would naturally destroy the tents, which they could not take on without encumbering their march; and of ammunition they would find abundance in the Delhi magazine.

At sunset I addressed the officers. "Gentlemen," I said, "we have done our duty by our comrades, and must now do our duty by our commander-in-chief. We must join him as soon as we can, and let him know the possibility of having an enemy in his rear. My plan is to go at a foot's pace all night, so as to reach the vicinity of Delhi by daybreak, when we must

find out where our camp is and be guided by circumstances."

We started accordingly, not in a very happy frame of mind, but glad enough to have escaped so far with our lives. We were mortified exceedingly at the failure of all our endeavours to keep the regiment together and to preserve it from the crime of mutiny. We had certainly done our best, but it was nevertheless inexpressibly annoying to have failed, even while we were forced to acknowledge that from the first the task which we had undertaken was hopeless.

In the meantime we were still harassed by many uncertainties and perplexities, and there were several important questions which we were unable to solve. Where should we find the camp? Was the country about Delhi as ill-disposed as it was about Rohtuck? and that was very bad indeed. Mr. Lock, the collector of Rohtuck, accompanied me from Paneeput; and shortly after our arrival at Rohtuck, on sending to some of his villages for the arrears of revenue, the people replied they would pay it when they saw our power re-established. Let it be borne in mind that the people of this part of the country had cut off some of our stragglers and intercepted our posts, and that from this district came numbers of our irregular cavalry soldiers, who were one and all thoroughly disaffected.

We kept on all night at a moderate pace, stopping only towards morning to get a drink of water at a village. It was a large place, and the people crowded round us, anxious to know whence we came and who we were. I told them we were going to Delhi, and that our regiment was close behind. They were civil enough, gave us water to drink, and told us some gentlemen had just passed through.

About three o'clock in the morning we heard a horseman coming along. Who could it be? We drew up and challenged.

"Who is there?"

"Sowar" (trooper).

"What sowar?"

"Hodson Sahib ka sowar" (one of Captain Hodson's troopers). "Are you the sahib log?" (the gentleman.) And he added, "I have got a letter for the Colonel Sahib—Colonel Cheetun Sahib."

"Yes, come along, here's the Colonel."

I read the note by the light of a cigar vehemently smoked by one of the officers. It was to the effect that our troops had met the rebels at Budlee ka Serai, on the morning of the 8th, had beaten them, captured their guns, driven them from their positions on the ridge above the cantonments into Delhi, and that camp was pitched in the cantonments. So now we

were all right. We knew exactly where to find the camp, and what to do. And, above all, it was cheering to hear that the rebels had been beaten. So we rode on with lighter hearts. At daybreak we reached a village not far from Delhi, and were going through it, when the head man came out with some of the villagers and warned us that the rebels had possession of the bridge on the canal on that road, but he would send two men to show us the way round by another bridge, which would bring us into camp by the Kurnaul road. We were very thankful for this; the men guided us safely, and a little after 9 A.M. I dismounted at Sir H. Barnard's tent. I went in to make my report, and found him at breakfast with his staff, perfectly acquainted with the mutiny of the 60th, but surprised to see me. This struck me as very extraordinary, but it was soon explained. When the regiment mutinied, some servants ran out into the jungle and warned our young comrades, whom we believed lost, telling them that the sepoys had mutinied, with the addition of some dreadful story of our having been murdered. On being thus alarmed they had taken to their horses, and had cut into the road to Delhi some two or three miles ahead of us. Towards morning, whilst they were drinking water at the village where we subsequently stopped, they saw us coming, and be-

lieving us to be sepoys mounted on our horses in chase of them, they galloped off, burst through the rebel picket in possession of the bridge above-mentioned, wheeled sharp off to the left, got into the camp, where they told the tale of the mutiny of the 60th, their own wonderful escape, and our sad fate.

Sir H. Barnard heard my report, gave me some breakfast, and I left his tent as soon as possible to beg my way as well as I could, for all my belongings in camp were my horse and the few clothes I stood in. I had not even a coat to my back. True enough I had left the bulk of my worldly goods at Sealkote, when I went on leave to Simla, and it was also true that when ordered to join the 60th at Umballa, I had written to have them sent there, but when should I get them? or would they ever be restored to me? The whole of the native army between Sealkote and Delhi had either mutinied or been disarmed, and the country was in utter disorder, so that, unless my things could come down under escort, I might never see them again. If they were sent in that way, it would be long before they could reach me; and in the meantime, what was I to do?

"Well," I said to myself, "I must go round camp and beg of all my acquaintances. They have not much with them just now, but I dare say I shall get all I want."

Acting on this resolution, I at once looked up that noble officer, my lamented friend Hodson. His tent was within a few paces of where I stood, and, fortunately for me, he was within. On seeing me, he sprang up, grasped my hand, and cordially congratulated me on my escape from the mutineers, assuring me that he had never expected to see me alive again, he too having heard the report that I had been killed. He invited me to share his little tent, and got me a good native charpoy (bedstead). Nor did I find my other comrades less disposed to assist me in my hour of need. On going round camp, one gave me a coat, a shirt, and a well-filled cigar-case; others assisted me in other ways, and the Assistant Adjutant-General Ewart crowned all by providing me with a sword and belt, and posting me to the first brigade as a field officer. I was elected an honorary member of the mess of the 1st E.B. Fusiliers. So I had everything necessary—food, clothing, arms, a shelter for my head, and last, not least, a position in the force. But though I was member of a mess, I had neither fork, spoon, plate, nor anything to eat or drink out of, so that when I first sat down to dinner, my seat was a broken box, and I was obliged to wait until some one could lend me the wherewithal to partake of the food before me; for be it known that in India, in camp or on

a campaign, every officer sends to mess his own chair, knives and forks, glass and plates—the mess merely provides the food and dishes.

However, I got on very well, and in the course of a day or two, the General having authorised a small advance of pay, I bought all I required at an auction sale of the effects of an officer of the commissariat who had died of cholera.

My first night's rest was heavenly. I heard distinctly all the firing, but it did not disturb me. I was lulled by a feeling of security I had long been a stranger to. For three nights before the 60th mutinied I had had little rest. I had been up and about the camp with a mind ill at ease regarding the professions of fidelity made by the sepoys. On the night of the mutiny, or from half-past four, P.M. of the tenth, to nine, A.M. this day, I had been on horseback; moreover, I had been tramping through the camp the whole day, begging for the articles I so much needed. No wonder, then, that my sleep was profound, though I retained a kind of consciousness all through the night.

CHAPTER V.

Delhi—Description of the City—The Front attacked—Our Position—First Day in Camp—Going Round Begging—Hodson—Shares his Tent with me—Rebels attack Flagstaff Picket—Repulsed and pursued—We seize the Metcalfe House—Attack on the City Proposed—Not carried out—Depression—Good News from the Punjaub—Rebels attack Metcalfe House—Attack Repulsed—Our Look-out—Sickness in Camp—Abundance of Food—Cook Boys of the Regiment—Nusseerabad Mutineers join the Rebels—Get in our Rear—Action of 19th—Gun disabled—Limber blown up—Rebels retire—Gun brought in next Morning—Some of the Enemy brought in—Centenary of the Battle of Plassey—Attacked by Rebels in full Force—They are beaten off, and driven into the City—First Reinforcements arrive—Rains commence—Sickness—Cholera.

I HAVE no intention of attempting to write a history, or even a connected account, of the glorious siege of Delhi; I have neither the materials for it, nor the ability to use them if I had. An historian, like a poet, *nascitur non fit*, is born an historian—he cannot be *made* either by education or training of any kind. I intend, therefore, merely to give a light and general sketch of our proceedings, taken from the rough notes I made from day to day, and just as I wrote them for my family. Those who

wish to see a good practical straightforward account of the siege, told in plain, soldierlike language, honest and truthful, let them procure Colonel Norman's narrative, a work to the accuracy of which I can testify, and which I am sorry I have not before me now.

Delhi is situated on the right bank of the river Jumna. The walls form an irregular oval, or perhaps I should say are pear-shaped, regular enough on the western side, but on the river or eastern side rendered irregular by the old fort of Selimgurh, which forms a large excrescence. To the south the walls run to a point, terminating in a bastion; to the north the tracing of the wall is flattened—the top of the pear, in fact. The Moira or water bastion forms the north-eastern angle, as the Shah bastion forms the north-western angle. Between these two bastions is comprised the part we attacked.

Next to the water bastion is the Cashmere bastion, covering the gate of that name. Behind the curtain or wall connecting the two bastions is the main guard, forming one of the interior defences of the gateway; in the open space behind is St. James's Church, and farther south, towards the fort which contains the palace, is the magazine, which adjoins the walls. From the water bastion to Selimgurh the walls are on or near the verge of the bank, above the low

ground which in the rainy season is inundated by the Jumna, of which it then forms a part.

The fortifications of Delhi have been described. "They consist of a series of bastions connected by long curtains, with occasional martello-towers to aid the flanking fire. The bastions rise about sixteen feet above the level of the ground, are built of masonry twelve feet thick; the curtains are also of masonry, about the same height and thickness. Each bastion mounts eleven guns—one at the salient, three on each face, and two on each flank. Round the base of these bastions and curtains is a berm or terrace, varying in width from fifteen to thirty feet, having at its exterior edge a wall loopholed for musketry. This wall is a continuation of the escarp wall of the ditch, which descends to a depth of twenty feet, and is twenty-five feet wide. The counter-scarp is not of masonry, but is a mere earthen slope of easy incline. The glacis is sixty feet wide, and scarcely covers half the wall."

The above description is for gentlemen readers; for the ladies, I may say that the parapet, or upper part of the wall, loopholed for musketry, is built in the Eastern style, and, as they themselves would term it, vandyked. Each vandyke is separated from the next, at the inner point or angle of the vandyke, by a large loophole or slit, continued down to the banquette or step, upon

which the garrison stand to fire, so that the parapet is, in fact, a series of detached blocks of masonry, each block forming a vandyke, and having, besides, a loophole in its centre.

Against cannon-shot this was of course a very weak defence, the construction being so faulty that the walls could easily be knocked to pieces, as we subsequently proved; but from a distance this thoroughly oriental-looking parapet on the top of stone walls, sweeping away right and left for a distance of two thousand yards or more, looked not only picturesque but formidable enough. And when the eye glanced from the massive bastions, and, after ranging over the vast extent of the city, settled on the lofty walls of the palace fort towering in the background, the view conveyed to the mind a tolerable idea of the tremendous struggle we were commencing—a struggle not merely for our own individual lives, but for the existence of our empire in India, and for the life of every white face in it.

Inland from Delhi, running north and south, is a ridge of rocks terminating in the Jumna, two miles above the city. This ridge runs diagonally in respect to Delhi, and at its nearest point is about one thousand four hundred yards from its walls. Opposite to the Cabool gate there is a break in the ridge, and here are situated the suburban villages of Teleewara

Kissengunge and Treveleyangunge. Through this break runs the canal and the grand trunk road, which a few hundred yards farther on passes through the village of Subzee Mundee, on the right flank of our camp.

Over against Kissengunge, and not far from the extremity of the ridge which at this spot widens into an irregular plateau, is, or was, a large well-built stone house, known as Hindoo Raos. Farther on the ridge to the north, at a distance of eight hundred yards, is an old tomb or mosque, which was one of our main posts; and at the same distance from the mosque, along the ridge, is the Flagstaff or Round Tower. Beyond this again is a low place on the ridge, over which runs a road leading from the city, directly through the Sudder Bayar of the cantonment, nearly through the very centre of which it passes. From Hindoo Raos to this low spot was a fine broad well-made road along the top of the ridge. This was our advanced position the morning I arrived in camp, the three main posts, Hindoo Raos, the Mosque, and the Flagstaff Tower being held by very strong guards, supported by artillery. Such was our first parallel.

The cantonment was immediately under the ridge, towards which were the bayars' and officers' bungalows. The sepoys' lines and parade-

grounds were towards the country, bounded by a canal or cut from the great Nujufgurh Jheel. Our camp was pitched on these parade-grounds, the rear on the canal, a capital defence, our front towards Delhi, the ridge being between us and the enemy; whilst our right was protected by an old embankment and a high mound, on which was subsequently erected a battery of three heavy guns.

In front of the Flagstaff Tower, distant from it one thousand two hundred yards, and on the very bank of the river, were the ruins of Sir T. Metcalfe's once splendid mansion. The grounds about the house, which are very extensive and well wooded, are enclosed by a stone wall. There is a direct road to the Flagstaff Tower from the house, and at the gates of the grounds it is crossed by a road leading from the Cashmere gate through the Cantonment Bazaar. On these roads near the gate of the grounds are the Assembly rooms, and the Racket-court; a house called the "yellow" house—in ruins—lies nearer to the city, and beyond this last, a smaller house, which was uninjured.

To complete the description of our position: to the west of Delhi, distant some seventeen or eighteen miles, is an enormous swampy lake called the Nujufgurh Jheel (Lake), to draw off the superfluous water of which, there is a cut from it

running past the front of the cantonment, bounding the parade-ground before-mentioned. To the west of and running parallel to the grand trunk-road, our sole line of communication with Umballa and the Punjaub is the Delhi canal, which crosses cut from the Nujufgurh Jheel two miles from the cantonments, passes through the break in the ridge by Kissengunge, and enters Delhi close to the Cabool gate. The canal comes from the Jumna, to the east of the road, which it crosses near Kurnaul, so that up to this point, by breaking down the bridges, it formed, with the cut from the jheel, a very efficient protection against the attempts of the rebels to intercept our line of communication, especially in the rainy season, when the canal was full to the brim, and the country in a great measure flooded and turned into a mass of mud.

As the point where the canal crossed the cut from the jheel was only two miles from our camp, the rebels would have to risk an engagement with us if they crossed within that point; if they made the attempt beyond it, they would have both cut and canal to cross, and if the bridges were broken down their difficulties would just be doubled. If such a calamity, however, did not happen to the bridges on the canal, the rebels would have to make a considerable détour to get to them, and from them to the road, whilst we, going

along the trunk road, the chord of the arc, could cut in on them and force them to an engagement.

At daybreak on the morning of the 12th I was roused by a rather sharp rattle of musketry, the sound of which, as it appeared to me, was quite close. I jumped up at once, and put on my clothes, or rather my shoes, for I was anxious to be ready for any emergency; but as the firing gradually died away, I kept quiet in the tent, for I felt quite stiff and tired, which was not to be wondered at after all the fatigue I had just gone through. It was not long before Hodson came in and told me that the rebels, or Pandies, as they were now called, from the great original mutineer Mungul Pandy, had quietly assembled in the grounds of the Metcalfe House, and in the mist of the morning had stolen up the ridge to within a short distance of the Flagstaff Tower, when they had made a rush at the guns posted there. The picket on duty was partly surprised and confused, but made a gallant resistance and kept the rebels at bay until two companies of the 60th Rifles coming up enabled them to assume the offensive. A party of the 2nd Fusiliers at the same time advancing through the Bazaar and taking the rebels in flank, they were driven down pell-mell and pursued through the Metcalfe grounds to the walls of Delhi, our people taking ample vengeance for the death of Captain Knox,

of H.M.'s 75th regiment, who was unfortunately killed. It was computed that the rebels lost four hundred killed.

Brigadier Showers, who was on duty, seized the splendid opportunity and took possession of the Metcalfe grounds, placing a strong picket in the well-built stone stables, which, entire and unhurt, were advantageously situated on the bank of the river, in a strong defensible position. To support this picket, another party was established on a large and lofty mound, near the entrance-gate of the grounds, and a smaller party, to connect them, in a stone building at a point about half way between the two.

The value of these positions to us was immense, and their loss to the enemy might be estimated by the very vigorous attempt they made to recover them.

The night of the 12th was to have been made famous by another feat of arms. As soon as the force came within sight of Delhi, it became evident to the most obtuse that a regular siege was quite out of the question, from the vast size of the place, and from our want of guns, engineers' stores, and men adequate to such an undertaking. A coup-de-main like that which won Ghuznee was our only resource. Accordingly, a plan was drawn up by the engineers and Hodson, and submitted to the General, by whom it was approved,

and at once ordered to be carried into execution. It was a hazardous step, but he was urged to it by many considerations, but mainly by the universal anxious cry—"Take Delhi!"

Nor was this cry to be wondered at. Delhi, once the capital of the great Mogul Empire in India, and still the largest and most celebrated city in Upper India, strongly fortified, well supplied with everything, its magazine still containing vast supplies of guns and military stores, was now in the possession of our own trained sepoys, who had mutinied at Meerut, Delhi, Hansi Hissar, Ferozepoor, Allygurh, Mynpooree, and Roorkee, and armed men were flocking in to it from all directions. The king, once our puppet, but whose name and prestige of ancient sovereignty were still a tower of strength—with Mahomedans especially—had placed himself at the head of the rebellion, had defied our Government, and Delhi had become the great head and focus of insurrection.

The neighbouring Rajahs of Jujjur and Bullubgurh, who owed all the power which they possessed to the British, had turned traitors; and no one could foresee to what extent the great mass of the people of the country, and especially of the Punjaub, would be affected—whether they would remain neutral, or whether, incited by the king's proclamations, and urged by the persuasions of

his emissaries, they would take an active part against us. True enough, the Rajahs of Puttialla, Jheend, and Nabha had joined us—without their aid we could not have advanced on Delhi—yet the aspect of affairs was at this moment so gloomy and desperate, that there was a universal cry, "Take Delhi," for that was considered the only means of retrieving our position.

Moreover, there was a vehement desire in camp for instant and ample vengeance on the traitors in the city, who, not content with mutiny and rebellion against the Government that had treated them, not merely with justice, but also with anxious kindness—the traitors who had cruelly slaughtered their officers, our brethren in arms, with their wives and little ones, whose blood seemed to call to us for vengeance. The moment for a coup-de-main was propitious. In every encounter with the rebels, twice on the Hindun river, once at Budlee Serai, once on the ridge, and again on the 12th, they had been beaten—their guns had been captured, and they were cowed. Beyond the 60th N.I., which could not arrive until next day, they could not receive any reinforcements for some days. One bold stroke now, every one said, would make us masters of Delhi. If we waited to besiege the place in regular form, the rebels would be very largely reinforced long before we could hope to receive a single soldier

or a single gun; and it was doubtful if troops in adequate numbers could be spared from the Punjaub to reinforce us.

Accordingly, at the appointed hour, the troops began to move down to their allotted posts, the glorious old 60th Rifles advancing to within 300 yards of the walls. All were waiting impatiently for the pickets from the ridge, which were to be brought down by the field-officer of the day, Brigadier ——; but the proper time slipped by, the pickets never came, and the assault was countermanded.

The storm of indignation in camp at the failure of this bold design was frightful, and execrations loud and deep were rained down on the head of the individual who was the cause of the miscarriage. Whether it was a fault on the part of the brigadier, or whether, upon his representation of the difficulties likely to be met with in driving the rebels out of the city, the General, after more mature thought, countermanded the assault, I do not care to inquire; I am not writing a history of the siege—I am merely gossiping about myself and matters I was concerned in; but everyone subsequently acknowledged that, as Colonel Norman wisely and justly remarked, "it was one of those happy interpositions in our behalf of which we had such numbers to be thankful for."

That this assault would have been successful, there can be no doubt whatever, and it can as little be doubted that the rebels would have fled before us out of the city. But what if they had rallied or offered any considerable resistance? The utmost number of troops we could have thrown into the city would have been 3000 men, who would have been swallowed up in its immensity, and a check anywhere would have been destruction, for we should have had no reserves to fall back on. Moreover, this postponement gave the rebels full scope to do their best with all the men they could collect, and all the arrangements they could make, only to be more signally defeated at last. It gave time for the development of their worst qualities; it bred anarchy, confusion, and disorder, and the industrious trading population soon felt the difference between the violence, extortion, and robbery of the sepoy domination, and the peace, quiet, and security of life and property they had enjoyed under the government of their British rulers. And besides this, it showed to all India that the rebels were the bundle of sticks without the band of patriotism that draws men together and gives them unity and strength.

The abandonment of the assault was followed by a short period of despondency to some, of gloom to many, of deep disappointment to all.

It was a delay in our career of victory as irritating as it was serious, and likely, as everyone then thought, to have the worst effect all over the country.

A council of war decided that we should wait for reinforcements in men and materials; but from whence could we expect or hope for reinforcements? We were generally informed of the disarming of some of the sepoy regiments, and of the destruction of others, events which, we knew, would set some of the English regiments at liberty; but would the state of the Punjaub, and of the troublesome warlike frontier tribes—all Mahomedans—permit English troops to be sent to us in sufficient numbers to enable us to cope with the rebels, who were daily receiving accessions of strength?

The position of affairs was one at least of considerable doubt, and croakers began to crop up in camp and whisper their vague assurances that the siege would certainly be abandoned, and that we must retreat by Umballa to Ferozepoor, and make a stand there. These men were so blind as to be unable to see that we could not retreat, that it would be a confession of our inability to resist the mutineers, that it would be a signal for the whole of India to rise against us, that it would dishearten our open friends, and turn our secret ones into open foes. Their peculiar

temperament made these croakers look only at the dark side of affairs.

But there were brave hearts in camp—very many of them—whom nothing could daunt, whom no ill news could depress, and who felt that, come what might, we "could, would, and should lick the Pandies and take Delhi."

In a few days cheering news began to flow in steadily from the Punjaub, which showed that "the man at the wheel" was a skilful steersman, a bold and courageous pilot. The chief commissioner, John Lawrence, whom a merciful and overruling Providence had placed at the head of the government in the Punjaub, aided by officers who seemed to have been selected by the same Providence to meet the difficulties of this great crisis, had made all safe at the chief points of danger, Peshawer and Lahore. Throughout the Punjaub the Hindostanee irregular cavalry and sepoy regiments had been or were being disarmed or destroyed, the magazines at Ferozepoor and Philour had been secured, a strong column had been formed to move to any point in the Punjaub where danger might threaten, the Seikhs and Punjabees of the sepoy regiments, men who had no sympathy with the mutineers, were assembled, enrolled, formed into corps, and re-armed. With bold and daring hand, that "out of this nettle danger plucks the flower

safety," the chief commissioner gathered, as volunteers from the warlike frontier tribes, all the restless, turbulent spirits who might have been bitter foes in extremity, took them into our pay, and enrolled them into corps, eager to march on Delhi, to assist in its capture and share in its plunder. Out of an element of weakness the genius of John Lawrence created strength.

On the 14th, the 60th N.I., which had reached Delhi the day before, was sent by the rebels to prove its loyalty to the cause of the king by making an attack on our entrenchments at Hindoo Raos. The regiment advanced very boldly up the slope, but was beaten off with considerable loss. As numbers of the men had joined the mutiny most unwillingly, this unpropitious termination of their first essay in arms against their old officers could not have been very encouraging. I was field-officer of the day on the 15th, and was going my rounds in the morning, when heavy firing was heard in the direction of the Metcalfe picket. Proceeding directly towards it, I found that the rebels, anxious to regain that important post, had issued in large numbers from the city, marched through the gardens unperceived, enveloped the picket, and were attacking it in front and rear, thus placing it in considerable danger. Apparently, the Pandies were

not aware of the strong picket on the mound, which we took through the grounds by a détour, getting to the head of the great ravine in front of the Metcalfe picket-house, in which the sepoys were swarming. The enemy were taken in flank and completely surprised. They had already been well punished by the Metcalfe picket; so a volley fired at thirty yards, and a rush with the bayonet, settled the matter at once, and drove them off in confusion. As we descended the ravine and got into the sandy bed of the river, we saw their large reserve retiring under the high bank. Their attack was bold and well planned, and, had they employed part of their large reserve to assail the mound picket, we should have had some tough work. Almost the last shot that was fired by the enemy glanced off a stone and struck me inside the right thigh. It drew blood, but did not penetrate. I thought nothing of it at the time, but was obliged shortly after to place myself in the doctor's hands, for I could neither ride nor walk.

As the rebel infantry withdrew, a party of their cavalry made a demonstration on the low sandy bed of the river, which was dry. The moment we saw them we called out "Here's the Cā-ăvalry," and back our men went to the ravines, from whence they opened a fire on the horsemen, that soon sent them off

faster than they came out. I have frequently observed that our infantry have a needless dread of cavalry. I remarked it on several occasions at Delhi, and I think it arises from the very frequent use of squares in the evolutions of regiments. Commanding officers are always making their men rush into squares and prepare to receive cavalry, and as so much is made of this, the soldiers are naturally led to look upon the approach of cavalry with awe, and to believe that they must rush into square to avoid annihilation. It is a grave error, that might cause a serious panic, especially in troops new to service, and measures should be taken to counteract it.[1] In one of our sorties from Jellalabad, an Affghan, who had somehow lingered behind his fellows, was overtaken by two troopers of our 5th Light Cavalry, not far from the old walls of the town, on which some of us were standing looking at parties of our horse in pursuit of the enemy. When the Affghan found he could not escape from the men, he dodged, threw down his juzzail, snatched off his cummerhund (waistcloth), wrapped it together, and flicked it in the

[1] In the action at Budlee Serai on the 8th of June, when H.M.'s 75th was advancing in column to attack the enemy's batteries, somebody, no one knows who, called out "Prepare for cavalry." Instinctively the 75th formed square, and in this formation, Brigadier Showers, who saw there was no time to rectify it, led them against the batteries.

face of the foremost horse, which threw up its head and shied off. The second trooper came up just as the first was discomfited, and he was turned in the same way. This was repeated five or six times, to our great amusement, the horses refusing to go near the Affghan, who all the while was slowly drawing off. As we laughed and cheered the Affghan, the troopers got angry and began to draw their pistols, but we would not suffer this. Thinking that the man, for his gallant defence, deserved to get off, we ran up, called off the soldiers, and let him go with his life, but minus his juzzail. Now let our infantry be taught that what the Affghan did with his cummerhund they can do with their musket and bayonet, if they know how to handle them properly—let them be taught that though a trooper may be brave the horse is easily scared, and will never gallop over a man if he can avoid him, and very rarely face one who makes any demonstration against him. When once an infantry soldier runs from cavalry it is all up with him.

But to resume. The force before Delhi at this time consisted of 16 H.A. guns, 6 horse-battery guns, H.M. 9th Lancers, two squadrons 6th Carabineers, H.M. 60th Rifles, H.M. 75th, 1st European Bengal Fusiliers and 2nd Fusiliers, the Sirmoor Battalion, some sappers and miners, a com-

pany of European foot artillery, and 100 artillery recruits, eight 18-pounder guns, four 8-inch mortars, four 3-inch howitzers, and the guns captured by the rebels at Budlee Serai; in all, about 700 cavalry, 2,600 infantry, 22 field guns, and 16 siege ditto.

Our position from the extreme right at Hindoo Raos, to the extreme left at the Metcalfe Picket, presented a front of two and a half miles in length. Our right flank and rear was over three miles in length, and this vast extent of ground was to be guarded against any and every attack the rebels could make against it. Our right flank was our weak point, for under cover of the suburban villages the rebels could get close to the ridge and organize their columns for an attack against it, whilst the gardens extending from the villages along the banks of the canal to the cut from the Nujufgurh Jheel in our rear, concealed their approach to our right flank.

Fortunately the cut from the Nujufgurh Jheel was a sufficient protection for our rear and our right flank was secured by an old embankment running from the cut, and a high mound half way between the embankment and the ridge, otherwise we should have been obliged to throw up field-works, which would have very severely taxed our strength.

The summit of the ridge also overcommanded

a view of the road leading from the entrance-gate of the Metcalfe grounds nearly to the Cashmere gate, of a portion of the western side of the city and of the plain between the walls, and the villages below the ridge. On this tower, from dawn to dusk, a man was constantly on duty, telescope in hand, to report to the field-officer of the day any suspicious movement on the part of the enemy, or any unusual appearance he might detect. But the best look-out was from the top of Hindoo Raos, which commanded a complete view of the plain up to the Lahore gate of the city. Here Major Reed and his gallant little Goorkahs kept unwearied watch; not a man could leave the Lahore gate but he was instantly seen; and as soon as a party issued from the city its numbers could be computed correctly, and its object discerned from the nature of the troops composing it.

My friend Hodson had been appointed Assistant Quartermaster-general, and had entire management of the intelligence department, for which he was peculiarly fitted. He had engaged the services of an old friend of Sir H. Lawrence's, Dhe Moulvee Rujub Ali, a man of great ability, of considerable influence, and with a large connexion in the city of Delhi. Through him we got information of every movement of any importance that was to be made—whether an

attack on our batteries at Hindoo Raos, or a dash at our rear. So soon, therefore, as a message came down to head-quarters from Hindoo Raos or the Flagstaff Tower, informing us that parties of a certain strength, with guns and cavalry, or composed of infantry only, were coming out of the city, their object was at once known, the alarm was sounded, and every man in camp instantly hastened to his appointed post, where he remained until the attack was repulsed or the rebels withdrew. In the first six weeks of the siege, or until our reinforcements began to flow in, night or day no man undressed, except for a few minutes, for the necessary ablutions and change of clothes, and this was not always possible. We lay down in our clothes, with arms and accoutrements either on or by our sides, ready to slip on the moment the alarm should be sounded.

The heat was fearful; yet day after day we had to stand for hours in the sun and hot wind, or, worst of all, to endure the torture of lying down on the burning rocks on the ridge, baked by them on one side, whilst the sun was "doing the other." In this position many an officer and man, struck by the sun and unable to rise, was carried off to hospital delirious and raving. The flies were in myriads, and added to our torment; they clung to our faces;

they dabbed at every part of the body that was exposed; they covered our food until it was uneatable, and worried us incessantly until dusk. As the siege went on, and the bodies of men and the carcases of animals accumulated, lying exposed in places where there was no soil, so that we could not bury them, these pests increased in numbers and irritating powers, and made us fully comprehend the awfulness of the plague of flies.

The thermometer ranged in our tent as high as 115 degrees, and constant exposure to the sun and wind that produced this great heat in the shade, began to fill our hospitals rapidly with cases of sun-stroke, fever, and dysentery. Many officers and men had sun-stroke twice, and some three times; others, who were wounded, suffered from it also, and the great heat and fatigue soon began to tell on the soldiers and send them into hospital, from whence many were never to return. Fortunately, food in camp was both abundant and good, and the troops got their meals and their dram of grog with great regularity; otherwise half the force would have been prostrated, and we must have abandoned the siege. Good food in abundance alone kept us up.

It was quite amusing to see the cook-boys of companies bring up the dinners or breakfasts to their [illegible] squads, battery or advanced

picket, it was all the same to them, and cannonade or no cannonade, it made no difference—they were sure to come. A large flat shallow basket contained twenty or more metal plates, on each a piece of beef and some nicely-browned potatoes, all smoking and frizzling from a few bits of live charcoal in a small earthen pan under each. My first turn of duty as field-officer of the day was laughably melancholy in regard to the "vivers." The day after my arrival in camp, being suddenly sent on duty, I had neither cup, plate, spoon, knife nor fork—nothing that would hold a morsel to eat or a drop to drink, also no servant to wait on me, and before I started I was unable to find Hodson, or his man, to tell him my dilemma, so that I had no breakfast, and should have had no dinner, if Captain T. Butler, V.C., 1st European Bengal Fusiliers, had not guessed my position, and with kindness and courtesy asked me to share his meal.

On the 18th, the Nusseerabad mutineers, of whose approach we had been warned, the 15th and 30th N.I., with the Jhansi Jellalabad battery—Abbott's battery that was marched into Delhi, to the great joy of the mutineers and their king, who were once more encouraged by this important addition to their numbers, and all was rejoicing in the city except amongst the merchants, bankers, and the trading com-

munity generally, who trembled for their money-bags.

At noon on the 19th, the rebels began to pour out of Delhi in great numbers—infantry, cavalry, and artillery. The alarm was instantly sounded, and in a few minutes everyone was at his post. We had no information about any intended attack, so prepared to meet one on Hindoo Raos, on our right flank; but as the enemy disappeared amongst the gardens and trees of Kissingunge, and their course could not be traced, it was conjectured that they had gone on some foraging expedition. The troops, after remaining several hours under arms, were allowed to return to their tents. Suddenly an alarm was again raised by the sound of a gun in our rear, and presently we heard cries from our grass-cutters, camel and bullock-men, who, with their beasts, came rushing round the corner of the Ochterlony garden—a large walled garden a mile to the rear—while a trooper galloped in to say the rebels were killing our people and carrying off the cattle. They had made a long détour to avoid our pickets, and had fallen unexpectedly on our foragers. The 9th Lancers and six guns were soon out under Brigadier Grant, and kept the rebels in check until the infantry came up to the gardens, with six more guns under Tombs and Turner. All then apparently went on well enough,

and the rebels were retiring; but as the dusk came on, emboldened by some successes and their better knowledge of the ground, they renewed the attack. The fight was long, and to us, who had taken post on the mound on our right flank—ever after called the General's Mound—seemed doubtful. We watched the flashes of the guns, and listened with anxiety to the quick pattering of the musketry, but could not detect any signs of an advance by our people. Presently in the fast-coming darkness there was a vast glare, followed by the sound of an explosion, and we could see from its direction that one of our limbers had been blown up. Shortly after there was a cry from below the mound, "Where's the General?" uttered by an officer who had been sent in to ask for reinforcements. The General replied that he had none to send, forgetting at the moment that the 1st Fusiliers were below the mound, where, from the darkness, the regiment could not be seen. Three companies were immediately despatched, and in about an hour's time the whole of the troops returned, the rebels having retired.

Our casualty list was heavy. Colonel Yule of the [redacted]rs was killed; Colonel Beecher, Quarter-master-general, Major Daly, commanding the Guides, and several other officers, were wounded; a limber of Scott's battery was blown up, while one of Turner's guns was disabled, and

left on the field. I very well remember the gloomy impression the result of this fight made on the minds of the majority in camp. Whereas we had hitherto met with nothing but complete success, now, besides a heavy casualty list, we had to regret several disasters, and had failed, as we supposed, to drive the enemy off the field and capture their guns. So, without knowing what the sepoys had suffered, and without taking into consideration that their object had been so far defeated that they had been obliged to retire, the majority jumped to the conclusion that we had met with a check, and looked despondingly on it. Every one felt, and very justly too, that if the rebels were to repeat this manœuvre, and at the same time attack Hindoo Rao's, on our right, and the Metcalfe picket, on our left, for several days running, we should have "hard times of it," as a soldier expressed it.

Next morning, an hour before daybreak, a strong party went out to the scene of action. Turner's gun was brought in with one gun and two ammunition waggons that had been abandoned by the rebels. On the waggons were tied some of their dead and wounded, showing pretty plainly that they must have retired precipitately. There were so many evidences on the field that the enemy had suffered severely that the unfavourable impression of the night before was quite

obliterated. The intense mortification with which we thought of a gun being left in the hands of the rebels to be shown in Delhi, as a trophy, and vaunted of as captured from the Feringhees, was, however, without cause, for the gun was not left until the rebels had retreated. This was undoubtedly the most trying period of the whole siege, from the constant demands made on our services, and the frequent and long exposure to the tremendous heat day after day. The days were at their longest, the heat at the greatest, our numbers at the lowest, and the enemy's courage and activity at their highest. If an officer sat down to write a letter, or to shave himself, the alarm was sure to sound, and he was compelled to throw down his pen and buckle on his sword before rushing out to his company or his post. The smallness of our force necessitated sending the troops nearest at hand to the point attacked, and in this way portions of batteries, troops, and regiments, were sent instead of whole batteries and regiments, causing great confusion and inconvenience. In the meantime, however, there was no help for it, and this trying state of affairs was only remedied when reinforcements arrived.

At six A.M. of the 20th, the enemy came on again from the same quarter as before, the first intimation of their proximity being a nine-pounder

shot rolling into the General's cooking-tent, and demolishing his pots and pans. The attack was a feeble one, and as we had daylight with us and knew the ground, our assailants were easily repulsed. I imagine that their principal object in coming out was to bring off their gun and waggons, their dead and wounded. When they found, however, that they had been forestalled, and saw the force the General had brought out against them, they were glad to retire.

From the 20th I was laid up for some days, the contusion I had received in the Metcalfe grounds being now so painful that I could neither ride nor walk, and was therefore obliged to put myself into the doctor's hands.

To prevent another attack on our rear, an earthwork was thrown up beyond the bridge over the Najafgurh cut, which was armed with two 18-pounders. The engineers then went out with a strong party and destroyed the two nearest bridges over the cut, which had the effect of obliging the rebels to make a considerable détour, in order to find their way to our rear. On the General's Mound, which was on the right of our camp, three 18-pounders were placed, to protect our right flank, and to prevent the rebels from passing round the rear of Hindoo Raos, by way of Subzee Mundee. These precautions strengthened our position considerably, and made us feel

more secure and confident. It will be seen, however, that we were besieged rather than besieging.

Whilst under the doctor's hands, I had daily opportunities of watching the working of the intelligence department. Spies came in from the city at all times during the day, and in all sorts of disguises, some bearing intelligence by word of mouth, others bringing mysterious little scrolls that had been concealed in the most inexplicable manner. These were mostly from Rujub Ali's own connexions and friends about court and some friendly news-writers whose services he had engaged. Both the writers and bearers of these scrolls were highly paid, for the risk they ran was great, as detection would have certainly entailed a cruel death on writer or bearer. The danger to the bearer, indeed, was greatest, for he had to avoid detection both by the guards at the city gates, and by the parties of rebels in the villages, besides which *he had to run the gauntlet of our own sentries and people.* If he had time to make a considerable circuit, the danger was not so great; but if haste was needful, and he had to take the nearest route through the suburban villages, he was placed in great peril. Some of our spies disappeared, but our news-writers escaped detection. I have two of these letters now before me, little scrolls of the finest paper—finer and closer than our tissue paper—two-and-a-quarter inches long by one-and-a-half broad. Unfor-

tunately, the letter in which they were sent to England went down in the steamer *Ava*, and a third of each scroll is so obliterated as to be quite illegible, or I would give a fac-simile of them here. The translation of one scroll fills two and a quarter pages of large blue letter-paper. When the men came in with verbal intelligence they were subjected to a rigorous cross-examination by Hodson and Rujub Ali, and again, after a short interval for consultation, by the former, who put them through a second and still more searching examination. In this way the corn was effectually separated from the chaff, a very necessary process; for, however desirous a native may be to tell the truth, and even where it is his interest to do so, he cannot help embellishing it a little, like the man regarding whom an Irish friend of mine quaintly said, "Bedad, Colonel, the lad tells too much truth." This propensity may be called an amiable weakness, for they embellish in order to please; but it is very dangerous where the native character is not understood. Hodson's aptitude for turning a native inside out and getting at the truth was first-rate. Such a marvellous capacity required a complete mastery of the language, a thorough appreciation of the native character, and power to seize at once the peculiarities of the individual under examination.

As the siege went on and our intelligence

department improved, we rarely failed to get timely notice of any movement of importance contemplated by the enemy. The General was thus enabled to foil their best-laid plans, to make the most of our small force, to save us vast fatigue and the loss of many valuable lives—incalculably valuable when it is remembered how steadily our numbers were decreasing.

Our spies and news-letters informed us that on the 23rd of June, which was the centenary of the battle of Plassey, we were to be attacked at all points. It was a day distinguished by the appearance of a new moon—a day of happy omen to the Mahomedans, and also the occasion of the great Hindoo festival of Ruth Jattra, at which the car of Juggernaut is dragged about. Mahomedan priests and Hindoo pundits unanimously declared that it was the will of Heaven that the English should be exterminated, and that our reign should expire with the century. By annunciations of national greatness and independence, the rebels were wound up to the highest pitch of enthusiasm, and their faith in the prophecies of their priests, which they were only too willing to believe, was greatly increased by the arrival, on the 21st, of the mutineers who had escaped from our troops at Jullundur, the greater part of three regiments of infantry, and of a regiment of cavalry.

Before daybreak on the 23rd our troops were turned out, and the General made every preparation that skill and foresight could devise to meet the attack, which every one felt would be a crisis in the siege. As the bridges over the canal had been broken down within a considerable distance, our rear was pretty safe. More troops, too, could be spared to support and strengthen other points, so that we felt tolerably confident.

The anticipated attack commenced at sunrise, the rebels advancing through Subzee Mundee, and placing strong parties in a temple (Sammy-house, as the soldiers called it) on the slope of the ridge to the rear of Hindoo Raos, and in a serai in Subzee Mundee. They also pushed a large body of skirmishers through the village, and lined the garden walls on our right flank opposite the mound. In order to strengthen our position and assist our men to repel the attack on Hindoo Raos, a couple of 9-pounders of Scott's battery had been sent up from camp to Hindoo Raos at daylight, and placed so as to sweep the road coming up the ridge from Subzee Mundee, but as by some oversight no earthwork had been thrown up for them, they were exposed to the thundering cannonade opened by the rebels from the city, and from

some guns they had placed in position at the Eed-gah on the end of the ridge above Paharepoor (one of the suburban villages), and were very severely handled.

The rebels advanced boldly to the attack from two points, and were opposed by the 60th Rifles, the Goorkahs and Guides, who, as opportunity offered, sallied out of the entrenchments, and inflicted severe punishment on the retiring mutineers.

Our first reinforcements marched into camp this morning to the tune of the cannonade. It consisted of 250 of the 2nd Fusiliers, 135 of H.M.'s 75th, 30 Artillerymen, some Seikh horse, and the 4th Punjaub Infantry—Rothnay's—in all, some 1500 men. The news of their arrival soon spread to the troops engaged, and put them all in good spirits. The battery of three 18-pounders, which had been established on the mound about the 18th, was now found to be of the greatest service, quite keeping in check the rebels in the gardens on our right flank, and preventing their columns from passing round and taking Hindoo Raos in rear. Three times the rebels assaulted our position, and each time they were repulsed with great loss. The heat was terrific, and constantly on the increase until the afternoon. The sun, pouring down flames, aided by the wind, which was hot like the blast from a furnace, struck down numbers of our officers

and men, who were carried off to hospital. The rest lay about exhausted and almost helpless. A party of the 1st Fusiliers had in the course of the day been sent up to Hindoo Raos to aid the hard-pressed troops, and they also became exhausted.

In the afternoon Sir H. Barnard, on an urgent message from Brigadier Showers, formed a column to attack the rebels and drive them out of Subzee Mundee. As this measure was absolutely necessary, the troops just arrived were at once sent into action. The Pandies had been the attacking party all the morning, and now came our turn. The column at once dispersed the rebels on our right flank, and then advanced towards Subzee Mundee. A rush was made at the Serai and Sammy-house, and both were carried, every rebel in them being mercilessly put to death. Our men then commenced a series of attacks on houses, gardens, and enclosures filled with mutineers, who obstinately defended themselves, but were all defeated, and the places which they occupied carried. From house to house, from garden to garden, from lane to lane, the rebels were driven by our troops without a check, until in the evening they withdrew their cannons from the Eed-gah, and retired precipitately into the city, our heavy guns at Hindoo Raos firing into their masses with great execution as they crossed the plain. Our loss was heavy, but our triumph was complete,

and, under the circumstances, cheaply purchased. The rebels lost at least one thousand men; but what was worse for them, the promises and prophecies of their priests and pundits had been falsified, and the successors to the heroes of Plassey were again victorious.

I look upon this day as the turning-point in the siege—our first reinforcement had come in, and we had gained an important victory over the rebels. Roused to the highest pitch of enthusiasm, these two events were to us like the first appearance of the sun above the horizon in the arctic seas, bringing to the poor sailors light and hopes of release after the weary months of their long and dreary night.

The Serai in Subzee Mundee and the opposite temple were now fortified and held by strong pickets, who closed Subzee Mundee to the rebels, protected the right rear of Hindoo Raos, and with the battery on the mound made that quarter and our right flank all safe.

On the 24th, Brigadier-General Neville Chamberlain arrived in camp to take the place of Colonel Chester, Adjutant-general (killed at Budlee Serai). This arrival added another brave heart to our force—the right man in the right place, for he always advocated in war bold and energetic measures.

The wind, which had been blowing from the

east for some days, now brought up clouds that obscured the sky, giving promise of a speedy commencement of the periodical rains, a season we rather dreaded, as sickness was likely to set in, and still further thin our already greatly thinned ranks.

Our communication with Meerut was by a bridge of boats over the Jumna at a place called Baghput, some twenty-five miles above our camp. The Rajah of Jheend had been sent with his troops to guard this important point, and a Captain —— had been appointed to look after him. A most important convoy from Meerut was expected to cross the bridge on the 27th, when we heard, on the report of some native, that a party of rebels was coming from Delhi to destroy it. Captain ——, with the Rajah, retreated precipitately, without even attempting to secure the boats, or to bring away any portion of them over to our side. The whole camp was indignant at such pusillanimity. However, the convoy came over all right. A party of rebels did destroy three or four of the boats, but Hodson rode out and brought down the remainder to a secure place, so that the enemy could not use them to throw a force into our rear. Our communication with Meerut, however, was stopped.

The rebels attacked us on both flanks on the 27th. but were repulsed with considerable loss. Heavy rain fell all the afternoon, and a few cases of the dreaded cholera occurred.

Whilst on duty as field-officer of the day on the 28th, I observed in the morning a great smoke on the farther side of Delhi—an appearance which I had previously seen on several occasions in the same place, particularly on the 24th, seeming to me to cover a very large space. There was something so peculiar in it, that when relieved from duty I told Hodson, and begged him to find out from his spies to what cause it could be attributed. Hodson had seen it on the 24th, and one of his men who came in that evening had told him that it was caused by the rebel Hindoo sepoys burning their dead. If such was the fact, the reported losses of the mutineers were not altogether so mythical as the croakers asserted.

On the 30th the rebels again made a heavy attack on our batteries at Hindoo Raos, and were again repulsed with considerable loss, retiring from the field at two o'clock. We suffered to some extent, but not much. The rainy season had now set in, and camp was a perfect pool of water. As I was returning from mess at night, I found the water so deep that it rose over my ankles, and in one or two places was like a perfect river flowing through camp. The engineers, with their usual promptitude, soon rectified this by opening drains to carry the water off, and every arrangement was made that circumstances would admit of, to keep the camp free from anything that might breed disease.

CHAPTER VI.

Bareilly Mutineers reach Delhi—Wing of H.M.'s 61st arrives in Camp—Special Causes for Apprehension—Treachery in Camp—Spies summarily dealt with—Native Officers hanged—Rebels get to our Rear and burn Alipore—Sir H. Barnard attacked by Cholera—His Death—Bridge at Bussac blown up—Treachery—Enemy's Horse admitted to Camp—Confusion—Kicked out—Native Troop of H.A. disarmed—9th Irregulars sent back to the Punjaub—Fresh Arrangements in Camp by General Wilson—Cholera—Battles in Villages—Report of a Mine being driven under Metcalfe's Picket—Death of Captain Greensill—News of Wheeler's Destruction—Am dangerously wounded—Get better—Rebels try to get to our Rear—Baffled by Rain—News from the City—State of Wounded and Disorders in the City—The King, his Poetry—Explosion of Powder Factory in the City—Consequent Alarm—Nicholson arrives in Camp—Skirmish at Ludlow Castle—Despair in the City—Nicholson's Victory at Unjufgurh.

ON the 1st of July we had the mortification of seeing the Rohilcund mutineers march over the bridge of boats into Delhi, with colours flying and bands playing. The sight made us furious. The bridge of boats was far out of range from the only place on the banks of the river where we could plant a gun, and we had no means of opposing their entrance into the city. How intensely we longed to have the base,

ungrateful traitors fairly before us in the open field! It was a formidable addition to the enemy's numbers—three regiments of infantry, the 18th, 29th, and 68th Native Infantry, the 8th Irregular Cavalry, and a light field-battery.

Whilst these troops were marching into Delhi, we received an important though small reinforcement in the headquarters and wing of H.M.'s 61st; and "Cheer, boys, cheer," played by their excellent band, put us all in good spirits.

The rainy season now fairly set in, and gave rise to serious fears as to the effect it would have on the health of the force in this notoriously unhealthy situation. It had been predicted by those who knew the station well that we "should die like rotten sheep," that more men would be carried off by cholera, fever, and dysentery than would be killed by the rebels. This was the great and special cause for anxiety. Another was lest our almost daily combats—battles I may call them—in Subzee Mundee and the suburban villages, should consume our troops as fast as we were reinforced. We feared, too, that, if even a moderate increase of sickness were to take place, we should suffer such loss as would effectually prevent us from assuming offensive operations.

The formidable reinforcement of the Rohilcund Brigade would enable the rebels to send a

strong force to operate in the rear, seize and entrench some position on our line of communication with the Punjaub, and thus stop our reinforcements and cut off our supplies, whilst there would still remain in the city numbers sufficient to attack our positions with as formidable columns as they had frequently sent against them. This was the third special cause for anxiety; and there was yet a fourth—internal treachery. The daily battles in the villages would certainly be put an end to by our chief as soon as he became convinced of the danger to our cause by the frightful expenditure of life they entailed. Any expedition to our rear, for the purpose of stopping our supplies or cutting off our communication, might be foiled by constant vigilance and a bold and sudden dash at any party sent out for that purpose, while internal treachery could be suitably dealt with and repressed. But whatever precaution within the compass of human means we might take, disease, caused by the climate and rainy season, would in all probability prove far more mighty and far more formidable than the rebels, even were their numbers trebled. Of the many interpositions of a merciful Providence in our behalf during this wonderful siege, I think the most striking was this—that the rains were so abundant and the season so favourable, that, though cholera did visit camp, it was in a

comparatively mild form, and the atmosphere of Delhi seemed to be in some degree disarmed of its usual deadly nature.

On the 2nd of July, Coke's Rifles, a Punjaub regiment raised from the frontier tribes, marched into camp. There was a fierce, wild air about the men, who looked as if they could be led anywhere, or induced to do anything. My tents and baggage, that were to have arrived with the regiment, did not come in; but one of my old officers, Captain Pollock, who had contrived to get sent to Delhi, told me they were at Alipore.

I mentioned internal treachery as one cause for anxiety in our camp. We had long known that many of our native servants were spies; all that occurred in camp, even our most secretly-concocted plans, being instantly known by the rebels. Shortly after my arrival before Delhi I hired a table attendant to wait upon me, a respectable-looking man, with excellent certificates of good conduct. He had accompanied the bazar of the 75th, and was known to the people. On the night of the 27th of June this man, who might be regarded as a sort of confidential attendant, deserted with one of Brigadier Showers' servants, and went off to Delhi, taking with him my goats. Similar desertions were constantly taking place amongst our Mahomedan servants, and those who remained, with the hangers-on of all kinds, were

mostly spies, who sold to our enemies every bit of intelligence they could pick up from hearing the officers and soldiers talking, or whatever they could learn by other means. Spies from the city were constantly caught prowling about our pickets in the early morning, as if feeling for an unguarded spot. These were made over to the Provost-Marshal to await their trial, and subsequently it became necessary to deal with them in a more summary manner. It now also came to light that the Hindostanee sepoys in the Seikh and Punjabee regiments were disaffected. Two native officers of the 9th Irregular Cavalry had been tampering with the men of Coke's corps, inciting them to desert and take service with the King of Delhi. The Seikh whom they tempted reported it at once to his commanding officer; and the two native officers—a Ressaldar and a Jemadar—were tried, convicted, and hanged at once, while the whole of the Poorbeah[1] sepoys were disarmed and turned out of camp.

The General had again under serious consideration a plan for storming Delhi on the night of the 2nd of July. The principal officers to be engaged were assembled at the General's tent, their particular share in the escalade was pointed out and explained to each, and everything promised

[1] "Poorbeah," from Poorub, east, the country east of the Ganges, from whence the greater part of our sepoys came.

success; but at night our spies came in from the city to say that our camp was to be assailed by the rebels in great strength in the morning. The escalade was consequently countermanded, and preparations were made to receive the attack of which we had just got timely notice. In the morning (the 3rd) large numbers of the rebels marched out of the city; but, from some cause or other, their threatened attack did not come off, and, after waiting for hours under arms, the troops were dismissed to their tents. At sunset I was suddenly sent to relieve the field-officer of the day, and on getting up to the Flagstaff Tower, the sound of a distant cannonade in the direction of Alipore, which was on our rear, ten miles on the road to Umballa, was distinctly heard, and, as evening closed in, the flashes of the guns were as distinctly seen.

Presently information was brought in by Hodson that a large body of rebels from Delhi had burnt the village of Alipore, and killed the guard of fifty horsemen we had stationed there. Hodson, who had been out reconnoitring, saw and reported their position to the General at 7 P.M., but not until 3 A.M. next morning were any measures taken to intercept them, "by which time of course they had attained their end," as most people in camp said, and were in full march back for Delhi. Finding that

our escalade did not come off, and that we were waiting in camp, expecting them to attack us, the Pandies must have thought it a fine opportunity to revenge themselves on the villagers at Alipore for siding with us; probably they expected to meet with a prize worth capturing. However this may be, we could not allow them to do us even this small injury and retreat quite unmolested; such indifference or negligence would certainly be regarded by them as little short of encouragement. Accordingly, Major Coke was sent out with a force, of which his own regiment formed part, to intercept them. The position of the rebels having been pointed out by Hodson, Coke struck upon the centre of their column and routed them at once, but from some mismanagement, or the difficulties of the ground, he failed to capture their cannon. The mutineers having to all appearance retreated, our guns and part of our cavalry were unaccountably allowed to return to camp; and whilst our infantry were getting their breakfast they were unexpectedly attacked by a party of the Pandies, who, unperceived, had got up within two hundred yards distance, but were of course defeated by our rough-and-ready soldiers. In the afternoon, our people were attacked again, and the rebels were once more driven off in confusion. In the meantime, some of our guns and cavalry came out from camp,

and the sepoys were pursued with great effect, but on the whole it was an unsatisfactory business.

During the night of the 4th it rained in torrents. I was driven into the Flagstaff Tower for shelter, but could only get standing room, so I went and visited the pickets and sentries, and returned soaked through. I lighted a cigar and stood about till near daybreak, when the picket turned out, and I turned in, and slept till sunrise. It was one of the most wearying nights I remember—I thought daylight would never come. At sunrise I was relieved, after thirty-six hours on duty, and on getting into camp I found my own tent pitched, my servants all waiting, clean clothes, washing tackle, a clean breakfast-table, a nice breakfast, and Hodson, with a smiling face, waiting my arrival, and enjoying our new mansion. We felt like men who had just inherited large fortunes. The little tent Hodson had so kindly shared with me was made over to the "intelligence department," and the public service benefited by the arrival of my "traps." After living in a hugger-mugger sort of way since the 10th of June, provided with only such odds and ends of clothes, fitting "no-how," and such articles of domestic economy as my friends could spare from their own necessities, dependent for my food almost mainly on the chance attendance of a friend's servant, it was an

inexpressible comfort to get my own clothes and uniform, to be able to appear in camp once more dressed like a gentleman, and to have the attendance of my own servant.

On the night of the 5th of July, General Sir H. Barnard died. He had been attacked by cholera, which had been brought on by over-fatigue and anxiety of mind. He rapidly sank under it. He was buried on the 6th, deeply and truly lamented by all who knew him, and General A. Wilson (now Sir Archdale Wilson) succeeded to the command.

A large party was sent out under Chamberlain on the 8th to blow up the bridge at Bussae over the cut from the Nujufgurh Jheel. This, which ought to have been done long before, would oblige the rebels to make a very considerable détour if they wished to get to our rear, and to cross the canal as well as the cut.

At 10 A. M. on the 9th there was an alarm that the enemy was in our camp. On turning out of my tent at once, I saw a party of the Carabineers rushing past the front of the head-quarters camp. The alarm was sounding, shots were being fired, and for a few minutes there was a tremendous hubbub. Presently the guns on the General's Mound began to speak out. A party of the enemy's horse, one hundred strong, had come unperceived through the gardens, and got on

our right flank, where there was a picket of the 9th Irregular Cavalry. These men must have been in collusion with the rebels, for neither did their vidette challenge, nor did the picket raise any alarm, or offer the least opposition to their movements. As soon as the rebel horsemen got up to the picket of the 9th Irregulars, they made a rush at the native troop of horse artillery that was on the flank, calling upon the men to join them. But the gunners behaved nobly; they hung on to their horses, and called on the Europeans of Major Olphert's troop, which was close by, to fire through them at the mutineers. In the meantime the rebels fired into camp, and cut down Hills of the Artillery between his two guns that were on duty below the General's mound, but not before he had killed two of them. Major Tombs, coming up at the moment, shot Hills' opponent, and afterwards cut down another whom that officer had engaged. A few men, got together by Captain Fagan of the Artillery, killed fifteen of the sowars, who were now endeavouring to get away. On the alarm sounding, the 1st Fusiliers had slipped on their accoutrements, and a party rushing down to the canal at the grave-yard, and on to the bridge close by, soon kicked the rebels out of camp, when they were played on by the guns on the General's Mound, managed by the officer on picket and an old

Seikh native officer who had been one of Runjeet Singh's artillerymen. The rebels left thirty-five of their number in the camp, with which they seemed to be well acquainted, and I have no doubt but that some of them had been in it visiting their friends on the 9th. During the disturbance, parties of the rebel horse were seen hovering about in the distance, ready to take advantage of anything that might turn in their favour—a plain proof of the treachery of the 9th Irregular Cavalry. Whilst this was going on, a furious cannonade was opened on our batteries at Hindoo Raos from the city, and from some field guns outside, accompanied by a heavy fusillade on the Subzee Mundee picket from the houses and gardens of Kissengunge. A strong column was sent to dislodge the enemy, who, when attacked by our men, disputed the ground obstinately at many places, but before sunset retreated. Major Scott, then getting through the villages with his guns, fired on their retiring masses with deadly effect. Our loss this day was one officer and forty men killed, eight officers and one hundred and sixty-three men wounded, eleven men missing; very severe considering our small numbers. So strong a feeling was created in the minds of the European soldiers by this piece of treachery, that the General deemed it advisable to take away the guns from the native troop and

put them in park. The men had behaved well, and it was a harsh measure, but it was unavoidable.

To the amazement and disgust of all in camp, the 9th Irregulars, notwithstanding their disloyal conduct, were not disarmed—an omission which inflicted the highest discredit on all concerned. Sir J. Lawrence, on hearing the news, sent down peremptory orders that the 9th and 17th Irregular Cavalry (Hindostance) should be sent back to the Punjaub, and that the Punjaub Cavalry should be sent to Umballa. To prevent another similar surprise by the enemy, H.M.'s 75th was moved down to the right flank to furnish pickets. Information about the same time was brought into camp that the people in the neighbouring villages were selling powder in large quantities that had been plundered from our magazine outside Delhi. If this powder had been bought up and used by our engineers in blowing up the principal houses and serais in the suburban villages, and in making lanes for our guns on the ridge to fire through, there would have been no necessity for half of the attacks made on these villages for the purpose of turning out the rebels, who invariably came back on the following day. The last attack cost us 9 officers and 214 men killed, wounded, and missing:—and what good was effected by it? None whatever! 500 of the

enemy were killed; that was a mere nothing to them, with the whole of Hindostan to recruit from.

When Brigadier-General Wilson found himself appointed to command the force, he commenced a new system. He saw that by attacking the rebels in the villages we gave them the advantage of fighting under cover. He therefore determined to remain on the defensive as much as possible until the proper time came for offensive operations, when we could attack the city with effect. Our batteries at Hindoo Raos were in consequence strengthened, and breastworks were thrown up along the ridge to protect the men on duty. Great alterations were made in all details of camp duty, so as to give the soldiers regular rest, and to avoid harassing them unnecessarily. The rain continued to pour down at intervals most heavily, and the camp at times was ankle deep in water, which, however, soon ran off. Except in one respect, indeed, our position was very much bettered. Cholera was on the increase. It seemed to affect at this time the 8th and 61st more than any other regiments. Every sanitary measure was adopted that our situation rendered possible; but what could be done in camp, before the enemy, in a locality at all times notoriously unhealthy, and now surrounded by an atmosphere reeking with corruption from hundreds of dead

bodies of men and carcases of animals? As far as it was possible the bodies were buried; but in the rocky ravines, on and below the ridge, there was (in many places) not a spadeful of earth to throw over the bones of the slain. Their tombs were the throats of the beasts of the field, and until devoured they corrupted the air. It was sickening to see the dogs and jackals, disturbed by our burying-parties, slowly waddling off, fat and gorged with their horrible feast. There was some comfort in the reflection that the bodies were those of traitors. But until buried they were still enemies, their effluvia carrying death into our ranks. As a sergeant one day said to me, very respectfully, "Them Pandies, sir, is wuss when they're killed."

Rujub Ali's correspondent in the city kept us acquainted with all matters of importance that occurred, and we now learnt that the rebels were not only making powder in large quantities, but that, in anticipation of a failure of percussion-caps, they were converting our muskets from percussion into flint and matchlocks. Several shells that had recently fallen into our batteries had bits of portfire inserted instead of fuses, and the bursting powder was of native manufacture. The mutineers were evidently preparing for a protracted struggle, all hopes of the speedy exter-

mination of the English having now ceased to animate them.

The 10th, 11th, 12th, and 13th were quiet days, the rebels not stirring from their position; but on the 14th, urged and incited by the fierce invectives of the old king to make some attempt against us, they came out of the city in large numbers, through Kissengunge. This time they commenced an attack on the Subzee Mundee picket, but as our engineers had been turning their attention to this point, the rebels found it strengthened, and our men well under cover. The engagement lasted the whole morning, and in the afternoon Brigadier Wilson was persuaded to send a column to clear out the villages as usual. These battles in the villages were much like each other—a succession of independent fights; storming houses and courtyards with small entrances; and rushes through narrow lanes at parties of rebels holding the upper end. This sort of street-fighting, which is far more bloody than any action in the open field, and of a more unsatisfactory description, has little influence, except that it gives the men more confidence in each other. It is more a field for individual courage and intelligence than for discipline.

The rebels made an obstinate resistance in some places, but were gradually driven before us

and thrust out of the villages, from whence they retired precipitately. Our men unfortunately pursued them too far—almost to the very walls of the city. There, however, getting under a fire of grape and canister, they were obliged to retire at once, and in consequence suffered severely, our loss being fifteen rank and file killed and fifteen officers and 150 men wounded. Amongst the wounded was Brigadier Chamberlain, whose daring and gallantry were most conspicuous. As our troops retired the rebels rallied and came on again, but were stopped by Hodson and a few officers and men, and the column returned safely. The rebel horsemen followed up through the parallel streets in the villages, but the retreat was well managed, and the mutineers had suffered too severely to have stomach for more fighting that day.

In the last two fights in these villages, we lost twenty-four officers and three hundred and seventy-nine men killed and wounded. Now, to what purpose was this waste of life and limb? If the rebels were driven out to enable our engineers to destroy the houses and enclosures, and to open the villages to the sweep of our artillery, all well and good—it would have been a legitimate and prudent military operation; but then every available man should have been sent with spade and pickaxe, crowbar and mining tool, and the demolition

should have been conducted systematically. On some occasions bits of the villages were destroyed; but generally we retired as soon as the rebels had been driven within the city, and the General rested satisfied with that performance.

Coming out of action on the 14th, I overtook Captain Pollock of my old regiment, (the 35th) as he was being carried to camp frightfully wounded—a grape-shot had shattered the head of the bone of the right arm, where it fits into the socket. I took him off to the hospital of the 1st Fusiliers, and put him into the hands of Dr. Brougham, the surgeon of the regiment, and one of the most skilful in camp. In a few minutes the doctor, with his assistant, Dr. Charles, took him in hand; and although he was not their patient, and their work was most severe, these two noble-hearted men, seeing only suffering human nature wanting their help, without further question operated on the wounded officer, bestowed on him all necessary attentions, and, in a few minutes, sent him off to his own tent.

The sight of the hospital filled with brave men, all wounded, mutilated, and suffering, racked by pain, tormented by the great heat and by millions of flies, faint, exhausted, and helpless as children, pained the heart and made me question more seriously than ever the prudence of these almost constant battles in the villages, in which

we were day after day engaged. Yet it was delightful to see the tender care with which the doctors ministered amongst them, and the general patience and cheerfulness with which their sufferings were borne by the strong men, who, in the period of their greatest vigour, were thus suddenly laid low. The greatest source of discomfort to our soldiers, which amounted, indeed, to absolute torment, was the flies, which bred in millions upon millions from the carcases of men and beasts that strewed the earth round our camp; the natives said they "had drunk blood, had fattened, and multiplied."

When I relieved the field-officer of the day on the 17th, he told me there was a report from the Metcalfe picket, that the rebels were driving a mine under the picket-house, in consequence of which he himself had gone there and had heard the sound of the miner's pick very distinctly. I went down instantly, and certainly the blows of some instrument were distinct enough. With the officer commanding the picket I examined the ravine immediately in front of the building, and saw at once that to drive a gallery under it would be impossible; for it would be below the level of the river, which was now rising, swollen by the periodical rains. As the noise might have been caused by the stamping of the horses, I had them removed to some distance, but it still continued. There was a tradition of an under-

ground passage from the Metcalfe-house to the Palace, and the soldiers, having got hold of it, would not be convinced but that the rebels were working a mine under their feet. So I reported the matter, and the General ordered the engineers to examine into it, as a panic might arise from even more slender materials than the sound of a miner's pick. The engineers came down, sank a shaft, listened, looked about, and were satisfied that no gallery was being made. Still, however, the knocking continued, and all were completely puzzled. The idea of a tunnel was simply ridiculous, for, unless arched and cemented like the Thames tunnel, it would be under water half the year. Unfortunately the inquiry into this matter was destined to have a tragical termination.

On the night of the 19th, Captain T. M. Greensill, attached to the Engineer department, went down with a party of H.M.'s 75th, under Lieutenant Wadeson, to examine a large ravine, considerably nearer to Delhi, to ascertain if the rebels were endeavouring to work a mine from thence, as it was just possible they might. The party was divided into three—one to go along each bank of the ravine, and Captain Greensill, with the third, to proceed along the bottom, and thoroughly examine it. The utmost caution was necessary, for they had to pass close to a wall,

behind which the rebels usually had a picket. It was agreed that each party should keep up its communication with the other by a low whistle. All went well for a time, but as the party next the city approached the upper end of the ravine, suddenly from behind a bush rose a figure in white — in which the rebels always dressed. Lieutenant Wadeson instantly challenged the disturber, and on receiving no reply, snatched a musket from one of his soldiers and fired. Then with his men he ran down the side of the ravine and joined the party on the farther bank. There was, however, neither answering shot nor pursuit. Captain Greensill meanwhile was missed, and the party returned to the ravine, whence presently a faint voice was heard uttering, in a tone of entreaty, the words, "Oh, don't leave me!" With grave doubts in their minds they went towards the spot, and found poor Captain Greensill wounded and dying. Contrary to agreement, he had left the bottom and had ascended the bank; his coat, originally dyed ash-colour, had washed white, and from his omitting to reply to the challenge, he had deceived Mr. Wadeson, who was considered free from all blame. Why Captain Greensill left the bottom of the ravine, and neglected to reply to the challenge, remains a mystery. I was deeply grieved at his death, for I knew him intimately, and highly esteemed him.

The origin of the noise was subsequently discovered. It had been caused by a man on the bank of the river, quite three quarters of a mile distant, chopping wood under the city wall. The picket-house was built on ground made of the rubble from the Metcalfe-house, but in what way it acted to carry the sound I am unable to decide.

On the 19th we received the first intelligence of the Cawnpore tragedy—of Wheeler's capitulation and destruction—an event the news of which caused great depression of spirits in camp, and, as a natural consequence, gave an impetus to cholera. One regiment, the 8th, I think, suffered so much more than others that its camp was shifted. The strictest attention was paid to all camp arrangements; and as depression of spirits is one of the greatest promoters of this most mysterious disease, the General directed that, in order to cheer and enliven the men, one of the regimental bands should play every morning in the centre of the camp. This had a very beneficial effect. The men of different regiments met together and had an hour's pleasant chat, which brightened them up, and was far better for them than sitting in their tents, gloomy and dull, blessing (?) the heat, the flies, and the Pandies, an occupation that was a certain shoeing-horn for cholera.

The rebels, taking alarm at something, to-

wards morning on the 22nd, opened a heavy cannonade upon nothing, accompanied by a brisk fire of small arms, which lasted for some time, and then subsided.

When not on duty, and there was nothing going on, I used to visit my wounded friend, Captain Pollock, and cheer him up a little. On the 23rd, I went, as usual, at sunrise, and he lent me his glass, a small but good one. Returning by the Flagstaff Tower, the glitter as of a sword in the bushes beyond the Metcalfe grounds caught my eye. I rode down to the yellow house, just beyond the entrance to these grounds, got a hoist up on to the roof by one of Coke's men on duty there, and in a short time saw a large body of rebels, with a number of guns, amongst the trees and around a house called Ludlow Castle. I reported the discovery at once to head-quarters, and as it completely tallied with the information of our spies, that the rebels were that morning to attack the Metcalfe picket in force, and establish a battery at Ludlow Castle, Brigadier Showers was sent with a body of troops to dislodge them, and, if possible, to capture their guns.

As soon as we came in contact with the rebels they opened fire on us from some guns just outside the city gate of the Metcalfe grounds. Seeing this, Brigadier Showers sent me with an

order to the officer commanding the picket, desiring him to proceed with his men to the upper gate, where he was to rush out, take the guns in flank, and capture them. After delivering the order I returned to the Brigadier, and then, provided with two companies of Fusiliers under Captain Greville, proceeded to aid in clearing the gardens just beyond the Metcalfe grounds. As Coke, with his rifles, was sweeping through the gardens on the bank of the river, we should be in communication with him, and should clear all before us. This operation was speedily effected and we were retiring, when I saw two of Coke's men coming along, carrying Captain Law, who had just been killed. I stopped to help them, and was stooping to take the men's muskets, when I was struck full on the left breast with a musket-ball, fired at thirty-five paces distance. The blow was so violent that I was nearly knocked off my horse, and for some seconds I could not breathe, the blood rushing from my mouth in foam. I naturally thought I was "done for;" but as soon as my breath came again I opened my clothes, and, on examination, ascertained the course of the ball. Seeing that no air issued from the wound, I secured my sword and pistol, and dismounting from my horse, led him over a broken wall I had just before crossed, and was on the point of falling headlong in a faint, when the two men I had tried to help took me under

the arms, and, after several halts, got me to the Metcalfe picket. The men there ran forward on seeing me: one gave me a drop of rum and water, which revived me; others got out a charpoy (native bedstead), and carrying me off, put me into the first doolie they saw. Outside the Metcalfe grounds I observed Hodson, and got him called. He looked much concerned, and galloped off at once to camp, so that when I reached our tent I found the doctor waiting and everything ready. I was speedily stripped, examined, bandaged, and laid down. The ball had struck on a rib, fractured it, driven it down on the lung, which was a good deal injured, and then, sliding over the rib, had passed out behind at the back. Dr. Mactier told Hodson that I was not on any account to speak or to be spoken to for a week, as my recovery depended on perfect silence. On the third day the bleeding from the lung ceased, and doctor said that, if I did not cough, I should do well. I owe as much to Dr. Mactier's skill, patience, and kindness, as any wounded man ever owed to any doctor; and I take this opportunity to acknowledge it.

Hodson's care for me I shall never forget. He watched and tended me with the affection of a brother; he anticipated all my wants, prevented me from speaking, and carefully excluded everyone from the tent.

The rebels were perfectly quiet on the night

of the 23rd, and all the 24th. They did not fire half-a-dozen shots, greatly to the benefit of all the wounded, to whom quiet was essential. This state of inaction continued to the end of the month. Perhaps the torrents of rain that fell may have helped to keep them quiet; but undoubtedly they had lost heart, for since the 8th of June the Delhi force had defeated them in twenty-four different engagements.

On the 1st of August the doctor took the embargo off my tongue and allowed me a moderate use of it. I began by thanks to Hodson, and then went on to queries about camp matters. The rebels, who had been perfectly quiet, had sent out a large body of troops the night before, as it was supposed, to our rear, but their whereabouts had not yet been discovered. The torrents of rain that had fallen during the week had sweetened the air somewhat, and with the sanitary measures adopted by the General, and the rest and quiet of the last few days, had to some extent checked the cholera, and the men were more cheerful and hopeful. Captain Pollock was doing well; so were Chamberlain, Beecher, Daly, and many others after whom I inquired.

The 1st of August was the Mahomedan Festival of Bukra Eed.[1] On this occasion, which is so

[1] A festival in honour of Abraham's sacrifice of a ram instead of his son.

religiously observed by all of this creed, there was no end of salutes fired in the city. In the evening the rebels made an attack on our batteries, and continued firing all night; but as our men were carefully kept under cover of the trenches, our loss was small. In the morning we learnt that a body of 6000 rebels, who left the city on the evening of the 31st, had gone out to Bussaee, where they effected temporary repairs to the bridge, and crossed to the village of Madhoopore, with the intention of marching to Alipore on the trunk road, to intercept a convoy coming down to us with powder, shot, shell, and money. The tremendous fall of rain, however, during the night, caused the Nujufgurh Jheel to rise, and such floods of water to rush down the cut, that the enemy were obliged to retreat precipitately, to prevent themselves from being cut off from Delhi. Their last gun had scarcely re-crossed the bridge when that imperfectly repaired structure was swept away by the flood, by which some of the materials were carried down to our camp. The retreat of the discomfited 6000 was covered by the demonstration against our batteries, and the heavy cannonade that was opened on them from the walls.

It was a merciful interposition of Providence on our behalf that appointed the time at which the

mutiny broke out. At first, it seemed terrible to have to endure for days the fierce heat of the sun and wind, to be struck down by it as by the bullets of the rebels, and then to be drenched by torrents of rain, in which, night and day, we were constantly obliged to stand prepared to repel the attacks of our inveterate foes. We did not consider at first that the rain, which was sent in more than usual abundance, was our great friend, which, by filling the Jumna on one side and the canal on the other, formed as it were a wall to the right and left of our only line of communication with the Punjaub, and with the source of our supplies, guarding it for us more effectually than many thousand men could have done. And this invaluable service it rendered us at the very time when we most needed it—when the rebels were at their strongest, and we at our weakest. Had the mutiny broken out in the cold weather, when river and canal were both low and the country dry, the rebels would have made many and more vigorous attempts to get to our rear; but now, with the streams full and the land flooded, a march across the country was rendered impracticable, whilst we had the fine, hard, metalled road to march by, to protect our rear. Everyone in camp now saw how the rains had baffled the rebels; and regarding them in their true light,

were thankful for the abundance in which they had poured upon us.

I was sent out on the 20th in command of a column to drive the rebels out of the gardens and buildings in Subzee Mundee, and then to search the great mass of gardens from that place up to the point where the canal crossed the cut from the Jheel, for some batteries the rebels were supposed to be erecting for the purpose of enfilading our camp. The batteries were mythical, and we had only a bit of a skirmish with some fellows who followed us; but as we went through the gardens I had time to observe them, and they at once struck me as being one of the sources of the unhealthiness of the cantonments. They were filled with great trees growing most luxuriantly, and so thick and close together, that, except where the broadest walks existed, or roads were made between the gardens, the rays of the sun could not possibly penetrate, or the wind either. From this vast thicket of trees an inconceivable quantity of foliage fell every year, and lay rotting on the ground—the garden-soil being, in fact, a mass of vegetable mould. In several places I saw regular swamps from the overflowing of the canal or from the rain, and anyone can imagine that in the hot weather and rains this mass of decaying vegetable matter, and these swamps, heating

and fermenting, must generate malaria, and carry disease and death to the cantonment, which is directly to leeward, where the wind blows from the west. We did not suffer so much as we expected, because the gardens were not watered from the time the mutiny broke out, and when the rains set in, the wind blew constantly from the east, and carried the malaria away from us. One half of the trees in these gardens should be destroyed, and the soil turned over.

Whilst lying helpless on my couch Hodson used to tell me all the news from the town, and we generally discussed its bearing on our prospects, which seemed to me to become brighter each day.

Toorab Ali, in one of the news-letters before mentioned, dated the 3rd August, said:—"The Neemuch troop that showed great courage and resolution have now lost all hope of gaining any advantage over the English batteries. The men of the Neemuch troops waited on the King and complained that when assistance was required by them in battle the other troops did not afford it, and that for this reason the English moorchas (batteries) on the puharree (ridge) were not captured. The King was much vexed to hear this; he greatly reproached the other troops, used the most abusive terms towards them, and said—'That they had ruined the house of Timoor to

an extent unparalleled by any state to which it had been reduced in former times. If they had resolved to rebel against the English, could they find no place to go to but Delhi?' The King said further—'That he was a Fakeer, and passing his life in his retreat, but they had brought about the loss of daily bread to himself and his family.' To this the rebels said in reply—'That they wanted one week more—they would go to Alipore by way of Nujufgurh, for without going there they could not ensure success.'"

The rebels, with the King at their head, were already paying the penalty of their base treachery, their cruel and relentless murders. The city was rightly named by the soldiers "Pandemonium." The different leaders of the mutineers, jealous of each other, could not or would not act in concert, the tie of a common and imminent danger could not bind them together, neither could they or their followers suppress or mitigate for the common good their mutual religious prejudices and fanaticism. The rebel sepoys, rich with the plunder of our treasures, and loth to spend their wealth, grumbled for pay. The King, destitute of all resources, and having nothing to give, continually put them off, telling them they must first storm and capture the English batteries.

Each rebel sepoy carried in a purse round his

waist the gold he had purchased with his share of our plundered treasures; an amount of money which not only made them unwilling to risk their lives in battle, but inspired them with fear and suspicion of each other. No man, indeed, who had more cash than he could carry in a purse round his loins dared lose sight of it for a moment. The merchants, bankers, and others who were supposed to be rich, had their houses successively broken open and plundered by their own countrymen, and the whole city was filled with violence, rapine, and murder. Many a sepoy, while rejoicing in the possession of his illegally-acquired gold, was quietly knocked on the head by his comrades for the sake of the purse he carried round his waist.

The state of the wounded, of whom there were great numbers, was reported to be frightful; hundreds were dying for want of proper attention; there were no surgeons to perform the necessary operations or prescribe the proper medicines, and no one to give food or water to the sufferers. The limbs of some were rotting off with gangrene, the wounds of others were filled with maggots from neglect, poisoning the air around with the frightful stench; and whilst many in their delirium were calling for the "Doctor Sahib," or their "Kuptan" (Captain), all were bitterly lamenting the treachery of

which they had been guilty, and contrasting in misery and despair their present lamentable state with the comfort they had enjoyed, and the care that had been taken of them under the Government they had rebelled against, and by the officers they had so cruelly and treacherously murdered.

The old King, too, was in despair, and scraps of his poetry—for he aspired to be called a poet—were sent to us by Toorab Ali, which showed the state of his mind at different periods of the revolt, and during his short elevation to that giddy height where he found himself so uncomfortable. In the early part of the mutiny, when the rebel troops were pouring into the city, and hopes of dominion were high, he wrote scornfully—

"Iran nuh kooch-keea nuh kooch keea Ahil-i-Roos ne,
Angrez ko tubah keea kartoos ne."

"'Twas not the Persian nor the Russian foe,
A greased cartouche wrought for the British woe."

But at a later period, when hope began to leave him, he says—

"Fouj ne akur ger leea chyne geea aram geea,
Jee ka jan. tyr geea hy soobha geea ya sham geea."

"The army came and surrounded me; pleasure is gone, ease is gone,
The departure of my soul has been delayed; in the evening or morning it may be gone."

There is not much poetry in this jingle of

words, but they are at least sufficient to show the different phases of the old King's feelings.

On the 7th of August there was a tremendous explosion in the city, and next day, when our spies came in, we learnt that a powder manufactory had blown up, destroying four hundred people. This calamity—for such it was, even though it happened to our foes—was most probably the result of carelessness. The rebels were in a state of great alarm and excitement, and, like wasps whose nest has been disturbed, were ready to sting any one. They suspected that the explosion had been contrived by Ahsoon Ali, the King's prime minister, in order to favour our cause, and in their exasperation they flew at his house, which they plundered and burnt to the ground, breaking into and robbing also at the same time twenty other houses. Ahsoon Ali escaped and took refuge in the palace. A letter written by Rujub Ali, the joint production of Hodson and himself, was found in Ahsoon Ali's house, which strengthened the suspicions against him. Bukht Khan, with the Bareilly mutineers, surrounded the palace, confined to it the King, Murza Moghul, his son, and Zeenut Muhul, the queen, and demanded the surrender of Ahsoon Ali. But the 60th and 72nd Native Infantry, on duty in the palace, closed the gates, and declared that if any insult or violence was offered either to the King or to the

other persons who resided in it, they would no longer fight against the English. The other rebels on this threatened to disarm these regiments, but they kept firm, and eventually the suspicion of the mutineers was directed to another quarter.

On the 9th of August, Brigadier John Nicholson arrived in camp, having preceded his column by some days. The rebels had established a battery at Ludlow Castle (a castellated house not far from the Cashmere gate of the city), which annoyed us so much that the General determined on attacking it. A column composed of H.M.'s 75th, the 1st and 2nd Fusiliers, part of Coke's Rifles, and four horse-artillery guns, moved out silently before daylight on the 12th, Brigadier Showers commanding. As soon as the column got on to the road leading past the Metcalfe grounds to the Cashmere gate, the 1st Fusiliers were sent off to the right of the road—three companies in extended order, the rest of the regiment in support. The whole now moved on silently. Presently the skirmishers (1st Fusiliers) came on the rebel sentry, who challenged. The reply was a bullet through him. The skirmishers now wheeled a little to the left, opened fire on the surprised Pandies, and made a rush at the guns, which, after a short mêlée, became our possession, the rebels not having had time to fire more than two or three shots. The guns were

brought into camp in triumph, but they were not captured without loss. Brigadier Showers was severely wounded, with Major Coke, Lieutenants Innes and Maunsel, Captains Greville and Owen (1st Fusiliers) and about one hundred men; but it was a well-planned and well-executed attack—it freed us from a serious annoyance, and still further disheartened the rebels.

On the 14th, Nicholson's column marched into camp—a splendid addition of 4200 men to our small force.

Despair now began to settle down on the rebels in the city, on their leaders, and on the shahzadas (princes). They had heard of the defeat of the Nana, and of Havelock's entry into Cawnpoor; they knew that troops in considerable numbers were coming up from Calcutta; that Nicholson, whose name had spread far and wide, had arrived in our camp with a large reinforcement; that the hill tribes about Peshawer and on our north-west frontier, instead of assisting them by keeping our troops employed in that direction, were flocking to our standard in hundreds; that nearly all the Poorbeah troops (sepoys) in the Punjaub had been disarmed and were prisoners or annihilated; and that a powerful battering train was coming down from Ferozepoor.

From their numerous spies in our camp, they could derive no comforting intelligence. These

men must have marked and reported the wide difference between the misrule, disorder, and increasing despondency in the city, and the order and regularity in our camp; the enthusiasm of men and officers; their courage and devotion; their loyalty to each other; their perfect subordination, and the unhesitating way in which every command was obeyed by high and low. They saw, too, that this compact force, formidable from the numbers of the dreaded and now vengeful gora log (white men—English soldiers) it contained, was swayed by one arm and governed by one will. Every soul in Delhi knew that John Lawrence directed the storm that was gathering around them, and the cold dread shadow of the coming event was creeping over the shuddering city.

A look through our camp would have shaken the courage of the boldest and most confident rebel. It was no longer a collection of tents half filled with men overcome by fatigue, depressed by constant harassing duty, and sickening into cholera, but filled with English soldiers, all cheerful and confident, all life and activity. Our increased numbers and the exertions of our engineers had diminished the amount of duty the men had to perform, and the consequence was that they had improved in health and spirits. Our camp, indeed, was a curious and instructive

sight, from the variety of tribes that were represented in the regiments lately sent down from the Punjaub. These were men who had not only been openly in arms against us, but whose tribes had always been our enemies. Yet here were they, our natural foes, fighting in our cause against our natural friends—against our own trained soldiers, who had revolted against the Government that had fed them, and had ever treated them and their families with anxious kindness and consideration!

Amongst the tribes represented were Beloochees, Seikhs and Puthans, Hazarahs and Khyberrics, Affreedees and Swatees, Affghans and Moguls. Even in the uniforms of their respective regiments, the men were easily distinguishable by the characteristic features of their tribe. Hodson's men were mostly Seikhs, tall and slender, yet wiry and strong; their clothes of ash colour, with waistband, turban, and distinguishing sash over the left shoulder, all of bright crimson. The complexions of these men were mostly fair; many of them were of good family; some of them old and tried soldiers, and all, without exception, had a serviceable and military appearance.

Contrasting with these were Coke's men, more wild-looking and picturesque, with their wide-made trousers, often gathered up at the knee,

their ash-coloured upper garments, enormous waistbands, voluminous turbans of dark blue, and brown leather accoutrements. Their lofty stature, long flowing locks, bright sparkling black eyes, sandalled feet, and bold, confident look, would have made them remarkable anywhere.

Another sight in camp that would have afforded an instructive lesson to the rebels was that of the artillery park, filled with guns captured from the mutineers themselves. In fact, our position before Delhi was so much improved, we were so evidently getting the better of the revolted sepoys, that the barometer of loyalty began to rise in the neighbouring country, and the head men of villages came flocking into camp to pay their respects to the civil officers.

Hodson returned to camp on the 24th from a successful raid against the disaffected Ranghurs in the Rohtuck district. With a small force of 336 sabres he first of all destroyed, at the village of Kurkhunda, a party of mutineers of the Irregular Cavalry; then, marching on Rohtuck, he attacked, with that promptitude, decision, and courage that mark a born soldier, a body of 2000 men who came against him, and completely defeated them. This brilliant action quite cowed the whole country, in which, as he quaintly said, "it had a wonderfully calming effect."

Our news-letters and spies from Delhi mean-

while informed us that a very strong body of rebels was about to leave the city, to attempt the capture of our battering-train coming down from Umballa; and on the 24th we learnt that 6000 men, with sixteen guns, had marched, under Bukht Khan and Sirdhara Sing, by way of Nujufgurh. Nicholson was immediately sent out with an efficient force to meet the rebels. The English general took with him 700 cavalry, 1200 infantry, and three troops of horse artillery. He marched at 4 A.M. on the 25th, and getting through the flooded country, reached the high ground at a village called Nungloor at 10 A.M. After a halt to refresh his men he started again, and at 4 P.M. came upon the rebels, strongly posted near the town of Nujufgurh, on the banks of the cut from the lake.

Nicholson made instant arrangements for attacking the enemy, from whom he was separated by a branch of the Delhi canal. He sent over some skirmishers and guns to occupy their attention whilst he crossed the stream with the main body. The baggage was left in the rear, under the protection of a guard. The rebels were in line from the bridge over the cut from the lake to the town of Nujufgurh. Forming up his troops, he attacked a serai on the enemy's right front, which they had strongly occupied with infantry and guns. Advancing to within

short range, the troops delivered one effective volley, charged the mutineers, carried the serai, and captured the guns by which it was mounted. Nicholson then re-formed his troops, and charged the right of the enemy, who were instantly in full retreat over the bridge, leaving their guns in possession of our troops. In the meantime, Coke's regiment having cleared the town of Nujufgurh of such parties of the rebels as occupied it, wheeled round and attacked the village of Naglee, in front of the hostile camp. The sepoys, who were here surrounded, fought desperately; but on the 61st being sent to aid the attack, they were speedily overcome, and sought safety in flight, leaving in the hands of the victors their guns, ammunition, tents, and baggage. In their retreat, they managed, with some difficulty, to get two guns across the bridge, and these were brought to bear on our engineers whilst they were destroying it. They were, however, soon silenced, the bridge blown up, and Nicholson, destroying all he could not carry off, returned in triumph to camp, bringing with him thirteen captured guns.

This glorious victory put a stop to all further attempts on the part of the rebels to get to our rear, and without further delay or interruption our engineers commenced to push on vigorously their preparations for an attack in due form

on the fortifications of the ancient city of the Great Mogul.

I heard several good stories of Nicholson's fight, but select the following, as it shows a little bit of the native character. A rebel native officer was overtaken in his flight from the field by a man of Green's Punjaub regiment. The fellow immediately went down on his knees in the midst of a pool of water, and putting up his hands, roared out "I've been forty years in the Company's service, and thirteen years a subadar; spare my life!" With an execration, and a term of abuse that will not bear repeating, the Punjabee thrust his bayonet into the traitor.

Our engineers' park was now a scene of activity, scarcely equalled by that famous simile for busy work—an ant-hill. I had an easy old gig in camp, in which I used to go about for an airing, generally accompanied by some brother cripple, my syce (groom) leading the horse. The engineers' park was a favourite resort; it was a pleasure to watch the gabions and fascines accumulating in thousands, and to regard each stroke of chopping, hammering, or sawing as cutting a chip out of the stone walls of the rebel city. It put life and spirits into us, and was a better tonic than any doctor's stuff.

Cholera still ravaged our camp, the 52nd and

61st regiments now seeming to be the greatest sufferers. The hospitals were frightfully full of men attacked by this alarming disease, which, though not in the present case of a very malignant character, was severe enough to cause very serious uneasiness in regard to its progress and probable results.

Before I close this chapter, I must mention that in the middle of July I caught a fellow from the city prowling about camp with three musket-barrels in his hands, showing the different methods of converting our percussion muskets into flint or matchlock.

CHAPTER VII.

Battering Train arrives—Prize promised—Prize Agents appointed—Lord Canning—Six Months' Batta—Soldiers' Opinion of it—Batteries completed—Breach Practicable—*14th* of September—Storm Delhi—Part of the City captured—Nicholson killed—Daily Progress—The Palace taken, and British Colours hoisted—Hodson captures the King—His Sons, the Princes, shot—Prize Agency—Go on Sick Leave to Simla.

ON the 1st of September my wound was quite healed, but greatly to my surprise and disgust, so far from being able to return to duty, I could not make the least exertion without intolerable pain. To stand or sit in the sun, or to walk, was to thrust a red-hot iron along the course of the ball, and to make the left side of my chest one great pain. I was very weak still, so was kept, perforce, on the doctor's list.

On the 4th of September the long-expected battery train arrived in camp, with an ample supply of shot, shell, and powder for all our pieces. The train was small, twenty-four guns and mortars, but with those we already possessed sufficient for the work. The activity in the engineers' camp was now pushed to the utmost. Large working parties were furnished daily, and

all the material for trenches and batteries was accumulated with great rapidity.

As it was necessary to take every precaution possible, that, when we stormed the city, the soldiers should not stray in search of plunder, the General promised that all the captured property should be prize, and prize agents were consequently selected and appointed. If ever such a precaution was necessary, and such a promise justifiable, it was on this occasion, when we were about to throw a small force of about 4,500 men into a city seven miles in circumference—a perfect maze of narrow, tortuous streets and gullies, abounding in strong, well-built blocks of houses and courtyards, where we might expect the defence would be obstinate and the slaughter on both sides great, and where every man we could muster, and every exertion we could make, would be requisite to enable us to master the hosts of fighting men that still garrisoned the city, and who were now rendered desperate by the knowledge that they were contending with the prospect before them of death by the hangman's cord if defeated.

Yet weeks afterwards Lord Canning, who seemed to rush from blunder to blunder, decided against the prize, and gave us instead six months' batta. This provoked the wrath and scorn of the soldiers; one of whom subsequently

chalked upon the walls of the palace—"Delhi taken and India saved for thirty-six rupees, ten annas, or one rupee, one anna, per battle."

This was reported to Calcutta, and "My Lord" or his stupid adviser, stung to the quick, directed every exertion to be made to find out the author of the pasquinade. Of course no one would "peach." When the batta was distributed, some of the soldiers, as soon as they got out of the presence of their captain, dashed their thirty-six rupees, ten annas, on the ground in rage and disgust, a stronger feeling having been excited by the conduct of the Government in this matter than "My Lord" imagined.

On the night of the 7th, 1,300 men in working and covering parties, were sent down with the engineers to open trenches and erect the first siege-battery against the walls of Delhi. The spot selected was in advance of a "Sammy-house," below Hindoo Raos, and 700 yards from the Moree Bastion. The battery was constructed in two divisions, and opened fire on the morning of the 9th. Then, in succession, the grounds of Ludlow Castle and the Koodsia Bagh (garden) were seized, and from the latter the engineers pushed on, without approaches or works of any kind, to the Old Custom-house, within 160 yards of the walls. The rebels, little anticipating a move of such cool audacity, had neither destroyed

nor occupied the buildings; and when they heard our parties at work, and found out the mistake they had committed, they turned on them every gun they could get to bear, but were too late; our engineers held on with the tenacity of bull-dogs, deliberately completed the battery to their liking, and constructed such works as were necessary for its defence. I must not omit to notice that on the 8th we were reinforced by the Jummoo contingent of 2,500 men with four guns, sent by their young chief to aid in the attack on Delhi.

On the 12th the whole of the batteries were completed and in full play on the different points intended to be breached or shelled. The parapet for a considerable distance to the right and left of the breaches was speedily knocked off, each separate block of masonry rarely requiring more than two well-planted shots to demolish it completely, and on the evening of the 13th the breaches seemed to be in such a state of forwardness as to justify an examination.

Accordingly at dusk, Lieutenants Greathed, Home, Medley, and Lang of the Engineers, proceeded to execute their dangerous mission. As the hour struck ten the batteries ceased firing, and the four, slipping out of the gardens with a small covering party of the 60th Rifles, crept forward to the edge of the glacis, Greathed and

Horne going to the water, Medley and Lang to the Cashmere bastions. A ladder was quietly lowered; the two latter officers descended and found themselves on the edge of the ditch, and would soon have been at the top of the breach, but the enemy heard them, and several came running towards it. Medley and Lang could see that the breach was practicable; so, after waiting some time in hopes that the enemy would take their departure, they rose and ran back, followed by a volley, which fortunately hurt no one. Greathed and Horne returned also, and the state of the breaches was quickly reported to head-quarters.

The assault was instantly ordered for daybreak. The several columns for this event had already been told off, and the officers to command them had been instructed by the General himself as to what they were expected to do. At the hour appointed the troops were at their stations. No. 1 column, under Nicholson, to assault the Cashmere bastion; No 2, under Colonel W. James, to assault the Water bastion; No. 3, under Colonel G. Campbell, to enter by the Cashmere gate, which was to be blown open by the engineers. A fourth column, under Major Reid, of the Goorkahs, was to attack Kissengunge; and a fifth, under Brigadier Longfield, formed the reserve.

In the early dawn I went up to the Mosque picket, in company with Colonel Beecher, Quartermaster General, and several other wounded officers. From thence we had a view of the Cashmere bastion, and there, in anxiety and suspense, we waited for the explosion at the Cashmere gate. Minutes elapsed, the quarters of hours struck, daylight succeeded to dawn, and the sun rose, but still the long-expected explosion did not take place. Everyone was asking what could cause the delay? Was there any failure? Our batteries had ceased firing, and the smoke, pressed down by a heavy dew, hung above the ground like a thick fog, so that we could see nothing but the crest of the parapet, and a small portion of the Cashmere bastion. The suspense became perfectly painful, and we began to fear that during the night the rebels had been working at the breaches, and had succeeded in rendering them impracticable. Whilst we were discussing the matter, and forming all sorts of conjectures, a thick cloud of white smoke burst up from the Cashmere gate, followed by a dull, hollow sound, which in its turn was succeeded by a very faintly-heard din and a rattle of musketry. The smoke and mist shut out all view of what had taken place; but in a few minutes, as the sun rose higher, the atmosphere cleared, and looking through our glasses with straining

eyes, we could just catch a glimpse of our men, as we thought, rushing along the ramparts, near the Cashmere gate. Immediately after, from out of the Lahore gate, the Pandies came streaming in hundreds towards Kissengunge—a circumstance that augured badly for Reid's column, which might be overmatched.

I could not stand it any longer, and, as no one seemed inclined to follow me, I set off alone to get to the city by the Cashmere gate. I had got on my revolver; the morning was pretty cool; the slope of the ridge favoured me; and by resting now and then, I got down to the plain. There I saw the cavalry under Hope Grant drawn up so as to front the rebels in Kissengunge, and keep them from operating in our rear. I could hear the balls rattling amongst the lancers, and now and then going with a thud into horse or man. I found the approach to the gate filled with a battery and horses, with spare ammunition, waiting whilst the engineers repaired the bridge. Lieut. Home and Salkeld of the Engineers, with Sergeants Carmichael, Burgess, and Smith, and Bugler Hawthorne, of the 52nd, accompanied by eight native Sappers and miners under Havildar Madhoo, had boldly advanced at sunrise, crossed the beams of the bridge, of which the planking had been removed, and in broad daylight, without a particle of

cover, and in the very face of the enemy, had laid their powder-bags, and successfully blown open the gate. The enemy were so daunted by this daring act, that when they saw Home advancing, they hastily shut the wicket, and he and his men laid the bags and jumped down into the ditch unhurt. Salkeld was not so fortunate. The rebels, recovering from their panic, fired on him from the top of the gateway, and he fell. Sergeant Burgess caught up the port-fire, but was shot dead. Carmichael fired the fuse, and fell, mortally wounded. Sergeant Smith, finding the fuse was lighted, threw himself into the ditch, and instantly the gate was burst open with a tremendous crash. Bugler Hawthorne immediately sounded the advance, and in a few minutes the column rushed forward with a loud cheer into the gateway, and met the other columns that had carried their respective breaches without much loss.

The names of these brave engineers deserve to be chronicled by everyone who talks or writes about Delhi. Their conduct in this hazardous affair was as bold as that exhibited in any warlike exploit of which I ever read and unmatched for cool daring.

So far all had gone well. The assault had been successful, and we were in possession of the extensive work forming the main guard, with

the open space behind it; but those who have read the celebrated siege of Saragossa will know that the defensive capabilities of walled towns do not depend on the ramparts only. Every strong, well-built house, every church or temple, every walled enclosure, every public building, is a separate fortress that must be stormed, while each narrow street, each tortuous lane and winding gully, are passes that can only be forced with a constantly increasing expenditure of life; and all these separate actions, little by little, swell the casualties to the dimensions of a general action, and often, very often, exceed it. Delhi was eminently a city of this description. As I crossed the bridge into the Cashmere gate, I saw on the right hand, in an angle outside the gate, a very fair man chained to a stake. He was dead, and partly scorched or burnt. I never heard who he was. He may have been the Cashmeree mentioned by Cave Brown as having been caught in the city dressed up in English clothes, handcuffed and shackled, and paraded through the streets as the veritable John Lawrence, to give confidence to the rebels. To me he seemed to be some luckless English soldier who might have fallen wounded into the hands of the enemy, who, with that ingenuity in cruelty which the natives frequently display, may have chained him in that spot that he might be shot to death by his own countrymen.

As soon as the different columns gained the interior, the open space behind the breaches was at once cleared, and the rebels were driven out of St. James's church, the college and gardens, the civil courts and Skinner's house, which were taken possession of at once by our troops. Nicholson, with his column, turned off to the right, and entered the narrow road that goes all round the city below the ramparts, capturing as he went along, and taking possession of bastions, martello-towers, houses, and enclosures, and holding them, if of any strategic value, or making them over to detachments from the reserve.

The Moree bastion and the Cabool gate were captured, and after a long delay at the latter, Nicholson advanced again and approached the Burn bastion, which is close to the Lahore gate. I borrow the following description of what took place at this juncture from the narrative of a friend by whom it was written, and published in *Blackwood.*

"The lane up which our braves had to charge was tolerably straight, about twelve feet wide, but narrowed in places by projecting buttresses or towers with parapets, and these small buildings narrowed the roadway where they were to about three feet. The rampart also of which they formed, as it were, a part was obstructed by them, for above they were constructed so as to form guard-houses, in which a few men could be

sheltered from the weather. The city side of the lane was bounded by houses with flat roofs and parapets, and all these points were strongly occupied by the enemy, now returned in great force.

"About 160 yards up this formidable bastion was a brass field-gun, pointing straight in the line of advance, and about a hundred yards in rear of this was a second, which commanded the first. Behind both was a bullet-proof screen; and, as it were projecting from without the wall, was the Burn bastion, armed with heavy field-pieces, and capable of containing a thousand men. Our men charged up to and took the first gun and advanced to within ten yards of the second, when the fire of grape and musketry, and showers of stones and round shot thrown by hand, was so severe, that none could stand it, and after seeking shelter as far as was possible in such a place, we were compelled to retire, and unable to bring off the captured gun. * * *

"After a long pause, the men were called on again to advance, and responded as British soldiers are ever wont. The first gun was again captured and spiked by Captain Greville, but a little beyond Major Jacob fell mortally wounded, and there, as the brave man lay, he still urged his men on against the foe. Captain Caulfield of the 3rd N.I., who on this day led the first company, tried to urge the men on, and

almost immediately, Captain Greville, who had been recalled from another street, advanced to the front and took command of the corps. Lieutenant Wemyss was about this time hit while advancing to the front and encouraging the men, and almost immediately Captains Greville, Caulfield, and Speke, with Lieutenants Woodcock and Butler, were wounded. General Nicholson also fell here with a mortal injury."

The column, finding it could do nothing in such a place, retired to the Cabool gate, which was held. In the meantime, Colonel G. Campbell with his column had penetrated as far as the Jumma Musjid, where, finding the massive doors closed, and the side arches walled up, and having no means of forcing them, being entirely unsupported, he too was obliged to fall back. The fatal mistake had been made of omitting to send with each column a party of sappers with powder-bags, and tools for breaking through houses and walls, and blowing open barricades, without which powerful adjuncts no troops should ever advance into an enemy's town. A couple of powder-bags would, this first day, have given us the Burn bastion and the Jumma Musjid, and saved the life of Nicholson and of other valuable officers. It was now decided to hold the part of the city captured, from the Cabool gate to the college gardens, and make a fresh attack

upon other parts of the town on the following day. Our loss in killed and wounded was sixty officers and 1,104 men. But long before Nicholson's death was known I returned to camp, so sick and faint that I was more than two hours returning, and when I got to my tent I felt as if I should never rise again from my bed.

No progress was made on the 15th. The soldiers had found out the vast stores of wine, beer, and brandy in the merchants' shops, and before they could be stopped had drunk so freely to quench their raging thirst, that the consequence was they were fit for nothing on the 15th, which was devoted to strengthening our position and preparing for an advance the next day. I must not omit to notice that the assault on Kissengunge was a failure, owing to the gallant Major Reed of the Goorkahs, who commanded, having been severely wounded early in the day; but it had fulfilled one intention of the General, that of creating a diversion in favour of the assault, preventing the rebels from operating in our rear and attacking our camp. Whilst I was in the Cashmere gateway, just after I entered, I saw some artillerymen who were on duty there rummaging about. While one of them was looking into a long arm-chest, he all at once slammed down the lid, seated himself upon it, and roared out, "Hi, Bill! run, be

sharp; here's a —— in the box." Bill lost no time in attending to his comrade's request, and others running up with him at the same moment, they pulled out of the box a fine powerful young sepoy, who was taken at once to the ditch and "disposed of" without further ceremony.

Captain Fagan of the Artillery having been killed, I was elected by the field-officers to be their prize agent in his room; and on the morning of the 16th I moved into the city and took up my quarters in Skinner's house with the head-quarters.

On the 16th, the magazine-wall was breached and stormed, and gallantly carried by H.M. 61st, the 4th Punjabees, and Coke's corps. Kissengunge, abandoned by the enemy, was occupied by us. On the 17th, the Delhi bank-house was captured. It had formerly belonged to Begum Sumroo, and was in the midst of a large garden filled with fine trees, and communicating with the main street of the city, the famous Chandnee Chouk. It was an important position.

On the 18th, between 9 and 10 A.M., there was an extensive eclipse of the sun, which was noticed whilst we were at breakfast. I feel convinced that this had great effect on the minds of the superstitious natives, for they now began to leave the city in streams, several strong posts of the enemy still holding out and firing vigorously to cover the retreat of the King and his family.

On the 19th, the Burn bastion was captured, and on the same day our troops, pushing on from house to house, got possession of everything from that position to the King's palace, which we soon prepared to breach.

Finally, on the morning of the 20th, the city in the direction of the palace seeming to be deserted, this was reported by myself and Captain —— to head quarters. Colonel, now Sir John Jones, came down with a column of sufficient strength, a powder-bag was applied, the palace gates were burst open, the few men left in it were slain, and the British flag was hoisted in triumph on the walls. That night our mess dinner was laid in the celebrated Dewan Khas. On entering the enclosure, the very first things I saw were my goats, that had been driven off by my servant, when he deserted on the 27th of June. The tents of one of the mutineer regiments were pitched in the enclosure, and many dead and dying rebels were found in them in a horrible state. The Dewan Khas is the marble building with which Moore, in his "Lalla Rookh," has taken liberties The interior room is the King's throne-room; and round the walls, above the arches, inlaid with black marble, are the celebrated words, "Ah! if there be an elysium on earth, it is this—it is this!" a literal translation of the Persian sentiment. I cannot say that it was

much of an elysium to the unfortunate King and the rebel sepoys. The shells from our mortars in the college-gardens and bank-house must have made it during the last few days an excessively uncomfortable one; and the habits of the late King, his family, and attendants rendered it a very dirty one. If all or a tenth part of what we heard regarding the crimes and profligacy of its inhabitants is true, instead of being called an elysium, it should have been named after the opposite quarter. The Dewan Khas is really a beautiful erection, built of white marble, on the lofty wall of the fortress, and overhanging the river, which, in the rainy season, washes its base. The plan of the building is simple, consisting of a central hall, with a very broad verandah all round, the four corners parted off by dividing arches from four separate rooms, when the screens are let down. The long verandah next the river is enclosed with glass in marble window-frames, to keep off the damp, and to afford shelter from the rain. The white marble, with which the Dewan Khas is built, is inlaid with coloured stones in flowers and arabesques. At the centre window was the celebrated block of crystal, which is now, I believe, in Windsor Castle—a splendid trophy—I do not know how many emperors have sat on it, or who placed it there—but I have an idea it could tell many a grand and awful tale, if

it could speak. The houses and huts in which the princes of the blood royal, with their wives and children, resided, were a perfect rabbit warren, so closely intermingled were they—built, apparently, without any plan or design, according to the exigencies of the family, and wherever a vacant patch of ground was available.

The exterior walls enclosing the palace buildings are sixty or seventy feet high. They are built of red sandstone, loophooled and crenelated, with fine round bastions at regular intervals, and, with the lofty gateway, make a noble and imposing appearance; but, by preventing a free circulation of air in this jumble of houses and huts, they necessarily have a deadly effect in seasons of sickness. The squalor and filth in the whole place was inconceivable. As none of the princes or descendants of the King could engage in any business, the pittance they had to live on was quite unequal to supply anything beyond the bare necessaries of life; and as none of the princesses could marry beneath them, and, equally with the princes, had no employment by which their time could be usefully occupied, the consequences may be imagined, but will not bear description.

On the 21st, and for many days following, people were employed in searching for and taking out of the town the numbers of dead that were

lying about in every direction, and were beginning to poison the air. The city, the cantonments, and the whole country about was a fearful charnel-house, and the foul state of the atmosphere was such as to be perfectly inconceivable by those who had never witnessed such a scene.

Hodson, having gained intelligence of the King's whereabouts, went, by General Wilson's permission, to Humayoon's tomb, to which the fugitive had retreated, and brought him in, with his favourite begum, Zeenut Muhul, and her son, Jumma Bukht, having first, by the General's authority, given them an assurance that their lives should be spared. It was a wise step, and, however distasteful it might have been to the General, it enabled us to get hold of the head of the rebellion. Delhi taken, and the King a prisoner, the effect would be startling over all India.

I find in my memoranda the following short notes of what took place at this time, and give them without addition or alteration:—On the next day—21st September—Hodson went out with 100 of his regiment to Humayoon's tomb and captured the three arch villains, the King's sons and grandson, who had caused the slaughter in Delhi of our poor countrymen, their wives and children. Hodson took possession of the gateway of the tomb, and sent in

one of the King's relatives to tell the princes that they must come out. After a long and terrible suspense—terrible, for there were several thousands of armed men in the tomb—they came out, and were at once recognised as Mirza Moghul, Mirza Aboo Bukr, and Mirza Kisr Sooltan—the last the grandson of the King.

As soon as the princes came out, Hodson put them into a native carriage, and sent them off under escort; then forming his troopers across the arch, he slowly drove back into the tomb the mob of people who had followed the princes. As soon as they were all inside, Hodson and Macdowell, his second in command, rode into the entrance, and called on the people to lay down their arms; which, after a little ticklish hesitation, they did. The arms were removed, put on carts, and sent off, and then Hodson galloped after the princes. He came up with them near Delhi. There was an immense crowd surging round them, which was increasing every moment, closing in and pressing on his men. Hodson stopped the ruth (carriage), and made the three prisoners descend. The wretches, seeing that something was about to happen, put up their hands and fell at his feet, begging that their lives might be spared, and that a tuqueeqāt (investigation) might be made into their conduct. All that he said was, "Choop ruho (be silent);

take off your upper garments;" and they did so.—"Get into the ruth!" They obeyed. Hodson then, putting out his hand, and taking a carbine from one of his men, shot Mirza Moghul, and immediately after the two others.

Then turning to his men, and addressing them and the people, he said, "These three men whom I have just shot are the three shahzadas (princes) who contrived and commenced the slaughter of our innocent women and children, and thus retributive vengeance has fallen on them." Hodson's men replied, "Now justice has been done," and the crowd instantly dispersed.

The bodies were then taken into the main street, the Chandnee Chouk, were dragged out of the ruth by sweepers, and exposed on the raised platform at the cutwallee (head police-station), on the very spot where, on the 11th of May, the bodies of our unfortunate country-women, their husbands and children, had been exposed.

On the countenances of these three princes there was not a trace of nobility either of birth or of mind; but, on the contrary, they were stamped with everything vile, gross, ignoble, and sensual; as their education and pursuits had been, so were their features. Noble blood is a fine thing, but a noble heart is better, and will shine through and embellish the most forbidding

features; but these wretches, with the cold, calm hand of death on them, showed nothing of kingly descent or nobility of heart, their countenances being as forbidding as the despicable passions in which they had indulged could make them.

As one of the prize agents, I began to collect all the property in the palace and elsewhere that could be counted prize. It would be impossible to describe the laughable lot of rubbish we found in the palace and in the houses of the princes—such, indeed, as I have rarely seen collected. In one room, in the women's apartments, we found at least 200 pair of those trousers which Mahomedan ladies wear instead of petticoats. Some of these were of stiff silk and brocade, and were made in such a way that the fair wearer could progress only by kicking each leg along alternately, with some effort—a good-sized child's crinoline would have gone into each leg. The quantities of pots and pans, and odds and ends, which they had amassed, would have furnished a whole street of dealers in marine stores. The treasury had been partly plundered before I found the place, but it still contained some articles of value—silver wash-basins, Persian carpets, and gold-embroidered elephant trappings. Then there were telescopes and guns, and a variety of valuable articles that at various times had been presented to the King. Valuable property was

discovered everywhere in the town, and the necessary arrangements were made to secure it.

As I soon found that without assistance the prize agents would be quite unequal to the task before them, I applied to the General for a couple of steady soldiers to help them—a request which I considered so moderate that my impression was that it would be granted at once; but, to my great astonishment, Sir A. Wilson positively refused to accede to what I still regard as a very reasonable demand. As I did not choose to hold an appointment, however lucrative it might be—and this promised to be very lucrative—to which I felt I could not do justice, I threw it up at once, and Dr. Innes, of the 60th Rifles, was elected in my stead. My health had been shattered by what I had gone through. I could gain no strength at Delhi, the air was so foul; and as the monotony of our present life, after the fierce excitement of the siege, was likely to cause an unfavourable reaction, my doctor provided me with a medical certificate, and, in company with another wounded officer, I started for Simla on the 28th of September, where I found myself in my old quarters at the club, after an absence of four months and a half—a short space of time, but what a multitude of events had been crowded into it!

Before finally quitting the subject of Delhi, I must do our soldiers the justice to say that, though infuriated by the slaughter of their officers

and countrymen, with their wives and children, inflamed by the news of the Cawnpoor massacre, and maddened by the loss of comrades, and by their own wounds and privations, not an old man, not a woman or child, was wilfully injured by them. On the morning of the 20th I was at the corner of the Chandnee Chouk, opposite the palace gate, with a party of the 60th Rifles. We were all waiting for the engineers with the powder-bag to blow up the palace gate, when the soldiers found in one of the houses an old man, whom they got hold of by the arm. As they were bringing him along, fearing some catastrophe I went up to them, and said, "Remember you are Christian men—and he is old."—"Oh, sir," was the reply, "we doesn't forget that. We don't mean him no harm; we only wants a bit of baccy." I thought the men were fully entitled to any amount of "baccy" they could find, so let them go, and in a few minutes I saw them stuffing their pipes, and the old fellow bringing a coal to light them. As I have already said, I have never seen or known a woman, child, or old man wilfully injured by our soldiers, though of course such a thing may have been done; but I have seen hundreds of instances in which the greatest humanity and kindness were shown, both to the young and to the old, as well as to females, by our noble-hearted fellows, even in their wildest moments.

Note on Cholera.

I am not aware whether the predisposing cause of this mysterious and terrible scourge, and the way in which it acts, has ever been ascertained with even tolerable accuracy, or any certain cure discovered for its worst form, when collapse ensues in two or three hours, and death follows immediately. It is known that cholera travels in a peculiar way, and is believed to be brought on somehow by foul air, whether that produced by decaying animal or vegetable matter or by some other cause. I have known cholera take off every soul but one young infant on one side of a street, and leave the other side unharmed; I have known it at one time cut a straight line through a cantonment, and at another cling to one spot, as at Agra, for instance, in 1845, when it clung to the European barracks, which are close together, and did not affect any other part of the cantonment. In this instance the cause was distinctly traceable to foul air arising from decaying vegetable matter. The barracks had been re-thatched, the old thatch had been carefully carted away, and the ground carefully raked over and made tidy. But in India the ends of thatching grass exposed to the weather decay, and at a touch crumble to powder. The thatch of these barracks was very old, and that which had been first put on had not been removed, but covered with new slight coats; consequently an enormous quantity of this powder remained on the ground unnoticed when the old thatch was carted away. As soon as the rain fell, and indeed as soon as it got trodden into the ground by the soldiers, it fermented, and instantly cholera appeared. As the disease increased with frightful rapidity, I urged the brigadier to order the regiment to move into camp on high ground on the farther side of the river Jumna. This was done, and instantly the cholera ceased.

Now it seems to me very possible that the gas from the fermenting grass might from its extraordinary abundance have

displaced the pure atmospheric air, and being taken into the lungs continuously for several days might have contaminated the blood, which requires a certain amount of oxygen to colour it, and keep it liquid. The powers of the body being thus weakened, crude indigestible food taken into the stomach, cucumbers or melons, for instance, so common in India, or any extra strain put upon the enfeebled digestive organs, brought on a crisis, and cholera was developed. I had previously, and have since, seen cholera in its very worst forms, and always connected with foul air, and the idea has forced itself upon me that the leaden hue assumed by those attacked by this terrible disease is occasioned by the want of the colouring agent oxygen, in search of which the blood circulates through the lungs, and that the doctors might, in addition to other remedial measures, try the effect of supplying this want by making the patient inhale the gas, and by administering some medicine in which it abounds. I offer my ideas with considerable diffidence, but my proposed remedy has at least this recommendation, that, if it does no material good, it cannot possibly do any harm. It would quicken the circulation, warm up the patient, and aid the doctor's other prescriptions to carry the sufferer past the crisis.

CHAPTER VIII.

I return to Duty—Sent to escort Stores to Commander-in-Chief's Camp—Waggons cover Seventeen Miles of Road—Escort—Allygurh—Hear of the Enemy—March and Defeat them at Gungaree—Again at Putteealee—Return to Convoy—The Enemy at Mynpooree—Defeat them—March on Bewar—Convoy arrives—Hodson's Ride—Go to meet Lord Clyde—Join the Army at Futtygurh—Made a Brigadier—Left in Command of Futtygurh Station and District—The Enemy threaten to cross into our District—March out and defeat them at Kunkur.

ARRIVING at Simla on the 28th of September, I found two of my old officers of the 35th in the hotel, and was just in time to secure the rooms next to theirs, which made it very agreeable. Many wounded officers had been sent up from Delhi, to try what the cool air of this lovely mountain sanitarium could do towards helping on their recovery. Crowds of them might be seen on the Mall in the evening, their pale and ghastly looks showing very plainly what they had gone through. For myself, I felt that after the hot, stagnant atmosphere of Delhi and its environs, reeking with indescribable pollutions, every breath of these fine, free, sweet-smelling mountain breezes was life and health; the lungs

had found the food they required, and took it in greedily.

The contrast, too, between the loud thunder of the guns, which, as long as I remained in Delhi, I seemed constantly to hear, the rattle of musketry, the eternal alarm, the hurried turn-out, the daily battles and constant skirmishes, and the quiet of this retreat, where the loudest noises were the cawing of the great crows as they flew lazily round, or the sighing of the wind through the deodars, and where, free from all care, we could enjoy perfect unbroken rest at night, was quite heavenly—it was a real state of bliss, and I began to mend rapidly.

My horses arrived in about twenty days, and towards the end of October I tried to ride. My first attempt was not satisfactory, but a few days later I could ride a little without much inconvenience. To be lingering about in idleness when I might be able to do something for our country, which required the aid of every one of her sons, seemed ignoble; so I wrote to the Adjutant-General, Chamberlain, to say that I felt equal to a little duty—that I should go down to Umballa and be ready to go anywhere, or do anything, if he could make my services useful. I arrived at Umballa on the 9th November, and on the 13th received this telegram—

"If you wish to command the 1st Fusiliers,

come to Delhi as soon as you can. Colonel Gerrard has been killed in action."

Colonel Gerrard had succeeded to the command of the regiment after Major Jacob was killed in the assault. I started for Delhi that night, went to the quarters of my kind friend, General N. Penny, who was commanding, got all help from him, joined the regiment at Patowdee on the 20th, and found myself in command of a flying column. The work, however, had been done; the district had been cleared of rebels and was quiet, our civil officers being reinstated and in full work; so, according to instructions, I took the force back to Delhi, where I arrived on the 29th.

The day after my arrival, General Penny told me he had selected me for an enterprise of considerable difficulty and importance, namely, that of escorting through the Dooab—the country between the Ganges and the Jumna—to the Commander-in-Chief's camp at Cawnpoor or elsewhere, a convoy of grain and stores, with cattle and camp-followers, in fact, an assortment of "notions," as our Yankee friends would term it. On making inquiries into the nature and extent of the charge confided to me, and the troops I was to command, I found that when all my convoy was collected at Allygurh it would consist of eighty elephants, 16,000 bullocks, 8000 camels, 1500 camp-followers, and 4500 carts of four or six

bullocks each. These carts alone would cover above eighteen miles of road. The troops to escort this wonderful convoy were to be a 9-pounder field-battery, three heavy guns and two mortars, a squadron of dragoons, two weak infantry regiments, and two companies of sappers; in all, about 1900 men. This force was quite disproportioned to the magnitude and importance of the convoy, the distance it was to be escorted, and the state of the country through which I had to march, for it was filled with bands of armed men, some very large and regularly organized, with infantry, cavalry, and artillery. With the baggage and tents of the troops added to the convoy, we should cover nineteen miles of road. I saw at a glance that it would be quite impossible to escort this vast mass in the usual style, and that my only plan was to place it in some safe position, with a small guard to protect it, go on in advance, disperse any force of rebels that might be in the way, and then move forward with the convoy until the near vicinity of other armed bands compelled me to repeat the same manœuvre. Of course the success of this plan would almost entirely depend on obtaining correct information as to the number, position, and movements of the rebels, and on the celerity with which I could march. Consequently, in discussing the matter with General

Penny, I made two requests. The first and most important was that I might have Major Hodson, with his regiment of horse, instead of the cavalry corps that had been detached for that duty. "But," said the General, "Hodson's corps is not so strong as ——, or anything like so well mounted." "I know that, sir, quite well, but as the safety of the convoy—the whole success of the expedition—will depend mainly on getting accurate information of the enemy, I wish to have Hodson, for I know well that if any man in the world can get it he is the man. He is indefatigable—a soldier of the highest class; I have unbounded confidence in him, and would rather have him than five hundred more men." The General on hearing this at once acquiesced, and at the same time authorized me to organize an "intelligence department."

My second request was to be provided with draught-gun bullocks in addition to the teams of elephants for the heavy guns, for, though these huge and sagacious animals are superb at dragging guns along a road, they can rarely be persuaded to go with them into action, "and small blame to them, the 'cute craythurs," as I once heard a Patlander say.

The night before I marched, news came in from Allygurh that a large body of rebels was

in the district, causing great uneasiness, threatening to cut off our communication with Cawnpoor by the grand trunk road, which was my line of march, and placing in considerable danger a small force that was out in that quarter, under Colonel Farquhar, watching them. This intelligence obliged me to make forced marches as far as Allygurh, on arriving at which place I found that the enemy were increasing in numbers, but had not yet ventured to attack Colonel F., though they might be hourly expected to do so. Information of my arrival was at once sent to the Colonel, so that, in case he found himself overmatched, he might convey to me intimation of the fact, and I should be ready to render him all the assistance in my power. Getting all my huge convoy together, placing it in a safe position under the guns of the fort, making arrangements for a field hospital, and sending into the fort all baggage that could possibly be spared, were measures that occupied me a day. On the morning of the 13th I marched, reinforced by a small part of the garrison of Allygurh under Major Eld, got intelligence of Farquhar and of the whereabouts of the enemy, and learned that I had no occasion to hurry on to join him. I moved next morning at daybreak, and found Colonel Farquhar at Gungaree, encamped close to the suspension bridge over the Kalee Nudee (river Kalee). I crossed the river immediately,

and encamped on the other side, close to the bank, on some ground surrounded by ravines, forming a strong position, in which we could not be attacked by cavalry.

Some information I now received regarding the movements and proceedings of the rebels at Khasgunge, distant about thirteen miles, determined me to send out a reconnoitring party under Hodson. I found that the mutineers were in force, and that sixteen miles eastward from Khasgunge, on the farther bank of the Ganges, at Koochla, was another large and well-organized body of rebels. Four miles on our side of Khasgunge was a friendly village called Bilram, and here the road to Khasgunge branched off in the direction of Soron, a town on our side of the Ganges, not far from Koochla, where considerable parties of rebels had been encamped. The stream at Koochla, which was broad, was reported fordable for cavalry, and I thought it advisable to send Hodson on scout to Bilram, to get information of the numbers and position of the enemy at Khasgunge, to discover whether they had been in communication with or been reinforced by the rebels at Koochla, and to learn if there were any at Soron. Hodson started on this expedition, accompanied by my orderly officer, Major A. Light of the Artillery. Camp, meanwhile, was marked out, and the baggage having arrived, the men began to pitch their tents. As a precautionary measure, and to be prepared for any emergency that

might arise, I ordered the artillery to keep their horses to the guns, and the cavalry to let theirs remain saddled, ready to turn out at a moment's notice. I had just finished a hasty breakfast, had given my orders for the day, and was proceeding to my tent, when I saw Major Light galloping back. "Captain Hodson desires me to tell you, sir," he said, as soon as he came up with me, "that the enemy's cavalry are advancing in force on both flanks." After two or three rapid questions as to their distance, I called out, "Bugler, the alarm!" —"Gallop off, Light, to Hodson's horse, bid them mount at once, and as you pass, turn out the artillery." My Brigade-Major, Captain H. Le P. Trench, turned out the dragoons, who drew their girths and were in saddle in three minutes. At the well-known sound of the alarm, the 1st Fusiliers dropped their tents, and without waiting to put on their coats, slung on their accoutrements. In front of the camp, distant, I suppose, about 400 yards, was a small village; and from the camp to a distance of 400 yards beyond this village, there was a gradual but slight rise in the ground, so that our view in the direction of the enemy was bounded by a sort of ridge, which was crowned by hillocks, with here and there tufts of tall grass. Whilst the dragoons were filing out through the ravines into the open ground, Hodson with his party came at a smart trot round the

little village, under cover of which he drew up, and then hastened to me to make his report. He had seen the enemy in the distance, had ridden on to reconnoitre, had watched them filing through a village some miles in our front, saw that they had artillery, watched their proceedings, and then sent Light off to inform me, whilst he slowly retired before them, continuing the whole time closely to observe all their movements.

When Hodson had made his report, the enemy's cavalry appeared in sight—two large bodies, one on each flank, their heads just appearing above the ridge, outflanking it considerably. Accompanied by a small escort of horse, I rode out to the front, the dragoons, with Hodson's reconnoitring party, moving up to show front to the enemy. On the left of our camp Hodson's regiment had mounted and formed up, waiting for my orders; the infantry were in column, and the artillery moving out. At this moment the enemy's infantry appeared on the ridge, and their guns began to open on us. Desiring Colonel Farquhar to take command of the infantry, and form the columns up, clear of the ravines, at deploying distance, I ordered Captain Bishop to the front with his battery, to engage the enemy, the shot from whose guns were flying pretty sharply about us, and beginning to get our range. Captain Bishop dashed out to the front,

carrying with him vast clouds of dust, which a strong wind at our backs blew into the enemy's faces. For several minutes these thick clouds enveloped the rebel artillery, and prevented them from seeing us; and as soon as it began to clear off, our shot crashed in amongst them with terrible accuracy. The enemy meanwhile, however, had not been idle, for they had sent one gun off to their right, which opened fire from a position that raked the whole of our front. The first intimation I had of this move was my bugler calling out to me, "Look out, sir," a word of advice which he had scarcely uttered when a shot came bounding along the plain, and went over my horse's head, followed immediately by another, quite as close, over his croupe. I moved up a few yards out of the line of fire, and saw the rebel cavalry on our left, coming forward to attack Bishop's guns. I immediately called up the dragoons in support, and as Captain Wardlaw, who commanded, passed, I desired him to charge the enemy, if he saw a favourable opportunity.

The infantry, now formed up by Colonel Farquhar, began to advance rapidly, and Hodson, on the left, moved forward with the whole of his regiment against the cavalry of the rebels, who were advancing to take our guns in flank. The fire of the enemy's guns, subdued by Bishop's battery,

had slackened and almost ceased, when Wardlaw, seeing his opportunity, charged and captured them. Hodson at the same moment threw his regiment against the enemy's right, and they were driven in confusion from the field, the whole body fleeing precipitately.

"The rebels, completely and utterly routed, abandoned their last gun and two ammunition-waggons; their infantry threw away their arms, hid themselves in the fields and ravines, or continued their flight headlong over the country. Desiring Colonel Farquhar to move steadily on to a village some distance to our front, I sent the whole of the cavalry and artillery after the rebels, giving orders for a vigorous pursuit. With my small escort of cavalry, I rode slowly on to the village indicated, where I found the dragoons engaged in hunting out of the cotton-fields numbers of the enemy, who, rendered desperate by the hopelessness of escape, defended themselves fiercely and with great determination.

The cotton was growing between rows of tall, thick ruhur-plants (a kind of pulse), by which these desperadoes were concealed, and from behind which they darted suddenly out on the dragoons. In this way two officers were killed and a third wounded, leaving only one young subaltern in command, Lieutenant B. Russell, for Captain Wardlaw had

unfortunately been killed, just after his brilliant and successful charge at the rebel artillery. Lieutenant Russell changed the tactics, went along the fields instead of across them, and, making his men at the same time use their carbines, cleared out the enemy without further loss. There was not a rebel left in sight; and none but broken parties (who mostly threw away their arms) escaped from the field. So I recalled the troops and returned to camp.

Our loss amounted to only forty-eight killed and wounded; but the death of Captain Wardlaw was a severe blow, and with that of his brave comrades saddened us all, and marred our rejoicing over the day's success. G. Wardlaw was a good and gallant soldier, a true and high-minded gentleman, and was sincerely lamented by all who knew him.

The enemy's loss we had no means of ascertaining, but it must have been very great, for the dead lay over such a wide tract of country. It was believed, by all who had the best opportunities of observing, that it must have been more than ten times our own. The rise in the ground I noticed, concealed our camp from the rebels, or they would never have ventured to attack us. They calculated on finding only Colonel Farquhar's small force, and when they topped the rise and saw our large camp stretched

out before them, and eight horse-artillery guns dashing out to meet them, supported by a strong body of cavalry, and backed, again, by a formidable line of infantry, their surprise and horror at having unwittingly thrown themselves into such a trap must have been complete.

The enemy's entire ignorance of our movements showed pretty conclusively that the mass of the people in this part of the country did not sympathize with their cause. Whether from love of ease, or the want of energy in their character, the Hindoos generally seem to care little who rules them, provided they are justly and quietly governed; and, excepting where the Mahomedan element predominated, the people were exceedingly glad when the mutineers were driven out, and peace and order restored.

When the dragoons were about to charge the rebel artillery, a party of ten or twelve of their infantry, who had crept between the sandhills and tufts of grass up to within seventy or eighty paces of where I was posted, were making themselves very disagreeable by keeping up a sharp fire from their long matchlocks. As the party was detached from the main body of the enemy's force, I pointed it out to my escort, and desired the duffadar (corporal) in command to drive it off. In a moment the sowars rushed to the charge, and throwing themselves on the rebels,

in a few moments rolled them over, and killed or disabled every one of them. Two of my men were wounded; one of them had ridden at and knocked over his opponent, who, whilst lying on the broad of his back, made a cut upwards with his tulwar (sword), the sharp blade of which cut through the thick heel of the sowar's shoe, inflicting a deep wound on the under part of his heel. I mention this as an instance of the extreme keenness of the common Indian sword. The rebel, lying on his back, had no room for his blow; yet he cut through four or five folds of thick leather, and inflicted a wound that disabled the sowar for a month.

Immediately after the action Hodson, with a strong party from his regiment, pushed on to Bilram to gain intelligence of the enemy, and returned some hours later. He told me that straggling parties of the rebel cavalry had passed through Bilram, and that the head man of the place would give us next morning all information concerning the troops of mutineers in Khasgunge.

Marching next morning at daybreak, I learned as we approached Bilram, that the rebels had hastily evacuated Khasgunge, part of them crossing the Ganges at Koochla ferry, distant about sixteen miles, and part pushing on to Putteealee, distant twenty-five miles in the direction of

Futtygurh, where there was a large force assembled, with a numerous artillery, all under the command of the Hukeem, the hereditary commander-in-chief of the Nuwab of Furruckabad.

It was fortunate for us that the rebels had evacuated Khasgunge. It is a large town, filled with strong well-built brick houses, and outside of it there were extensive old gardens surrounded by earthen walls many feet thick, perfect small forts —quite formidable field-works they would have made. In these gardens, which were filled with large old trees and a wilderness of shrubs and bushes, the rebels had encamped; and if they had defended them at all manfully they would, to say the least, have given us some trouble. Against a contingency of this kind, however, I was well provided, having heavy guns and mortars, and two companies of sappers.

Pushing on to Suhawir next morning, which we reached an hour after sunrise, the first thing we saw just as we were entering the town was a man hanging by the heels to the branch of a tree—he was quite dead. On examination, he proved to be one of our spies. He had been detected by the rebels, and with an ingenuity in cruelty which the natives frequently exhibited, had been hung up as described, with his head within three feet of the ground, and

used as a target. Thus in hideous sport he had been slowly shot to death—his chest and body being pierced by many balls.

During the afternoon, information was brought in that the rebels were in force at Putteealee, where they were strengthening their position by field-works, being determined to make a stand. Next morning (the 17th), I waited until day had fairly dawned, and we could see well about us, before I marched. The enemy were within twelve miles, and knowing our habit of marching before daylight, they might play us a trick if we did not take the most careful precautions. The road, which was very heavy, wound in and out between high sandy mounds and banks, dipping occasionally into the Boŏd Gunga (old bed of the Ganges), but the country was tolerably open. After marching nine miles, we approached a village through which the road passed. Here a few shots were heard, and Hodson, who was with the advanced guard, sent back word that the enemy's outposts had fired their muskets, and galloped off. Passing through the village, I drew off the road and halted to let the heavy guns come up and change their teams of elephants for bullocks. In the meantime I had bread and their usual grog served out to the men, and sent Hodson and the engineers to reconnoitre the enemy's position. In about twenty

minutes the heavy guns with their teams of bullocks, eighteen pair to each gun, and a man to each pair, came trotting merrily along, and the engineers returned, having thoroughly accomplished the task on which they had been sent. I should have gone myself, but I was not very strong, and nothing but the excitement kept me up through a hard day's work, such as apparently lay before us, and then only with the help of an easy-paced horse, placed at my disposal by my thoughtful and noble-hearted friend Hodson. The report of the enemy's position decided my movements at once. They had formed across the road on our side of the town of Putteealee; their right rested on some large ravines, and they had strengthened it and part of their front by some slight field-works. Behind their left and left centre were gardens and enclosures. Their cavalry was on their left, and beyond this the country was open, with groves of mango-trees here and there. In their front, at a distance of about half a mile, was a small village, which we could see, the road running to the left of it. By this road the rebels concluded we should attack, and had laid their plans accordingly.

But as I had no idea of adapting my attack to suit their plans, or of risking even a single soldier's life more than was absolutely necessary,

I moved off the road considerably, so as to come down on their unprotected left, and to have open ground before me, instead of ravines and field-works. Having formed the infantry into line of columns at deploying distance, with artillery on both flanks, I moved direct to the spot where Hodson had left a party of his men to watch the enemy. The ground rose a very little in our front, and then from the village to the enemy's position it descended, so that for some time we were concealed from their view. When the columns were in motion I rode to the front, and as soon as I came within sight of the rebels, and had taken a good view, I massed all our cavalry on the right, so as to confront the enemy's. A few men thrown into the little village perfectly protected our left. As soon as the infantry approached the village, I sent forward the artillery to engage the enemy. Four guns went direct to the front, and four made a détour to the right. These drove back the rebel horse, then wheeled up and took their guns in flank.

The moment our artillery galloped to the front, the rebels showed their strength and opened fire on us from twelve guns. For some time there was a sharp cannonade on both sides, then the fire of the rebel guns began to slacken, while our artillery gained ground at every shot. As the infantry, formed into line, showed clear of the

village and were descending the slight decline towards the enemy's position, the sun shining full on their ranks made the bayonets glitter, and the rapidly-advancing line look so formidable, that, several of their guns being disabled, the rebels lost courage, slackened fire, and hesitated. Our artillery seeing this hesitation, limbered up to advance to closer quarters, and, in the excitement of the moment, commander, staff, artillery, and cavalry all rushed at the guns with a loud cheer. The enemy broke and fled, and in a moment their guns were fairly captured.

As soon as I saw the guns in our possession, I sent orders to Major Eld to detach Captain Stafford's corps of Punjabees to take charge of the captured ordnance, and with the rest of the infantry to skirmish through the gardens and fields. The cavalry and artillery were directed at the same time to push the flying enemy until they were utterly dispersed. The cavalry had been purposely left on my right, and my ultimate object was now attained. Instead of being embarrassed by the ravines on our left, or checked by the enclosures in front, they got round, and came on to the plain beyond the town, where they fell upon the flying rebels and cut down numbers of them. The road where it passed the town was deep sand, but the artillery pushed through the town, joined the cavalry beyond, and with

them continued the pursuit for seven miles. The rebels were cut down on all sides, many were driven into the deep pools formed in the Bood Gunga (old bed of the Ganges), and were drowned or shot down.

The infantry, skirmishing through the gardens and enclosures, found numbers of the enemy concealed in the deep ditches, in the thick trees, in stacks of fodder, indeed in every conceivable place. As soon as they had cleared them out, and all vestige of opposition had ceased, I encamped on the farther side of the town, at the spot where our cavalry fell on the flying rebels. Just as our tents were being pitched, a small party of our cavalry returned, sent by Hodson to bring to me, as trophies, the elephant, silver howdah, and sword of the Hukeem —the hereditary commander-in-chief of the rebel Nuwab of Furruckabad—whom he had killed after an exciting chase of several miles, and an obstinate defence, as he fled from the field. The Hukeem's baggage, the baggage of the whole force, their guns, ammunition, stores, and all they possessed, fell into our hands. Nothing of any particular value was found in the Hukeem's baggage; but amongst the papers it contained, there was one of considerable importance, namely, a very handsomely-illuminated letter from the Nuwab of Furruckabad to the King of Delhi,

stating that his ancestors had been in possession of fifty-two pergunnahs (counties), and praying that, when his majesty should have driven the English out of India, he would be pleased to restore to him his ancestral possessions. A copy of this document was taken by the civil authorities, and was produced at the trial of the Nuwab. The original, framed and glazed, is hanging in my house.

Towards noon, the cavalry and artillery returned from the pursuit, and I had the satisfaction of learning that nothing had occurred to mar our rejoicing in this victory, which was in every respect an important one, as it completely re-established our authority in this part of the country, and broke the nucleus of all the small parties that had kept the Dooab in a ferment. Of the twelve guns captured in this action, six were of our own manufacture, and very valuable.

The country about camp was filled with large fields of sugar-cane, and as numbers of the rebels might be lurking in them, and prove dangerous neighbours, I got a dozen elephants, mounted three men on each, and, with some parties of cavalry in support, sent them to beat through the canes. They found no fugitives in concealment, but still it was quite as well to make sure. Our advance on Puttealee, and the victory, were very timely for one individual in camp, an English

merchant, whose indigo factory and other property, to the amount of £30,000, were saved by their fortunate issue.

I halted three days at Putteealee to give the civil officers time to reorganize their establishments and settle the country, and to see what effect our victory would have on some large bodies of rebels on the other side of the Ganges. On the third morning intelligence was brought to me that one of these parties of rebels had crossed the Ganges to a place called Kadergunge, about eleven miles off. I instantly struck camp, and with all possible speed moved to the other side of the town, where I had left the enemy's guns, and sent a party of Hodson's horse to reconnoitre the rebels. When the party returned in the evening, the officer reported that the mutineers had crossed the Ganges during the night, but that on hearing from the people of the country of the defeat of the Hukeem at Putteealee and of the affair at Gungaree, and that we were still at the former place, they were in such a state of alarm, that on the appearance in the distance of the reconnoitring party, they had fled precipitately. The officer went over the ground on which they had been encamped, and found their food still cooking on the fire, their pots and pans, and all their baggage standing apart. The fear of us had fallen on all the district round about.

The whole country, so far, was now clear of armed parties of rebels, or anything to prevent our bringing down the convoy; so I returned to Khasgunge in order to cross the Kalee Nadee (river Kalee) by the bridge on the road to Etah, for there were no means of fording or ferrying over anywhere nearer. From Khasgunge I could send the captured guns into the fort at Allygurh, escorted by Major Eld and his detachment of the 3rd Europeans. I could reach Etah on the grand trunk road in one march, reconnoitre the road, and clear the way for the convoy, which I determined to order from Allygurh to meet me.

I marched on the morning of the 21st for Suhawir, and on the 22nd for Khasgunge. When we were within a few miles of the latter place, Mr. Cocks, the able and energetic commissioner, rode up to me and told me that he had just received intelligence that a notorious traitor, Jowahir Khan, a pensioned Rissaldar, who with his two sons had rebelled and fought against us at Putteealee, had worked round us, and had returned to his house in Khasgunge with one son, who had been wounded in the engagement. Calling up Hodson, I sent him off with a troop of his regiment to try and apprehend the traitor. In five minutes that intelligent and energetic officer was off at a sharp trot, which he soon increased to a hard gallop. As the

column neared Khasgunge, Hodson came out to meet me. His salutation was, "I've got him, Colonel; we rode in at a gallop and surrounded his house, burst open the door, found the son and killed him; and the traitor himself, trying to escape, jumped over a wall into the arms of one of my men." Jowahir Khan was no ordinary traitor; he had served our Government long, and was not only enjoying the pension of a Rissaldar, but the emoluments derived from the order of British India, of which he was a member. He was arraigned next day before a military commission, by which he was condemned to death by being blown away from a gun, and the sentence was carried into execution that evening. Blowing away from a gun is an awful-looking death, but it must be almost painless—one sharp pang and all over. It makes a great impression, however, on the spectators, and creates a greater thrill of horror than any other mode of execution.

From Khasgunge I ordered off the captured guns to Allygurh, as I had proposed, under charge of Major Eld, who had so nobly helped me with part of his garrison, and I sent with him a small escort to bring home the convoy. On arriving at Etah I learned that the Rajah of Mynpooree, who had collected an army, had been casting cannon, had declared his independence, and was stopping the high road through his dominions!

On Christmas-day, 1857, we reached Kurrowlee, fourteen miles from Mynpooree, and here we learned that the Rajah Tej Sing was determined to fight. He was a drunken young debauchee, and not to be persuaded, but fight he would. He had got his army drawn up in position across the road from Kurrowlee, just above its junction with the grand trunk road leading to Agra, and had occupied some walled gardens on both sides of the road, which our informant told us he had erected some kind of field-works to command. Hodson got all the information about the road and the various approaches to Mynpooree, and I soon found what I wanted.

Four miles from Mynpooree I turned into a by-road which went straight to the fort, leaving the main road a mile or more to the left. Taking this road, I should have to cross the Eesun river, which swept past the left of the rebels; but at this season of the year the stream was not more than ankle deep, with a firm bottom. On approaching Mynpooree, we caught a distant glimpse of the enemy's position away to our left; so, getting the cavalry to make a demonstration, as if we were going to form across and march by the road, and to make as much dust as possible, I quietly moved on with the artillery and infantry, our march being concealed by some mounds, a small village, and the nature of the

ground. As we approached the stream, we came in full view of the enemy, who had been firing at the dust created by the cavalry. Immediately they saw us well on their left, there was a tremendous hubbub and great confusion, which was increased tenfold when the artillery, dashing through the stream, opened fire and raked their whole front. In a few minutes the gunners limbered up, crossed the river again a quarter of a mile lower down, and got into their rear, for the stream, making a sharp turn, ran at right angles to their flank. The enemy were so thoroughly cowed by our prompt and determined onset, that they fled at once, followed by the whole of the cavalry and artillery. Without paying further attention to them, I marched with the infantry and heavy guns direct to the fort, which we found evacuated. The Rajah's brave army had not had time to throw themselves into it had they been inclined to do so; we were much nearer to it, and had completely cut them off.

In the fort we found a perfect gun foundry, models and moulds for casting brass guns, contrivances for boring and for melting furnaces, and quantities of metal. On the field we captured eight guns, six of them being good and serviceable. One was an eight-inch howitzer of our own make, and another an iron double-barrelled, a

queerly-contrived article; the rest were really well-made guns, evidently from the foundry in the fort.

On examining the position of the rebels next day, I had reason to congratulate myself on having turned off the high road and taken them in flank. The walls of the gardens they had taken possession of were all loopholed, or, where they were low and of earth, they had cut small embrasures for their long matchlocks. The eight-inch howitzer, with the other guns, and every matchlock, pointed towards a slight turn in the road, by which they expected we should advance. Of course, had we done so, their preparations for our reception were so effective that our loss would have been considerable, whereas by disappointing their expectations as to the direction we intended to take we had only two men slightly wounded.

I halted here until the 31st, changing camp once for the sake of health. We heard of the Commander-in-chief being at Goorsahaigunge, on the grand trunk road, marching for Futtygurh, and as Hodson volunteered to open communication with him, I furnished him with despatches, and sent him off on the 30th, accompanied by Lieutenant Macdowell, and escorted by a small party of his regiment. The chief was reported to be forty miles from Bewur. On the morning of the 31st I marched to Bow-

going, and in the evening one of Hodson's sowars rode in to say that Captain Hodson and Lieutenant Macdowell had left part of their escort at Bewur, and had gone on to Chibberamow, where they had left the remainder of it and ridden on alone; that after they had left, a body of the rebel cavalry had entered the town, surprised the escort, and cut it up; and that the gentlemen had not since been heard of! Although I knew that Hodson and Macdowell were two of the most wide-awake officers in the army, I could not but feel very uneasy about them; so I sent off about one hundred of the sowars under an officer, and marched myself an hour before day-break next morning.

Everyone felt uneasy, for Hodson's brilliant qualities as a soldier had made themselves felt by all. So when, at day-break, a sowar rode up and reported that he had returned safe to Bewur, the relief from anxiety was felt by all in camp. This messenger was also the bearer of very kind and cordial messages of congratulation from the chief on the brilliant successes—as he was pleased to term them—that had attended our march.

The convoy arrived all safe at Bewur, and with the aid of a gig and a horse, sent on for me, I rode over to the chief's camp at Chibberamow, to report that my "big job" was over.

The chief had moved on, had forced the passage of the Kalee Nuddee, and we came in for the tail of the fight, for there were still dropping shots in every direction. I was very kindly received and congratulated, and rode back to my camp, delighted at having met the chief, and having seen the famous Highland and Naval Brigades. But though I got the help of a gig back again for the last twelve miles, I was so knocked up that I was compelled to remain on my back the whole of the next day. Indeed, I do not know how I should have got through all my work, but that Hodson lent me an easy-paced nag, and he and every officer round me did all in their power to save me in every way—a display of kindness and consideration for which I felt very grateful to them all.

From Bewur, there is a cross-country road to the fort of Futtygurh, and the adjoining town of Furruckabad, and my first act on reaching Bewur was to send down to the river (the Kalee Nuddee—Nuddee signifying "small river"), and secure the boats and materials for the bridge that had always been maintained at this spot, but had been removed by the rebels. This effected, I posted a strong guard near the banks of the river to watch the boats, and prevent any attempt to destroy or injure them.

On the 22nd of January, 1855, I received

instructions from the chief of the staff to prepare a certain portion of my convoy to proceed to join the head-quarters, escorted by Brigadier Walpole's force, which was to be at Mynpooree on the 3rd. The engineers were now set to work to throw the bridge across the river, and on the 5th Brigadier Walpole's force arrived. We then learnt that the horsemen from whom Hodson had so narrowly escaped were part of a body of rebels that had been dispersed by the brigadier's operations along the banks of the Jumna; which had found it impossible to cross, and had therefore resolved to try the Ganges and escape into Oude. In the course of a few days I received orders to march with a portion of the convoy to join the chief's camp at Futtygurh, and to leave the remainder at Bewur, under charge of the 7th Punjaub Infantry.

I marched from Bewur on the morning of the 4th, and encamped in the vicinity of the chief's force at Futtygurh next day. On the 7th we marched into the camp—the guns, sappers, and cavalry striking off to join their respective branches of the army, whilst, with the 1st Fusiliers, I occupied the ground lately vacated by the 4th Brigade, which had gone on some expedition in the direction of Kumpil.

I was now simply colonel of the 1st Fusiliers, but I knew that when an opportunity offered I

should be something more, and I had only to wait patiently. In the meantime, I had plenty to do, and much to see, both in the cantonments and fort—the scenes of the heroic deeds of our countrymen and of their pitiless slaughter. I have no wish to recount the latter; but I shall have to notice these events briefly farther on.

The day after my arrival I went to see the city, and rode through the main street of Furruckabad, on the Hukeem's elephant, which was at once recognised. The people came running together to see him, and there was quite a buzz in the street about it.

In the course of a few days I was made a brigadier, and posted to the 3rd Brigade, but the hopes I founded on this welcome promotion were destined to be speedily and cruelly blighted. On the 22nd of January Lord Clyde (then Sir Colin Campbell) sent for me, and told me that he had determined to form a district to be called the Futtygurh District. It was to comprise Futtygurh, Mynpooree, Etawah, and Meerunka-Serai on the grand trunk road; and as I was the only brigadier he had who could speak the language and manage the natives, he was obliged to appoint me to the command, &c. So here was an end to all my hopes—my ardent desires to share the honours of the siege of Lucknow, to have the satisfaction of helping once more to humble the self-

conceit and confidence of the mutinous sepoys, and of avenging our slaughtered countrymen.

There was bitterness in my heart, but I was obliged to look pleasant and bear the disappointment with all the patience and resignation I could muster. The necessity for the formation of the district I could not but see, but I thought some other arrangement might have been made in respect to the brigadier. When a man's wishes are thwarted his mental optics become strangely distorted. It was likely to be an abominable command—a district as large as four ordinary English counties to protect from rebels, and to keep in order a river-front to the east, along which were aligned large bodies of mutineers, who might at any moment cross and set the whole country once more in a ferment. Then, immediately to the north of Futtygurh, were the towns of Kumpil, Kaimgunge, and Alagunge, filled with a turbulent Mahomedan population, the connexions or dependants of the rebel Nuwab of Futtygurh. Twice had these people been severely chastised, but they were ready to break out again the moment an opportunity should offer. The western side of the district was equally bad, but in a different way. Along the whole line of the Jumna the country for some distance inland was one huge network of ravines—a perfect maze, the usual abiding-place of all the ruffians and

outlaws in the district, in which bands of rebels would be sure to shelter themselves, and sally out to burn and plunder at leisure. What was more immediately to be apprehended was that the large hordes of revolted sepoys still at Koochla on the Ganges, and at Alagunge on the Ramgunga (a deep stream running nearly parallel to and at a short distance from the Ganges), would cross into the Dooab, raise the whole country about Kumpil, and once more close the grand trunk road, our only line of communication with Delhi and the north-west. At Alagunge, which was only seven miles from Futtygurh, there was a body of 15,000 rebels, with a respectable artillery, and some of the best of our mutinied native cavalry. They had a capital bridge of boats over the stream, and there was nothing to prevent their irruption into the country between the Ramgunga and the Ganges, and then crossing the latter stream into the Dooab and working their will, excepting such opposition as I might be able to offer. For the work expected of me I had two weak English regiments, the 7th Punjaub regiment, a field-battery of nine pieces, and about 350 horsemen —raw levies—that were at Mynpooree. A small body of civil horsemen was being raised, and I was allowed to retain my usual escort of six men of Hodson's horse. The troops were mise-

rably inadequate in numbers to the work expected. The great want was cavalry. Sir Colin had taken away every horseman that was worth anything, and still he had not enough cavalry for the serious task before him.

On talking over the command with Sir Colin, he said, in reference to the large body of troops at Alagunge, that he should "do something about them;" but, for some reason best known to himself, he did nothing at all, though he could have driven them to the four winds in two hours. The day before he marched Sir Colin said to me—"You'll be mobbed, my dear friend, as soon as I leave, but you must hold out till I come back. You must push on the repairs of the fort, and the defensive measures that are in progress outside, and indent at once on Agra for ammunition for your guns." (There were seven guns in the fort.)

The idea of being besieged—mobbed, Sir Colin termed it—was not particularly agreeable. It meant short commons—very short—hard work, and confinement to a small fort for at least two months, instead of advancing with my old friends and comrades to the siege of Lucknow. However, to be mobbed would be better than idleness. If the rebels crossed, Sir Colin could not blame me, and if I kept them at bay and made a successful defence, I should gain all the credit. As I had ac-

quired plenty of experience at Jellalabad, and knew pretty well all the work that would be required of me, if I could only get my ammunition from Agra in time, I had no doubt of being able not only to make a successful defence, but to deal suitably with the rebels also.

With Sir Colin marched the whole of my late moveable column. It seemed hard to be left behind, and I felt very much at parting with them, but especially with Hodson. All through the siege of Delhi we had shared the same tent, and there was something like a community of goods between us. When I was wounded, he had tended me with anxious care and kindness; and when under my command in the column, he had served me with the devotion of a brother, ever ready to further my views to the utmost of his power, never sparing himself where duty was to be done. He was the very perfection of a commander of irregular cavalry—one of those men who, from sound judgment, high courage, strength of constitution, skill in the use of weapons, and intuitive knowledge of human nature, are fitted to be the eyes and ears of an army, or to plan and carry out a bold and dashing enterprise. His subsequent untimely death was a calamity to our country, and I mourned for him as for a brother. I shall never see his equal.

The engineers left by Sir Colin had a vast

amount of work to perform to render the fort of Futtygurh tenable. The ramparts and parapets were all out of repair; the interior of some of the bastions could be seen from the high ground outside, being seven or eight feet lower than the others; the parapets were all too low, and far too thin to resist even a nine-pound shot; there were no platforms for the guns, and to some of the bastions there were no ramps.[1] On the river-face of the fort there was neither rampart nor parapet —nothing but the high steep bank of the river, on which the fort was built. More difficult places have been escaladed with success. Then outside the fort, to the north, between the fort and the city, there were groves of huge old mango-trees within one hundred yards of the fort. Most of these groves were enclosed by earthen walls of such thickness that half an hour's labour of a few men would have turned them into batteries and trenches. The trees had to be cut down, the earthen walls thrown into the ditches, and the ground cleared and levelled. To the south, there was, within musket-range, a bazar filled with numerous strong, well-built houses and enclosures belonging to merchants or contractors

[1] For the information of non-military readers, I may explain that a ramp is an incline leading up to a bastion, or on to a rampart, up which guns are drawn or the garrison ascends.

and people connected with the Government clothing establishment or the Government gun-carriage factory. I should perhaps mention that the whole of the gun-carriages for the army or the forts in the Bengal Presidency are manufactured in the fort of Futtygurh, and that the greatest part of the clothing for the Bengal army is made in the Government establishment at this place.

At the back of this bazar there was a deep wide ravine running into the river, parallel with the south face of the fort; and as it was within easy musket-shot, and would form a grand parallel and *place d'armes* for an enemy, it had to be opened out as much as possible, and all the houses on its bank knocked down and levelled. Then there was no accommodation for the soldiers; so the vast carpenters' workshops and store-rooms belonging to the gun-carriage manufactory had to be converted temporarily into barracks.

The artillery officers made great lamentations at our having no mortars for the benefit of the great ravine, but in rummaging about the store-rooms and sheds I found an old French brass mortar. It was too large for our 8-inch shells, and too small for our 10-inch, being about nine inches in calibre; but I thought that by seating a shell on the chamber, which was deep, and wedging it up so as to keep the

latter covered, we might contrive to throw it into the ravine; so, having got a rough bed made for the mortar, it was mounted on one of the bastions, and we proceeded to try it. All people being warned out of the ravine, the mortar was loaded and fired. But the wedge put in to block up the shell to its proper place somehow shifted, the shell slipped, left a large vent for the explosion, and consequently fell half way, just clearing the crupper of a horse picketed outside, frightening his life out, and astonishing his master, a commissariat sergeant, who had arrived with some stores. We determined to try some other dodge, but the experiment never came off.

My first care on assuming command in the fort was to indent on Agra for ammunition for my guns, and then to write urgent letters to have it despatched. As soon as the army left, I had the bridge of boats moved from its place near the city and thrown over the river under the walls of the fort, and all the boats twelve miles up and down the stream brought and anchored under the fort. The rebels threatened to come down, erect batteries on the further bank of the river, and cannonade us. This would have been excessively uncomfortable. The distance was 1700 yards, but they had some heavy guns that would throw a shot across. We had no parapet or rampart on the river face, and though we had seven heavy guns, from 12 to 32-

pounders, we had no more than twenty rounds of ammunition for them. However, we expected the ammunition from Agra in a few days, so I had 100 men of H.M.'s 82nd instructed in gun-drill, and constantly practised at it. When the ammunition arrived, I had the new gunners instructed with blank ammunition, and when the artillery officer reported them sufficiently advanced, I thought I would have a little ball practice.

On the farther bank of the river, and exactly opposite the fort, was a small village, and outside, towards the north, a large white boundary pillar. This I made the mark for our heavy guns. Then, selecting a day when the wind was blowing from the fort towards the rebels in Alagunge, I sent a party of horsemen across the river, turned the people out of the village for a couple of hours, and commenced, first with the 12-pounders, going on in crescendo style, and ending with the 32-pounder. Of course we took care to note the range of the guns and the elevation required. Next day, at ten o'clock, a man walked up to my quarters with a 32-pound shot on his head, and dropped it at my feet.

"Huzzoor, your highness, cherisher of the poor, your slave was working yesterday in his field (naming a village about two miles off), and whilst your highness's guns were firing, your slave heard something rushing through the grass, and immediately the ball jumped over his head

and lodged in a bank. I am a faithful ryot of the Sircar Angrez, and I have brought the ball to your highness."

"Very well, you shall have a present; but tell me, do you think the rebels at Alagunge heard the sound of our guns?"

"Your highness, yes; their livers melted with fear, and half of their army ran away last night."

By the evening we discovered that this was fiction founded on fact. A number of men that had joined the rebels that morning had slipped off quietly at night. The numerous spies had doubtless reported the extensive repairs made in the fort, all that had been done outside, and the supply of ammunition we had received, news which, with the sound of our guns magnified by their fears, had so worked upon the imaginations of the new-comers that it sent them off home again, as the "faithful ryot" reported. The story of the mutiny of the troops at Futtygurh, and the subsequent massacre of our countrymen, their wives and children, is yet fresh in the memory of all. The 10th N.I. had for a time remained faithful, but were subsequently induced to mutiny by the 41st N.I., fresh from the massacre at Seetapoor. Our countrymen had retired into the fort, if the ruinous walls and crazy bastions that surrounded the Government gun-carriage works could be called a fort, and for eight days thirty-three able-

bodied men had defended these walls against the host by whom they were besieged. Wearied and worn out, they had tried to escape down the river; but many were killed. Some escaped only to meet death at Cawnpoor and elsewhere, and many were captured, taken back, and shot down by grape-shot at the regimental butts. I caused a search to be made for their remains, and they were found in a well near the butts. The well was closed, and a mark put over it, with a view to having a tomb erected at a future date.

The rebels at Alagunge, although formidable in numbers, never ventured to come near Futtygurh, but they gave a great deal of trouble in another way, and kept me in a state of constant anxiety. Towards the end of February, they sent a small party to take up a position in the country between the Ramgunga and the Ganges, and began to forage all round. In the month of March, the numbers of rebels at Alagunge and elsewhere increased considerably; they foraged about with great boldness, and from day to day assumed a more threatening attitude. About the 10th of the month, the mutineers at Koochla ferry, near Khasgunge, crossed the river, and General Penny from Delhi marched against them. At this time there were constant and most positive reports, that the "Nana" was about to cross the Ganges, to get over into Central India, and one or two

small parties of rebels did elude our posts on the river and got across. The rebels at Alagunge sent a body of troops to Bungong, an important village near the banks of the Ganges, twenty-four miles above Futtygurh. To watch this party, I sent a detachment of the 82nd and the 7th Punjaub Infantry to a ferry on the Ganges, twenty-five miles above Futtygurh, and close to Bungong, with orders to watch the movements of the rebels, to prevent them from crossing, and to report to me the moment any such movement was about to be made.

At the end of March, when it became known at head-quarters that I had a detachment out on the Ganges above Futtygurh, I was ordered to withdraw it; and of course I was obliged to comply, though very unwilling; but I made arrangements to have some police horsemen left in the vicinity of the ferry, so that I might get a report every day of the state of the country, and of anything that might be seen or heard near that quarter indicative of the movements of the rebels. I heard first that some rebel horsemen had been down to the ferry to reconnoitre; then that a small party had forded the stream, which was very low, and afterwards that a larger one had crossed and had visited the neighbouring villages, these parties each night returning to Bungong. Finally I heard that the rebels at that place had

been considerably reinforced, that a large party had come down to the village near the ferry, and that the country about Kumpil and Kaimgunge was in a very uneasy state. It seemed to me quite evident that the rebels, emboldened by our inaction, by the withdrawal of our detachment from Soorajpoor ferry, and by our apparent supineness, would cross the Ganges, and raise the country about Kumpil; and when I heard that Tej Sing, the rebel Rajah of Mynpooree, was in the camp, every vestige of doubt as to their intentions was at once removed from my mind, and it became plain and evident that a crisis was at hand.

What was to be done? To send troops out to the spot from whence I had been ordered to withdraw them, was quite out of the question—to go myself, take the garrison and encamp opposite the rebels, waiting their good pleasure, was not to be thought of, for many reasons; nor could I call in troops from Mynpooree, for that side of the district was in almost as ticklish a state as this. The whole country between the city and Kumpil, Kaimgunge, and Alagunge, was filled with a discontented, turbulent Mahomedan population, the connexions or dependants of the rebel Nuwab of Furruckabad, already twice punished for rebellion, who were again prepared for a general rising, and if I allowed the rebels to

cross the Ganges, the whole country, through Kumpil, Kaimgunge, Alagunge, and Mynpooree, to the banks of the Jumna, would be once more in arms; the grand trunk road would be closed; Lord Clyde's operations against Rohilcund, about to commence in a few days, would be delayed; the serious mistake would be committed of allowing the mutineers to recover what we had taken from them; and when Lord Clyde arrived at Futtygurh, I should be having "a bit of my lord's mind."

I was not long in deciding what I should do. The rebels had now three strong posts near me. The original was at Alagunge, seven miles off, on the further bank of the Ramgunga river; another was at Bungong, three miles from the ferry before mentioned; and the third at Kunkur, a good deal nearer, on this side of Bungong. Alagunge I considered unattackable; Bungong was too far for a day's march; but I thought I could manage Kunkur, as the rebels at this post would consider themselves safe, by its distance from Futtygurh. In consequence of its position, too, between the two other posts, a blow struck at it would have the greatest effect, and I calculated that if I knocked out the middle post, the upper one at Bungong would collapse on the lower. Kunkur was twenty-two miles off; the weather was tremendously hot, but I thought it over well, and determined to try it.

After dusk on the 6th of April, when all strangers had been turned out of the fort, and the gates were closed, I sent for the brigade-major, and directed him to go round to commanding officers, and desire each to be at the bridge-head a little before 11 P.M. with a certain indicated number of men, plenty of ammunition, and three days' provisions. The major of brigade was so surprised that I was obliged to repeat my order. I was rather pleased and amused at this, for if he was amazed I might fairly hope that certain parties near Kunkur would be so also. It was absolutely necessary that I should not breathe to anyone a word about my intended expedition until the very moment of execution. The enemy had spies in the fort every day. I had to march within three miles of their camp at Alagunge, and had the faintest whisper of my expedition got abroad I might be placed in a position of great peril. Even at the last hour no one but the civil officer who provided the guides knew where I was going. The success of the expedition depended on secrecy and despatch.

Punctually at 11 P.M. the troops that had been turned out silently and without sound of bugle, assembled at the bridge-head and filed silently over the bridge. Even at that hour the heat was tremendous. The road was

unmetalled, and the earth, of the finest alluvial deposit, broken and stirred by the march of so many men, horses, and guns, flew up in thick smothering clouds of dust. We marched as fast as we could until well past the enemy's camp at Alagunge, which was about three miles off to our right. When assured by our spies that all was quiet, and that not a suspicion of our expedition existed, I halted for an hour to give the men the rest and refreshment that were so much needed. The heat and dust were indescribably overpowering, and our march had been rapid.

At the expiration of the hour we started again, and just as day began to dawn a shot fired at the advanced guard announced the enemy, and in five minutes we were in their presence. My force consisted of a nine-pounder battery, Major Smith, of H.M. 82nd, 600 men of Colonel Hale's corps, 100 of the 7th Punjaub Infantry, Captain Stafford, 350 horse, Lieutenants St. John and De Kantzaw. Messrs. Power and Vansittart, and Captain Bradford accompanied me as political officers.

The enemy's position was strong: a walled grove of trees between two villages, with low swampy ground to the right, and along the front the old bed of a river, which took a bend to our left.

As soon as we came in sight there was a shouting and noise in the enemy's camp, and the hubbub and confusion was wonderful. In a few minutes, out from behind the left village, came two splendid bodies of cavalry, the finest and best mounted I had yet seen. One of these advanced toward my right; the other, and by far the largest, went off to my left. Getting Major Smith to cover our advance on the grove of trees, and to bestow some of his favours on the cavalry moving on to our right, I marched rapidly on the grove of trees, the enemy firing at us from three guns, but our movement was so rapid that their shots flew over our heads. The enemy's cavalry on our left got into the old river-bed or water-course, and as they followed its bend to our left, their intention to take us in flank was evident. Believing themselves perfectly safe from our fire, for their heads were not visible, they moved along leisurely, supposing that our rapid advance would soon expose our flank, when they would be down on us; but the hollow was wide, the banks shelving, and their tall spears, with bright points, showed their position distinctly as they moved along at a distance of 700 yards.

Riding up to Colonel Hale I desired him to draw out two of his companies, the best shots, and see if he could not disturb this little man-

œuvre. This was speedily done, and the men, loosening their files, commenced firing calmly and deliberately, the musketry instructor having given the number of yards to fire at. In a few minutes—before three rounds had been completely fired—there was terrible confusion amongst the spears; and as Colonel Hale's hearty voice was heard encouraging his men to fire steadily, with good and deliberate aim, out bolted the whole of the cavalry as hard as they could, and were followed by our horsemen, and by shouts of derision from the whole line. This was the first time I had seen the Enfield rifle used in the field, and I thought it the very king of weapons. As soon as the enemy's cavalry had been routed I advanced again. Major Smith had turned the cavalry on the right and had silenced the three guns. The troops charged and stormed the villages and grove of trees, and the rebels fled in all directions, leaving in our hands their guns, stores, ammunition, tents, standards, and baggage. The village on our left, where a few men held out, was stormed and burnt, and the enemy were put to death. Their ammunition was then blown up, and we bivouacked in the grove of trees until the afternoon, the civil officers employing their time in collecting valuable papers found in the baggage of the mutineers and in examining many prisoners who were brought in.

In about an hour our cavalry returned, having destroyed numbers of the fugitives, and chased the rest as far as it was prudent to venture. As we were eating a well-earned breakfast in the enemy's camp in the grove of trees, and making ourselves comfortable, a body of two hundred horsemen appeared in the distance, evidently a party from the rebel camp at Alagunge, sent to see if anything unpleasant had happened to their friends. Three or four well-planted shots from Major Smith's guns gave them all the information they required, and off they went. The report they carried back so alarmed the rebels that, to ensure the safety of their camp at Alagunge, they broke up the bridge and removed the boats to their side of the river.

At two P.M. we commenced our homeward march, and reached the fort a little after nine P.M., returning by a rather shorter road. This day (the 7th of April) was an auspicious day for me, for on the same date sixteen years ago I had shared the honour of defeating Akber Khan, and breaking up the leaguer of Jellalabad. On dismounting from my horse at my quarters, I felt that the troops had done—and right well done—a hard day's work. They had marched, out and home, forty-four miles, had fought an action, defeating the enemy with considerable loss, and capturing their guns, ammunition, tents, stores, and baggage,

and they had returned home safely with the captured guns, without leaving behind a single straggler, and in spite of the tremendous heat, doing all in a little over twenty-two hours. Our loss was very trifling, three killed and seventeen wounded. I think this was rather a feat, and that the troops deserved all praise. Their sufferings from the heat, dust, and consequent thirst, were great, but nobly borne with patient and gallant endurance.

I was thoroughly knocked up next day, and felt that Delhi was telling upon me. When the excitement was over I quite gave way; but I had the satisfaction of hearing that the blow we had struck was followed by greater results than I had ventured to hope for. The rebels withdrew their parties to the further side of the Ramgunga, the country about Kumpil was cowed, and numbers of Zemindars between the Ganges and the Ramgunga, who had been kept under by the rebels, now openly declared themselves our friends.

The first time the brigade-major came to me on business, he entered my room laughing and looking highly amused. I asked him what was the joke. "Do you know, sir, what the soldiers are calling you?" "No, I don't; but I hope it is nothing very outrageous." "Oh, no; they call you the Kunkuring hero." Kunkur was the largest of the two villages we had stormed.

CHAPTER IX.

Lord Clyde arrives with his Force *en route* for Rohilcund—General Penny—His Death—I am made a K.C.B., and am considerably astonished and gratified—Lord Clyde returns from Bareilly—His Wrath at the Seeming Neglect of a Patient in Hospital—Queer Letter sent to me—Transferred to Shahjehanpoor—The Moulvee, an active, bitter Enemy—Is killed by Rajah of Powayne—The Begum of Oude vows Vengeance—Terrible State of the Country in Possession of the Rebels—Rains subside and the Rebels start into Activity—Demonstrations against Powayne and Shahjehanpoor—March out at Night—Fall on the Rebels in the Dawn, and beat them—Queen Victoria proclaimed Empress of India.

FOURTEEN days after our little affair at Kunkur, Lord Clyde arrived with his force, *en route* for the campaign in Rohilcund. On seeing me, he shook his fist at "that little flourish of yours, sir," as he was pleased to term our dash at the rebels; but there was a kindly smile on his honest, weather-beaten, sagacious-looking face, that showed he was well pleased to find the district quiet, our communication with the North-west, by the grand trunk road, uninterrupted, and nothing to delay his march, in the shape of blunders to correct, or reverses to retrieve. Lord Clyde's tents were

pitched inside the fort, close to my quarters, and at night his little camp-bed was moved out under a large tree, within five yards of my door. Frequently when rousing out at early dawn I found the chief already up, sitting on the side of his bed, apparently in deep thought, perhaps turning over in his mind all that was doing in various parts of the country, or thinking over the best plan for working out the great problem he had yet to solve in Rohilcund. He often asked me to sit down by him, to talk over matters connected with my command. From the first I felt very much at home with Lord Clyde: there was something in his features, in the general form of the face, and the squareness of the lower jaw—something also in his manner, in his occasional abruptness, that reminded me of my old commander, Sir Robert Sale. He was a thoroughly kind and warm-hearted man, rather peppery at times, like Sale, and in all cases of neglect of duty, or of unbecoming conduct, very stern. But nothing so thoroughly raised his anger as any neglect shown to the sick or wounded. Before leaving Futtyguh Lord Clyde gave me orders to establish a field-hospital, for the reception of many wounded he had with him, and of those he was likely to bring back.

On the 24th, my kind friend General Penny arrived, to confer with Lord Clyde on the approach-

ing campaign, in which he was to take a part by crossing the Ganges into the Budam district, and driving all the rebels from thence upwards to Bareilly. This discussion took place in my quarters, and in my presence. The day after the consultation, the General left to join his force. I never saw him again. Deceived by intelligence furnished by the civil officer who accompanied him, that the rebels had left the road by which he was going, and were miles away, he marched before daybreak, moved on with the advanced guard, and, quite unsuspicious of danger, rode nearly into a rebel battery, where he was killed by a discharge of grape. His death was a great blow to me, for he had ever treated me with constant and unvarying kindness. He was generous and kind-hearted, a clever man, and an excellent soldier; and he was much and sincerely lamented by the numerous friends whom he had attached to himself.

The siege-train arrived on the 22nd, and by the chief's order I passed it over the river the next day, in order to give the guns time to get out of the sandy bed of the river on to the high firm bank beyond, out of the way of the troops and their baggage when the march should commence. Lord Clyde moved with his force on the 27th, and with him went my friends the 82nd, whom I lost sight of for a time. The

telegraph line ended at Futtygurh, and as it was not advisable to extend it to the Rohilcund, it was arranged that all telegrams to the address of the chief of the staff should be sent to me, that I should open and reply, under certain instructions, to all I could, copy the whole in duplicate, and forward the copies as opportunity offered. Night after night I was roused up, and had to sit for two or three hours with the major of brigade, copying these important documents in duplicate, and sometimes in triplicate; for they required care, and could not be entrusted to a native or Eurasian copyist. Secrecy in important military matters is essential to success. No document requiring it should ever be entrusted to a country-born copyist until his fidelity and trustworthiness in this respect has been fully tested. These men are very apt to chatter amongst themselves, and to make use of their official knowledge to support their pretensions to importance. There are, however, many honourable exceptions to this seemingly uncharitable assertion.

About the 12th May I received a note, the superscription of which first, and afterwards the contents, made me open my eyes with astonishment. It was addressed Brigadier Sir T. S., K.C.B., and congratulated me on the honour conferred on me. I thought it must be some mistake, or else some fresh joke amongst the youngsters, so

wrote back to the sender—"None of your nonsense; if you boys chaff your brigadier, he'll have to pitch into you." The reply was a copy of the "Gazette," with renewed and hearty congratulations. It fairly amazed me. My first thought was, God save the Queen; the next, what will my wife and family think of it? Then the whole of my career flashed across my memory, from the time when I landed in Calcutta, a thoughtless, half educated, and utterly inexperienced lad, not seventeen years of age, without a friend in the country to take me by the hand and to give a word of advice and kindly warning to keep one so young from succumbing to the influence of such example as I was likely to meet everywhere, to that day when, with the "Gazette" in my hand, I saw that I had been fortunate enough to be useful to my country, and had been honoured by my Queen. I need not say that this review opened up in my heart feelings of deeply grateful thanks to that merciful Providence that had ordered all things for me.

I received shoals of congratulatory letters, and felt intensely gratified at the good-will they displayed. Lord Clyde returned from his Rohilcund campaign on the 21st of May, in the midst of a furious and fiercely hot wind that had been blowing for two days, with the usual accompaniment of clouds of dust that were perfectly suf-

focating. He seemed very much knocked up, and I was sorry to see it, but his spirits were cheery, and a few days' rest in a cool house quite restored him.

Coming into the fort one evening on business, Lord Clyde walked into the hospital, and found there a soldier lying on a bed without sheets. The colonel had—unfortunately—not visited the hospital very recently. Lord Clyde was furiously angry, and poured out his wrath upon him in no stinted measure; taking breath, he blew him up a second time, and then a third time, after which he turned round, came to me and asked if I would drive him home. I did so. On arriving at the house, we found the calm and self-possessed chief of the staff seated in a chair on the landing place of the wide steps under the portico, solacing himself with a cigar preparatory to the business of the day. Into his sympathising ears "my Lord" poured all the story of his indignation at the neglect shown to Private Trigger, H.M. 180th. I was standing by, and in the midst of our tale, he turned round suddenly to me, and said, "S——, it's all your fault." I laughed right out, and remarked, "Well, Lord Clyde, if you would come and see my hospital, I am sure you would be satisfied." I knew he would, for I had already taken Sir W. Mansfield, chief of the staff, to see it, and he was quite pleased.

I now learnt that I was shortly to be moved

to Shahjehanpoor, which was then our frontier, for though Lucknow was taken, the Begum held out, and had large bodies of troops at command all over Oude, which was of course an enemy's country, and where there was likely to be a good deal of hard work. The Queen of Oude's favourite general, Moulvee Ahmed Oolla Shah, a man of considerable influence in Oude, a fanatical bigot, and the bitter enemy of the English, was in the district adjoining Shahjehanpoor, organizing a powerful force in that direction, and using his whole influence to stir up and unite the talookdars,[1] with all the influential people and landowners, against us, and was to start thither as soon as my successor—not yet named—should arrive.

Whilst in command at Futtygurh I received some very queer letters from all sorts of people, especially from natives. I give one specimen, which is translated literally:—

"Petition of Gunga Sing Subadar Buhadoor, 42nd N.I., the Dooboce Regiment. Dated May 19th, 1858.

"To Mr. Seaton,

"Brigadier of Futtygurh.

"Your slave has fled from Lucknow, and has resided in the house of Ramnarain Bunya (grain merchant), Aggurwallah, in the Muhul-

[1] A Talookdar is a man who has a talooka—a large collection of villages.

lah (parish) of Lobaee City, Furruckabad, and made over to the custody of the said Ramnarain 1000 Gyepoor asherrflees (a gold coin worth thirty shillings), 10,000 Rs. of ornaments and jewels, 5000 Rs. cash; also to Ramgholann Mahajun, of the Jootwarra Muhullah (parish), of the city, Rs. 15,000 of gold and jewels. Phoolchund, son of Nutheram, is the party who was go-between in these transactions, and he, Phoolchund, has of my property 2000 Rs. and some cloth. None of these men will return me my property. People are getting wind of my whereabouts. I shall mizzle to-morrow. I have settled all my accounts, paid the taxes, and know that I shall be killed wherever I go. Your highness can take the above-mentioned property from the persons who now hold it."

This letter appeared to me at the very first glance to be an act of vengeance against the persons named. The man who caused the letter to be written, most probably hoped that I should seize these individuals, and lay an embargo on their property and account-books in order to investigate the matter. Instead of this I directed the brigade-major to show the letter to the civil officer, for if by chance the contents should turn out to be true, some valuable property would be secured for Government; but if, as I suspected, it should prove to be false, then,

on the principle that when rogues fall out honest men get their due, some valuable information might be obtained as to the rebel Subadar, or whoever wrote the letter, and about those connected with him. What came of the matter I do not know, as I left it in the hands of the magistrate and his assistants, retaining the document as a curiosity.

My successor, Colonel Macausland, having arrived, I prepared to go over and take up my command at Shahjehanpoor, but the day before I started news came in from that place that our most active and formidable enemy, the Moulvee, had been killed by the Rajah of Powayne. This Moulvee was the spiritual guide and favourite commander of the ex-king of Oude's Begum, who had set up her standard, and was endeavouring to make head against us. He was a man of great abilities, of undaunted courage, of stern determination, a turbulent, intriguing spirit, and by far the best soldier amongst the rebels. He was certain to give us a great deal of trouble, for he was on the frontier, armed with authority by the Begum, and furnished with money, endeavouring to stir up the people, and to unite all the Rajahs and Tálookdars in one grand effort to resist our advance, and drive us out of their country. The Rajah of Powayne was most unwilling to fall in with the Moulvee's plans, or to

take part in any measures against us. He was a fat—enormously fat—easy-going, good-tempered man, whose sole desire was to be let alone and to eat his bread in peace; but he consented to a conference with the Moulvee, who went over to Powayne attended by a small party of armed followers.

On approaching the town the Moulvee found the gates closed, the walls manned, and the Rajah and his brother with their followers on the ramparts that overlooked the gateway. A parley ensued. The Moulvee was not satisfied with its tendency; and, determined to force the Rajah into compliance with his views in a nearer personal interview, he made the driver of the elephant on which he was mounted urge the animal forward to burst open the gate. The elephant accordingly advanced and applied his head to the barrier with such force that in a second or two the gate would have been burst open, when the Rajah's brother, who was standing by, seeing how matters were likely to terminate, seized a gun and shot the Moulvee dead. His followers instantly turned and fled. The Rajah and his brother rushed out in haste and cut off the Moulvee's head, with which, wrapped up in a cloth, the Rajah immediately drove off to Shahjehanpoor. Arriving at the magistrate's house, he instantly sought admittance, and found Mr. Money with some friends seated at dinner. The bundle

which he carried was produced, and the bloody head was rolled at their feet, an ugly but most welcome sight. The Moulvee's head was hung up at the cotwallee, in the town of Shahjehanpoor, "for the information and encouragement of all concerned."

The Moulvee was well out of the way. He and the Begum were kindred spirits, and the two working together would have greatly prolonged the contest. She was a clever, plucky, and most determined woman. With all the vehemence of her fiery nature she urged her chiefs and commanders to redouble their exertions to oppose and drive out the hated English. To some she sent letters of encouragement and favour. Others she taunted with lukewarmness in the cause of their country, or taxed with a leaning towards the infidels. To one considerable chief she sent a pair of women's trousers, with accompaniments, and told him "that as he had shown himself a woman, she had sent him suitable garments, which he had better put on and retire to his proper place—a harem."

I reached Shahjehanpoor on the 20th of June, and at once assumed the command. My first act was to call on the magistrate, Mr. Money, to ascertain from him the state of affairs in the district, and to discuss various matters that required immediate attention. I found the condition

of affairs to be this. The death of the Moulvee had disheartened the rebels and entirely deranged their plans, and as the rainy season was at hand, they had withdrawn from the immediate vicinity of Shahjehanpoor, and had distributed themselves throughout different villages and towns in the neighbouring district. Within a distance of thirty miles there was a force of upwards of 20,000 men, with sixty or seventy guns —some of them what are termed goordas—small pieces which are used for firing salutes, like our Tower guns—but the greater number serviceable ordnance. The principal leaders of the rebels nearest Shahjehanpoor were Khan Buhadoor, Ismail Khan, Rugober, Sing Fuzl Huq, Khan Ali, and Eenayut Ali. Several of these had served under our Government in a civil capacity. Fuzl Huq had been tehseldar of Nuwabgunge, near Barcilly, and was younger brother of Moulvee Mohbeen, Deputy Collector of Agra; Ismail Khan had been Cotwal of Meerut; Eenayut Ali had been Chuckladar of Sandee. These men, and some other commanders, with the usual suicidal selfishness and cupidity of the natives, were blindly quarrelling amongst themselves who should have the money the late Moulvee had brought with him. The Begum, furious at the death of her favourite officer and councillor, vowed vengeance against the

Rajah of Powayne, who, as soon as he heard of my arrival, came to see me and beg for protection. This was the first topic I had to discuss with Mr. Money, and I quite agreed with him that we could not allow the Rajah to be sacrificed; that to do so would be disgrace and dishonour in the eyes of the people of the country, who would ever after fear to show themselves our friends; so I sent the Rajah away with comforting assurances of protection, insisting, of course, that he should do all in his power to protect himself, and that he should aid us by keeping an eye on the movements of the rebels, and reporting instantly anything he might detect.

The town of Powayne was eighteen miles from Shahjehanpoor by the direct road, but there was a stream to cross, which, in the course of a few days, when the rains set in, would be too deep to ford. I should, therefore, have to cross it by the bridge of boats under the cantonments, if the rebels made any attack on Powayne. This would lengthen the march by several miles —a serious consideration in the rainy season, and in a case where despatch was necessary to success. I had written to the chief of the staff on the subject of protection to Powayne, and in reply he told me that I must consult General Walpole, commanding the division, who would concert with me a combined operation. As a general

principle, this was undoubtedly the right thing to do; but in this particular instance it would be undoubtedly wrong, for whilst we were concerting a grand combined operation—the General and his troops being at Bareilly, nearly sixty miles off—Powayne would be devoured. So, as the chief of the staff seemed to acknowledge the principle that it was right to defend the town, I determined to do so at my own proper risk and peril, without pestering him any further with detailed explanations, to take up his already too much occupied time; and as I knew that I could do it without risk to Shahjehanpoor, I should be carrying out Lord Clyde's grand principle, which, by the bye, would have solved many a riddle the Indian public could not read, and stopped many a clamour in respect to his apparent slowness, had it been known at the time. That principle was, "never to give up an inch of ground once acquired." It is true we had not acquired Powayne by force of arms, but we had obtained possession of it by the friendship of the Rajah, who killed one of our greatest enemies, and then threw himself, with his territory, into our cause. So I got every information I could concerning the road, the rivers, the swamps, the villages, the groves of trees or jungle through which the road passed, and of everything that the rebels could turn into an ob-

stacle to our march. I also had the road mapped, the groves of trees, &c., inserted, the distances from various places carefully noted, and then quietly awaited the first move on the part of the enemy.

I knew that if the rains came on with tolerable abundance, we should have two months of quiet before any attack could be made upon us. Day after day passed, and the rebels made no move. In fact, the leaders were too much absorbed by their squabble about the Moulvee's money to think of attacking us; and whilst they were quarrelling, the rains set in, filled the rivers, flooded the country, and stopped all military operations for a time.

The month of September I expected would be a critical month, as the rains would then cease, the rivers subside, the country dry up, and the roads become once more practicable; and as a woman's vengeance never slumbers, halts in its gait, or lingers by the way, we might expect that an early and desperate attack would be made upon Powayne by the whole of the rebel troops in the vicinity. The intelligence department furnished daily, sometimes hourly reports of the proceedings of the mutineers, and we knew accurately their numbers and position, with the names of their leaders, and the guns they had with them, not a movement of any consequence escaping us.

The whole country in possession of the rebels was in a dreadful state. The Begum's Government having no means of supplying their troops, they of necessity lived on the people; and as there was no chief placed in supreme command, and no man amongst them had sufficient talent or influence to acquire such a position for himself, the leaders of the different bands were in fact independent, each doing pretty much as he pleased, and subsisting his men in the best way he could. The consequence was that the contributions, instead of being levied regularly all over the surrounding country, in proportion to the size of the towns and the numbers to be subsisted, each party took by violence whatever was wanted, or whatever was fancied, from wherever it could be extracted; and, "lightly come, lightly go," everything was wasted, and the collecting of supplies degenerated into an indiscriminate plunder, cruel, oppressive, and tyrannical. I have now before me a letter from a native on this subject, in which he says, "Your correspondents are alive, but the rebels have plundered the district beyond the powers of description." After entering into some details, and enumerating the different bands of mutineers in the district, he goes on to say, "All are very much pressed for supplies; they live by plunder, and from hand to mouth; they press us for money, and urge us to fight with them."

The rebels were too intent upon plunder to have any present intention of attacking Shahjehanpoor. As they had already exhausted their own near neighbourhood, they were compelled to send large foraging expeditions in every direction. These parties did not confine their operations to the seizure of the mere necessaries of life, but like the Pindarrees of old, took everything that came to hand—money, clothes, jewels, anything, or everything, "that was not too hot or too heavy to be removed."

Next to getting subsistence, their great object was to obtain it from the towns and villages in our territory, which were at such a distance from our troops that they could safely "harry" them. They were ever on the look-out for a favourable opportunity of amassing plunder, and making the English provinces their victims. They sent eastward a large body of cavalry and guns, which made a considerable circuit, and then marching rapidly, suddenly fell on the towns of Seramow and Kuthar, in the northern part of the Shahjehanpoor district, and sacked and burnt them to the ground, before intelligence of the raid could be conveyed to General Walpole or myself.

The month of September began quietly enough, but in a very short time the rebels showed signs of activity, and began to push forward small parties of armed men in the direction

of Shahjehanpoor and Powayne. As the days passed by, their activity continued to increase, and towards the end of the month it became apparent that a general advance of the whole force of the rebel army was imminent, and might be expected at any moment. But the plans by which they had determined to guide their movements were not betrayed by any decisive move on their part, nor were they yet within reach, so that it was not in my power to act against them; and I was obliged to content myself with increased and unceasing vigilance, waiting until their projects should develop themselves, and keeping our troops ready to march and fight them at a moment's notice.

The idea of an attack on the fort did not give me a moment's uneasiness, as its various works had been put in a proper state of defence, and every preparation had been made to meet such a possible contingency. The fort stands on a tongue of land between two rivers; the smallest of the two, the Kanout, flowing between us and the rebels. This river, which was very deep, had a muddy bottom. The fords by which an enemy could make his way over it were few in number, and the permanent bridge by which it was crossed was immediately under the guns of the fort, from which the cantonment was distant a mile and a half, the town lying between the two.

The cantonment, like all others in India, was quite open, without any defensive works; but when Lord Clyde marched through, on his Rohilcund campaign, he turned the commissariat yard, which was in a central position, into a strong field-work; and when it was garrisoned by the 82nd, the rebels besieged it in vain. With the fort at one end, and the cantonment at the other, the town seemed to me pretty safe from the rebels; but Powayne I felt was our weak point. The Begum had vowed vengeance against the Rajah. He would certainly be attacked; and if the rebels were sufficiently reinforced, they would assail Shahjehanpoor also, making a simultaneous onset on both places.

Towards the end of September reports of the movements of the rebels came in "thick and threefold;" but from our imperfect maps, and the way in which the natives communicate intelligence from one part of their army to another, interlaying the facts with such fiction as they imagine will be most pleasing, or will best subserve their own ends, it was impossible to follow these repeated movements with any great accuracy. It was evident enough, however, that there was a general move forward in our direction. On the 1st of October, our intelligence in respect to the intentions of the rebels was most conflicting, the spies of the civil officers

declaring most positively and emphatically that Shahjehanpoor or Powayne would be attacked at dawn on the 2nd (next morning), and that they had seen cart-loads of scaling ladders sent off towards Mohumdee. Our spies, on the other hand, said that no attack was contemplated; that the rebels were too much alarmed by the formidable preparations which we had made for their reception, and by a report that the General had arrived with his troops from Bareilly. When the patrol we had sent out to obtain information returned at dusk, they told us that they could detect no symptoms of a march on the part of the mutineers. But the civil authorities had very good grounds for the credit they gave to the statements of their spies, for the Commissioner of Seetapore, Colonel John Clarke, had received information from a friendly Talookdar that the Begum had, on the 24th of September, issued a proclamation that, "on the 1st of October, the Sahib lōg were to be attacked, wherever they might be, throughout Oude;" and very shortly afterwards, Colonel Clarke procured a copy of this interesting and important document, a translation of which I forwarded at once to the chief of the staff.

On the 3rd of October, Colonel Clarke managed to procure information of what the chiefs had decided on in council, from which it appeared that they had resolved to form five divisions, four

of which were to attack Shahjehanpoor, and one to advance against Powayne. This was confirmed by our own intelligence department; but whether this storm would first burst on us or on Powayne, or simultaneously on both places, we could not tell. A few hours, in all probability, would show.

Still, however, time flew by, and the rebels gave no sign of making any movement against us. We fancied that they did not quite like the position in which they found themselves, for they were fighting not only without hope, but without pay, the Begum having written to Khan Ali in September, telling him "she had sold jewels and everything by which she could raise money, and that her troops would henceforth fight without pay. It would be better for them to die fighting than to be hanged." Perhaps this ill-omened alternative thus boldly placed before their eyes, damped their ardour and troubled their minds. This energetic woman, however, still continued to urge on her chiefs to make some determined movement.

Mr. Lyell, C.S., reported on the 6th of October that he had ridden within a few miles of Powayne, where he had found the villagers flying across the road to the westward, with their cattle and goods—had learned that numerous parties of the rebel cavalry had plundered all the villages in the

district to within eight miles of the town, and apparently with success. The mutineers were, therefore, at last in full activity, and were endeavouring to indemnify themselves for the loss of pay, which the Begum was unable to give them.

From the numerous accounts received, this advance of the rebels seemed to be a preliminary cavalry raid. As we had not as yet heard of any advance of infantry or guns from Mohumdee, I directed a squadron of Mooltan horse, under Captain Prendergast, to proceed to Powayne, communicate with Lieutenant De Koutzow, who was there with his mounted police, and acting in concert with that officer, to endeavour to destroy some of these plundering parties which were causing so much uneasiness and doing so much mischief throughout the country. This I calculated would check the rebels, and give me time to act, whilst the presence of British officers and troops would encourage the Rajah and his people to offer a stout defence to any attack that might be made against them.

The squadron reached Powayne before daybreak on the morning of the 7th, and the two officers, with their united force, proceeded to carry out my instructions. They found, however, that Khan Buhadoor had already advanced with his whole force; and his cavalry were so numerous that they could effect nothing. They

therefore withdrew into the town, which was at once invested. On the news reaching me, I determined to march instantly to the relief of Powayne. I ordered the troops to assemble at 11 P.M., and sent off commissariat supplies at once, intending to march out and reach Powayne at daybreak, disperse the enemy, and return to make ready for Khan Ali, if he should leave Pusgawa to make an attempt on Shahjehanpoor. But late in the morning a trooper came galloping in with the important information that the rebels had advanced from Pusgawa, that they were burning the villages within a few miles of us, and that our picket of Mooltan horse was retiring slowly before them. The trooper had been sent in by Lieutenant Smith, commanding the picket. Presently another trooper came galloping in with news that parties of the rebel cavalry had surrounded the police station at Gowra, and that there was a large body of infantry in the Suketa nullah, which forms the boundary of the district. In half an hour this horseman was succeeded by a third, who came in to say that the rebels were burning and plundering two villages considerably nearer, from which, as night came down, we heard that they had retired. It was now quite evident that the plans of the mutineers were to keep me in check, whilst Khan Buhadoor was engaged in the siege of Powayne, or to make a dash at

Shahjehanpoor, if I marched to its relief, for they had no knowledge of the reinforcements I had sent to Powayne.

When it was dark I sent Major Tedlie, the M. B., to countermand the assembly of the troops at the hour I had named, and to order it for 2 A.M., at which time the men were to be at the bridge of boats on the road to Pusgawa.

"Shall I recall the commissariat stores, sir?" he inquired.

"No, no," I replied, "let them go on; it will mislead the rebels if they have any spies about; but tell the commissariat officer, and he will provide more."

I sent to the magistrate, requesting him to supply us with guides, and at 2 A.M. punctually we marched. On the road I heard from people near Gowra police station that the parties who had burnt our villages had retired to Bunkagong, a village three miles beyond the Suketa nullah. As we neared the village, our advanced guard came upon their horse picket; ten minutes afterwards the sound of a cavalry trumpet on our left, at some little distance from the road, announced the vicinity of the enemy. Almost as if in harmony with our desire, at this moment the day began to dawn. Nothing could have been more propitious, and we almost regarded the circumstance as a favourable omen.

I sent out a party of Cureton's Mooltan horse to reconnoitre, and shortly followed myself. A little distance in front of me was a tolerably sized mound, up which I rode, and saw the whole of the rebel troops forming hastily up in front of a village, with guns in the centre, and a fine body of cavalry on both flanks. As soon as the rebels descried my party they favoured us with a couple of shells, which were well aimed, and burst beautifully, sending the bullets rattling about our ears in fine style, but, fortunately, inflicting not even the slightest injury on anyone. The front of the village was covered by a large pond or morass, from which, for the purpose of irrigation, deep water-channels were led into the fields. To our left was a road by which there was a firm passage round it to the right. I brought the artillery to the edge of the morass, and they had no sooner got into position than they were hotly engaged with the enemy, who had no chance with them. The infantry I formed into line behind the guns, so as to be ready either to take the road to the left, or to pass round the morass to the right. The moment our artillery commenced firing, the enemy's cavalry moved forward on both flanks; and as soon as they got within 700 yards, I made the 60th and the 82nd try the power of their Enfield rifles on them. I was watching the cavalry on the left, for it was

the largest body by far. They were coming round the end of the morass, to get into our rear by the road on our left. As soon as they got clear of some intervening trees, the light company of the 82nd began to fire on them, and we could see the men's heads and shoulders, and here and there a horse's head above the cultivation in the fields. The effect of this fire was curious. The impetuous horsemen suddenly pulled up and looked about, astonished and alarmed at the storm of bullets raining upon them, they knew not whence, and hitting them with such force. The noise, confusion, and jumble in their ranks, horses rearing and stumbling, and men falling, presented such a scene as is rarely witnessed, and in almost as short a timeas I have taken to describe it, the whole mass turned and fled.

Our guns had silenced their opponents, the cavalry on the right had been dispersed by the 60th, and the sepoys disappeared through the village, their artillery going off to the left after the main body of their cavalry. I now advanced into the village, but with great caution at first, and in the middle of it came upon an old fort that looked as if it had been recently repaired. As the morning sun was at the moment shining in our eyes, we could not see whether this stronghold was manned or not, but as we advanced within shot, and it did not open fire, I concluded that it was deserted,

which, on entering into it, I found was the case. I now sent the 60th with their guns to sweep round the village to the right, and ordered the Europeans, the whole of the cavalry, and the remaining three guns, in pursuit of the rebels, following with the 82nd and the 12th Punjaub Infantry in the same direction, but sweeping round to the left. We soon joined the 60th Rifles, who had dispersed everything before them in the shape of parties of rebels. We were in complete possession of the village, the fort, and everything the mutineers possessed. The ground was most embarrassing to us. The pools of water, the deep cut from the morass, the still larger morass in rear of the village, the high banks and mud walls round the fields, all combined to form as strong a position as I have seen anywhere, and if defended with spirit by a number of resolute men, would have cost us dear; but the rebels were taken completely by surprise, and had barely time to draw up hastily in front of the village, when we were upon them.

My servant had followed the column with my pony and breakfast boxes, and as soon as all was safe, the troops were collected, and sentries and videttes thrown out on all the roads by which an enemy could approach. Colonel J. Clarke, Commissioner Colonel Hale, the staff, and myself, sat down to breakfast under a fine shady tree. As

we were enjoying our well-earned meal, the cavalry returned, bringing two captured guns which they had gallantly seized from the enemy, whom they had chased for miles, killing three or four hundred, and dispersing the rest. Whilst the officer was making his report, we heard the sound of guns from Powayne; but as Colonel Clarke had seen some rebel horsemen going off in that direction, the knowledge that the town was again attacked did not give us any uneasiness. The sound of our guns would have been heard, and our friends there must have known that we had been busy on their behalf, and should not be long in coming to their relief. I had made up my mind to return to Shahjehanpoor, to give the men a few hours' rest; and if by that time I did not hear of the retreat of the rebels from Powayne, I would march so as to reach the place by daybreak.

We started on our return at 2 P.M., and I rode on ahead with Major Tedlie, the major of brigade. Within two miles of Shahjehanpoor I met a trooper sent out by the magistrate with a telegram just come in from Futtygurh, from the chief of the staff, to this effect:—

"A combined movement is in course of preparation for the effectual clearing and reduction of your frontier. The Commander-in-chief directs, therefore, that no attacks be made on the

rebels which cannot lead to any real and general result."

When I had read it, Major Tedlie remarked, "Well, brigadier, you have been and gone and done it!" I thought I had—and done it very well, too; for I felt certain that the moment the rebels before Powayne heard of the defeat of their friends at Bunkagong, they would, without a moment's loss of time, seek safety in a speedy retreat. And so it turned out. An hour after the troops had returned, intelligence came in that the mutineers had retired precipitately, and, as I afterwards learned, Captain Prendergast had, by a lucky shot from one of the Rajah's guns, disabled one of the enemy's, and killed one of their chiefs, who subsequently proved to be a noted rebel—Lukkur Shah. I telegraphed the news to the chief of the staff, and followed up the necessarily short message by a letter, explaining why I had gone out against the rebels. As I had checkmated the sepoys in respect to their little scheme about Powayne, and the action at Bunkagong would keep the whole district quiet until the force intended to operate on the frontier should assemble at Shahjehanpoor, which would be in a few days, I was sure Lord Clyde would approve of what I had done; and so it turned out, for after a very short interval I received his hearty congratulations on the affair

in which I had been so successfully engaged, which, he said, came within the scope of my original instructions.

After our engagement with the rebels at Bunkagong, numbers of the inhabitants of Shahjehanpoor, who had been kept away by doubts and fears, returned to their homes in the city, which then seemed as full as it well could be. I still retained my quarters in the fort, and in my daily rides through the town to the cantonments constantly saw new faces in the streets, houses and shops being reopened in all directions. Evidently we were not far from perfect tranquillity. One morning, when riding up to the cantonment, I saw before me in the street a most singular object—a man on all-fours like an animal, not going on his knees, as usual with lame people, and dragging his feet behind, but with his legs perfectly straight and upright, and the soles of his feet flat on the ground like those of a bear, an animal, indeed, which in his gait he perfectly imitated. In each hand he grasped a sort of two-legged crutch six inches high, by means of which he eked out the length of his arms, making it correspond to that of his legs, and kept his hands out of the mud. On his back—his body being thus kept in a perfectly horizontal position—was a large basket filled with cotton. His head was held up a little, and as I passed, he turned

his face towards me with a half-distrustful kind of look. I could not help regarding him as a human being transformed by some calamity into a beast of burden. The author of the "Arabian Nights," indeed, might have pointed to him as the victim of some malevolent and evil geni.

The towns-people, in answer to my inquiries, told me that the poor creature, when an infant, had been carried off and suckled by a wolf, and, in consequence of the perils to which such a life exposed him, had received injuries so severe that he was unable to hold himself upright. Since he had been restored to the society of his fellow-creatures, he had learned to understand pretty well all that was said to him, but was still unable to speak. The people were very kind and charitable, giving him food and clothes, and, to keep him employed, entrusted him with little jobs; he was going on an errand with the cotton I saw in the basket on his back. I am sorry I had not curiosity enough to send for the man, and consequently had no opportunity of taking down so much of his remarkable history as, with his imperfect means of communication, could be learned from him.

In the beginning of November I went with the commissariat officer to inspect some stores I was anxious to see, and to consider some alterations he wished to have made in his store-houses.

The inspection was satisfactory as far as it went, but into one set of store-rooms we could not enter, being completely kept at bay by a small but most formidable enemy, that had taken possession. These rooms, which contained several hundred bags of soft sugar, were by themselves in a small court-yard, on opening the door leading into which we were astounded by the sight of thousands of hornets, each of them upwards of an inch in length, flying about, in and out of the grated windows, attracted probably by the sweets within, which, in the face of such formidable enemies, no one dared to approach. On the 30th of November, however, this plague had so far disappeared that the commissariat officer and his people could enter the building, to contemplate the damage that had been inflicted by their presence. Within the store-rooms and out in the yard lay, in a multitude of heaps, the dead bodies of an inconceivable number of these creatures, the sugar, with which they had gorged themselves, seeming to have had some intoxicating effect on them, in consequence of which they had got drunk and died. Although the bags in which the sugar was contained were of strong cotton cloth, and each enclosed in stout sacking, the hornets had pierced them in every direction, eating large holes into them as rats or mice would have done. They had entirely devoured the contents of twenty-eight bags, or

2880 lb., each bag containing 160 lb. Upon shaking the bags, thousands and thousands of dead hornets, and their legs and wings, fell out, as if they had fought, torn, and eaten each other.

Shahjehanpoor is a great sugar-growing country, and at a place called Roussa or Rossa is the extensive sugar-refinery and distillery of those enterprising and liberal-minded gentlemen, Messrs. Carrew & Co. The whole country swarmed with these hornets, which, however, must not be looked upon as merely *fruges consumere nati*, for they are effective scavengers, devouring with avidity scraps of offal and other things which, if left exposed, might prove injurious, and thus keeping the vicinity of the butchers' booths under the fort sweet and clean.

Perhaps it is not generally known that these formidable animals obtained a very decisive victory over a portion of Lord Clyde's hitherto invincible army. Some soldiers belonging to a strong picket encamped on the banks of the river, in a grove of trees near the walls of the town, while lounging about, spied on the end of a thick upright limb of a dead tree, a large mass of something that looked like a lump of mud mingled with straw, as if a gigantic graft had been made. As there was no enemy within sight on whom they could exercise their skill as marksmen, the soldiers thought they might as well try the power of their arms and the pre-

cision of their eyes by throwing stones at this unknown object. After one or two slight hits had been made, a strong-armed fellow planted a stone right in the middle of the mass, into which it had no sooner penetrated than in an instant out flew a cloud of hornets, which dropped on the picket, who, one and all, leaving their arms piled and their traps on the ground, fled precipitately, followed by the irritated foe, whose long stings pierced through everything in the shape of clothing, inflicting an amount of suffering which the unhappy victims did not speedily forget. The flight of Lord Clyde's invincibles was rapid and ignominious; and but for the river, whose friendly waters flowed at no great distance, they would have been more frightfully punished than they were. What an opportunity for the enemy, had they but known of it!

Three days later Brigadier Troup's column arrived, destined, in conjunction with other columns, to drive the rebels from the whole line of the Rohilcund frontier, in a north-easterly direction. This duty it effectually performed, and there was thenceforth no call for any active service on the part of myself or my brigade. The last act of any interest in which I was concerned was on the 4th of November, 1858, when I had the honour and happiness of proclaiming Queen Victoria Empress of Hindostan. May God long preserve her as such!

CHAPTER X.

Retire from the Service—General Remarks—On the Garrison for India—The Native States—Frontier Wars—The Concentration of Troops—Locomotive Batteries—Disease and Mortality—Employment of the Troops—The Power of Commanding Officers—Government Meddling—The Press—Importance of Conciliating the Natives.

ON the 1st of May, 1859, the Shahjehanpoor Brigade was broken up, at which period, influenced by failing health and family considerations, I tendered my resignation, which was accepted on the 1st of June, after a service of thirty-six years and five months from the date of my arrival in Calcutta.

Still suffering from my wound and the effects of the poisonous air of Delhi, and disgusted at the base treachery of the sepoys, with whom I had been so long associated, the regret that I should have felt at leaving the country in which I had spent so large a portion of my life, and had enjoyed so much happiness, and at quitting the service to which I had devoted the whole of my best days, was much lessened. I thought that I

could never again look upon a sepoy or the natives of India with the same kindly feeling I had previously entertained for them, and that I should thus be prevented from serving the Government with satisfaction. Still I did feel considerable regret; but time and calm reflection have since then moderated the anger and disgust created in my mind by the treachery of the sepoys, and have shown me that, though their conduct was undoubtedly base, yet, as our neighbours over the water say, there were extenuating circumstances. Our Government had relaxed—removed, perhaps, I should say—the bonds of discipline, had trusted, petted, pampered the sepoy, yielded to him and put temptation into his way. These men had charge of four of our magazines, and of all our treasures; which, when suddenly alarmed for their caste by the greased cartridge, and roused by it into irrational, unreflecting fury, were temptations to rebellion and robbery too great to be resisted, especially at a time when they had deluded themselves into a belief that they were fighting solely for their religion.

With the last extracts from my letters and journal my gossip should have ended, but I wish to say a few additional words—they shall be as few as possible—on a subject that is beginning to attract much public attention—the garrison of English troops in India, and the great mortality

that every year thins its ranks. There are now in Bengal alone 40,000 English troops, and the mortality is sixty-five per thousand, in all, 2600 men (I quote from the *Times*, 1st February last). Very nearly two and a half regiments are thus consumed by the climate every year, and as large garrisons of English troops are stationed also in Madras and in Bombay, this mortality naturally causes great uneasiness, and compels us to give earnest consideration to these important questions,—Is so large a garrison necessary? Can the mortality be diminished? Then there are in Bengal 70,000 regular sepoys, and 120,000 armed police, and the public, remembering the great tragedy of 1857, very naturally ask, Are so many of these men necessary? for it is not pleasant to contemplate the possibility of a "second edition, greatly enlarged and improved," of a mutiny that so shrewdly shook our power in Hindostan, and exposed it to the imminent danger of utter annihilation at the hands of a race whom it is difficult to reconcile to European sway.

Now in respect to the first question, Is so large a garrison of English troops necessary? I think that anyone comparing the present state of Bengal with what it was in 1857, may come to the conclusion that the garrison of English troops might safely be diminished. There are

no great internal states at all likely to go to war with us, or, if they were so disposed, at all in a condition to do so. During the late mutiny, all the native states that now remain showed themselves friendly to us, and it will be in the highest degree disgraceful to us as governors of India, as an enlightened Christian nation, if we do not increase that friendly feeling. When the native states see that we are both just and generous, that we have abandoned all idea of absorbing them, and that our only wish is to see them prosperous—when civilization spreads all over India, and the country, by the introduction of English capital, becomes more wealthy and prosperous, as it must inevitably do under a liberal and wise Government—all chance of internal war will absolutely cease; and as the sepoy class and the natives generally must now be convinced that we have no thought of forcibly converting anyone—that a change of religion is entirely optional on their part—we shall have the hearty support and goodwill of every state, tribe, people, and individual in India from Cape Comorin to Peshawer.

This state of internal peace and security has already commenced, and all our future wars in India will be frontier wars. There is, however, only one powerful state on our frontier that can give us any serious trouble or cause for

alarm—the state of Nepaul. The Nepaulese are too sensible, and too well acquainted with our power, to be at all likely to disturb us by throwing themselves across our path. The chief of Cashmere, Rundbeer Sing, is still less likely to desire to find himself in a position of hostility to us; and from his state round to Scinde, the whole of our frontier is occupied by independent tribes; who are too suspicious of each other, and have too many intertribal blood feuds, to combine against us. Frontier wars on a small scale we have had, and may constantly have for a long time to come, but these can be easily managed by our native troops, who, led by English officers, succeed where Runjeet Sing or his lieutenants meet with defeat, as is testified by Chamberlain's campaign against the Bozdars in 1857, or the present campaign against Bhootan, where all was successful until the egregious blunder was committed of trying to hold a fort into which the supply of water came from some distance, and in one place flowed through a bamboo-pipe, which of course our enemies soon cut off. Even these frontier wars will cease when we shall succeed in convincing the various tribes that it is more profitable to trade with us than to fight us.

The English troops, then, are kept in India to overawe the native soldiers, and to prevent the

ambitious and the disaffected from carrying treasonable thoughts and designs into execution, or even from nourishing such designs. But a smaller force than 40,000 men is surely sufficient for such a purpose. In 1857 the British troops in Bengal, imperial and local, amounted to 22,537 men, nominally; the regular sepoy army to 94,416; the irregulars to about 44,889. There were, moreover, sundry civil corps, amounting to about 7,900 men, besides police and others, many of whom were armed. In 1857 we had no means of rapidly concentrating our troops at any point; yet if the British force had amounted to 30,000 men—that is, if 8,000 additional soldiers had been in Bengal—the mutiny would have been hopeless from the first, and in all probability would have never been attempted. The reinforcements as they arrived (in 1857), after going a few miles by rail, were dribbled up the country at the rate of 180 per day. Had the rail been open to Agra, these reinforcements would have been concentrated there within a week after their arrival in Calcutta, and, furnished with a powerful train from the former city, they would have been immediately on their way to Delhi, which would have fallen in ten days. The railroad is now open from Calcutta to the city of the Great Mógul, and will soon be open all the way to Peshawer. With this powerful aid to concentration now ready and at work,

with the country quiet and wonderfully prosperous, the causes of discontent removed, and the bitter taste of mutiny still fresh in the minds of the sepoy class, and of the people over whom they tyrannized, with the magazines and treasure in our hands, Lucknow and Delhi thoroughly fettered, and our position greatly strengthened, I think that 40,000 English troops are more than are necessary for internal safety and tranquillity, and that 32,000 would be amply sufficient at the present moment; but as there is nothing like a wise precaution, the Government might have on all the rivers war-steamers of light draught, armed with Armstrong guns, and on the railroads locomotive batteries to defend the line of the rail, and prevent its being broken up, in case of any sudden outbreak anywhere. Such engines of war would have a grand effect, and their maintenance would be a mere trifle, as they could be managed by the artillery, which of course would learn to drive and manage them.

Then comes the question, Can the mortality among the English troops be diminished? I think I may answer this question decidedly in the affirmative. The precaution against this mortality ought to be commenced in England. Before a regiment leaves for India, every man should be carefully examined by the regimental doctors, and no one should be allowed to go out who has any tendency

to disease in the liver or the spleen, to apoplexy, or scurvy. The latter is a more common complaint than is supposed, especially in recruits coming from Ireland, whose mouths and gums should always be carefully examined.

The Sanitary Commission has dealt, I have no doubt, with the diseases and mortality amongst the English soldiers, arising from faulty barrack arrangements, from food and clothing, and from bad drainage, and therefore I need not touch upon these matters; but every British subject who has been in India, and has a tongue to speak and a pen to write, should, to the utmost of his power, urge upon his countrymen the absolute necessity of boldly facing and trying to get the better of that greatest of all diseases, idleness, to our men the most destructive. Idleness is, indeed, the father of vice, the parent of drinking. In 1848, when I was Brigade-major at Agra, I made a good many inquiries into the condition of the soldiers in barracks, their habits and wants, with a view to recommending the Government to adopt some means of affording them regular employment and amusement. One day an intelligent sergeant of the 24th came to me on business, and, amongst other questions, I asked him—"The men, in this hot weather, are confined to barracks from 8 A.M. to 4 P.M. How do they employ themselves during these hours?"

"Well, sir, they mainly sit upon their cots and look at each other." I thought then, and I think so still, that this is the most terrible picture of barrack-life that the most fertile brain could imagine. It is this idleness, enforced by climate and circumstances, this want of occupation, or of anything to interest them, that kills so many of our English soldiers, who, worn out in time by such an utterly aimless existence, get wearied of life, sink into dull, listless apathy, become utterly reckless, are driven to drink, to silent, secret sotting, to break the dull monotony which ruins both mind and body. Some who can take a pleasure in reading, get books from the regimental library, but the number who can derive gratification from such a source is few, and there are many who cannot read at all. The majority have no resources within themselves, and without the means of passing the time pleasantly and profitably, they take to drinking. Some, more daring and venturesome than their comrades, slip out of barracks and steal away to some place where the cook-boy of his squad has deposited a bottle of grog (country arrack). The getting away from barracks, finding the liquor, returning and smuggling it without detection, into their room, is an agreeable adventure, the risk of punishment greatly enhancing the excitement, and making the man a kind of hero

in his comrades' eyes. Plans, too, are concocted for expeditions to distant grog-shops, for they can get only a certain quantity of drink in the regimental canteens; and when a man attains to a particular point in the habit of drinking, then, as the Chinamen say, "They drinkee for drunkee, not drinkee for dry." The blood of the tippler becomes inflamed, and without his early dram the poor man is a nervous, trembling, impotent creature—without his stimulant fit for nothing.

Drink is more sought after in India, and is a thousand times more ruinous to the constitution, than in England. The old story quoted at the beginning of this work is lamentably true:—"Well, Murphy, and how do you like India?" "Sure it's a great country intirely, yer honour, plinty of drink and always a-dry." A constant thirst, with ample means of gratifying it, is Murphy's idea of real happiness and enjoyment, and a great misfortune it is, for the horrible pungent spirit the soldier buys at the native grog-shops, combined with the great heat of the climate, soon destroys the coats of the stomach, and makes Murphy an old man before he has attained middle age. The grog-shops in every cantonment, indeed, are under the supervision of the Cantonment Magistrate, and are rigorously prohibited from selling any intoxicating drink to the soldiers; but through the agency of the cook-boy,

they have no difficulty in getting as much as they pay for, nor are there wanting secret places where they can sit and indulge in this ruinous propensity.

When filling the appointment of Major of Brigade at Agra, I had charge of the military prison in the fort, where men were sent to undergo long sentences, and had continually before my eyes painful examples of the results of idleness and drink.

If some means could be found of giving the men healthful employment during the long Indian day, to relieve that dull, dreary monotony, which, as I have said, is so ruinous to mind and body—if they would send out to India only such men as have constitutions fitted to stand the climate—I am convinced that the mortality which is now so high would be diminished by one-third at least.

Our still large force of sepoys causes considerable uneasiness in the minds of many men of experience, who thus express their fears: "We have substituted a young and ferocious monster, who will yearly learn the extent of his growing strength, for one old, effete, and almost blind, whom we had trampled under foot. We have killed the old tiger, but we have suffered the cubs to live." If this is the case, our course is plain enough. We must cut the claws of the young cubs and keep

them so; we must arm their keepers with a red-hot iron, to be used sternly when necessary. This weapon will be the ample power which should be, and I believe has been, given to the commanding officers of native regiments. The power of a commanding officer should be that of the father of a family—absolute, irrevocable, without appeal, and never interfered with except in very extreme cases. He should have power to inflict corporal punishment; to discharge any man he pleases with whose conduct he may be dissatisfied; and, to reduce any non-commissioned officer to the ranks by his mere fiat. In cases of mutiny or treason he should be able to try a man for his life, before a European court-martial, if he should happen to be at an out-station, and the general officer commanding the district should have authority to confirm the sentence, and order it to be carried into execution. But the power to punish loses half its effect if the officer has not also the power to reward. He should have authority to make two or three extra non-commissioned officers, in order thus to recompense any sepoy who might give notable proof of fidelity to the Government or to his officers; and at the commanding officer's recommendation any native commissioned officer should be similarly rewarded by Government. Promotion, either to the non-

commissioned or to the commissioned grades, should be the result of merit only; and fidelity to the Government and to his officers should precede all other claims to promotion.

The late system was discreditable to our intelligence and long acquaintance with the native character. It had the effect of destroying the sepoy's reverence for his officer, whilst it utterly failed to create any regard for the Government which had tied and bound his officer's hands. The officers, too, were thus made to slur over their regimental work. They could not do it thoroughly, for what pleasure or pride could any officer have in commanding men over whom he had little or no control, and who, knowing that he had power neither to punish nor reward, were perfectly indifferent to his praise or censure? This system widened the already wide gulf interposed between them by colour, caste, and creed. In the olden time, it was the object of Government to bridge over this gulf, with which view they made the sepoy's welfare entirely dependent on his officers. In those days, every officer commanding a company was allowed a night-guard from his own company of a corporal and four men. This supplied the opportunity which was wanting, of becoming intimately acquainted with every man in his company — an opportunity which is frequent

enough in English regiments, but from which the sepoy officer is cut off by the habits of his men, their caste prejudices, and by the internal arrangements of the regiments.

The night-guard was a weekly duty; it was light, the men liked it, and thought it no hardship, until those who ought to have known better made it one, and then ordered the custom to be abolished. The men liked to be on duty at their captain's, for they were sure to have a little talk with him; and if he was affable and mild-tempered, they would tell him all their little troubles, their family affairs, and many things they would not confide even to their own brothers.

But the Government, not satisfied with this state of affairs, and with the great attachment the men showed for their officers, meddled and meddled, curtailing first one privilege and then another, as before explained, until their efforts at improving the sepoy and his condition culminated in the mutiny of 1857, which has, I hope, had the effect of replacing things on their old footing. In respect to the still large native army, I say emphatically there will be no chance of a mutiny if the officers placed over it are furnished with ample powers to direct and control—to reward and punish. Such authority as I maintain it is necessary to place in the hands of officers commanding native regi-

ments, is undoubtedly very great, and not to be entrusted to every one. The command of a native regiment should not be given to any officer merely because he is senior, but only to one whose knowledge of the language, whose patience, intelligence, and administrative qualities, afford some guarantee that he may be fairly trusted with it.

The responsibility of such an officer is great, and therefore his temper and discretion should correspond; and his character and disposition should be such as to gain the respect and goodwill of his men. Bad temper, and a dislike to, or contempt for the native, should be absolute disqualifications for command.

Every young officer joining a native regiment should be warned to suppress all impatience in his dealings with natives of every kind, and he should be put through a far more searching examination than the colloquial farce that was played periodically in 1857. Government should furnish all young officers with proper books of instruction in the native languages at cost price, and maintain a class of native instructors superior to the old ones. If this were done, they would have many more voluntary students than they now have, and many more adepts in the language.

The Government must not only select their

officers carefully, and arm them with efficient authority, but also abolish the system of separate huts in the native lines and substitute barracks, where the men will not have so many snug places for hatching mutiny and mischief, as they had at the time of the various mutinous meetings in the sepoy lines at Barrackpoor and elsewhere in 1857. Not one of our magazines should be in their hands, nor should the sepoys be entrusted with the exclusive charge of any of our important district treasures. It will be impossible to furnish English guards for every outlying treasury, but in those entrusted exclusively to the sepoy there should be nothing beyond what is necessary for current expenses. A proposition was some time ago made by the Agra bank to manage remittances from one treasury to another for Government, so as to save the constant demands for treasure escorts. Why was so reasonable and advantageous an offer declined? It should have been gratefully acceded to, for it would have effected a large saving for Government.

But our precautions must go beyond these, which are comparatively only trifles, though serious enough. The native press should be narrowly watched. I have already expressed my opinion that the natives of India are not yet fitted for that degree of liberty which we enjoy in England; they

do not understand and cannot appreciate it. We had to go through centuries of painful tuition and discipline before our minds were fitted for the glorious light of a free press, and so must the natives of India; they must be gradually prepared for it. In 1857, they used the press for disseminating disaffection and treason, which was their idea of its liberty. A Government paper should be established, edited by the greatest talent procurable, which should contain articles calculated to lead forward the native mind, to show them the difference between our mild rule and that of their own oppressive Emperors, and to convince them that forcible conversion to Christianity is contrary to the very spirit of our religion, which is one of conviction and not of oppression, not a religion of meats and drinks. It should also show them that the liberty of the press is not permission to disseminate treason, but honestly to discuss public measures and men —thus teaching them that truth is preferable to lying, that honesty is the best policy, that modesty in language is necessary to modesty of mind, and is far preferable on every account to the foul abuse and obscenity that flow from the mouths even of children in such wonderfully voluble torrents.

We have a great task before us, not only to govern wisely and justly, but to conciliate and

gain the goodwill of the natives of India. This is easily acquired. Kind words, patience, good humour, and courtesy, are never thrown away upon them. An experience of thirty-six years enables me to assert that, if the English in India would make themselves sufficiently acquainted with the language of the natives, so as to converse fluently, and express themselves with elegance, and not in the barbarous jargon so commonly used; if they would exercise more patience, forbearance, and good temper, instead of flying into a rage at anything they cannot understand, or is contrary to their wishes; if they would look upon the natives as men who have ideas that can be outraged, and feelings that can be hurt, and, instead of regarding them as "damned niggers," for whom any conduct or treatment is good enough, would drop their proud superciliousness and haughty conduct, and adopt courtesy and consideration, their manliness of character, truthfulness, and honesty of purpose would rapidly make way with the people, and they would soon be as much liked and respected as they are now hated and feared. How did those heroes, Hodson and Nicholson, Havelock and Lawrence, gain the goodwill of the natives? Not by treating them in the "damned nigger" style, with haughtiness and contempt, but by regarding them as men, and show-

ing them Christian kindness and consideration. Where is our boasted Christianity, and of what use is it, if we violate its primary laws?

The railroad, aiding the advance of civilization, will soon make a breach in the wall of native prejudices. If our Government is not too timid, too proud, too short-sighted, too indifferent to the welfare of India and its millions, and to our own honour, it will copy the example of the Mogul Emperors, and make our language supersede the Persian, which they forced on the country as the language of the courts. Not a lawsuit or law-paper, not a pleading, not an original legal document of any kind, should be in any language but the English, and every copy of a document in either Persian or Hindee, or any oriental language, should be in the English character. I believe myself that it was this policy of the Emperors, in forcing their language on the conquered country, as the language of the courts, that in process of time consolidated their empire, and bound Hindoos and Mahomedans together. What advantages had the Mahomedan conquerors and their followers over us? Were they more just, more generous, more truthful, more merciful, more enlightened, more powerful? They were none of these. They were mostly selfish, deceitful, bloodthirsty, lustful, cruel, bigoted, and remorseless. The beautiful and grand buildings they have left us, as monuments

of their power and glory, are monuments also of their selfish tyranny, cemented by the tears and blood of their people. We cannot emulate the Emperors in these beautiful buildings, but we can erect in the minds of the people enduring monuments of justice, truth, and mercy; we can give these benighted millions civilization, and, in God's good time, Christianity.

THE END.

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